



THE  
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EMERSON.

THE genius of America seems hitherto disposed to manifest itself rather in works of reason and reflection than in those displays of poetic fervor which are usually looked for in a nascent literature. And a little consideration would lead us, probably, to expect this. America presents itself upon the scene, enters into the drama of the world, at a time when the minds of men are generally awakened and excited to topics of grave and practical importance. It is not a great poem that mankind now want or look for; they rather demand a great work, or works, on human society, on the momentous problems which our social progress, as well as our social difficulties, alike give rise to. If on a new literature a peculiar mission could be imposed, such would probably be the task assigned to it.

The energetic and ceaseless industry of the people of America, the stern and serious character of the founders of New England, the tendency which democracy must necessarily encourage to reason much and boldly on the interests of the community,—would all lead us to the same anticipation; so far as any anticipation can be warranted, regarding the erratic course and capricious development of literary genius.

The first contribution, we believe, our libraries received from America, was the half theological, half metaphysical *Treatise on the Will*, by Jonathan Edwards. This follower of Calvin is understood to have

stated the gloomy and repulsive doctrines of master with an unrivalled force of logic. Such is the reputation which *Edwards on the Will* enjoys; and we are contented to speak from reputation. The doctrine of necessity, even when intelligently applied to the circle of human thoughts and passions, is not the most inviting tenet of philosophy. It is quickly learned, and what little fruit it yields is soon gathered. But when combined with the theological dogma, wrung from texts of scripture, of predestination; when the law of necessity, supposed to regulate the temper and affairs of the human being in this little life, is converted into a divine sentence of condemnation to a future and eternal fate—it then becomes one of the most odious and irrational of tenets that ever obscured the reason or clouded the piety of mankind. We confess, therefore, that we are satisfied with re-echoing the traditional reputation of Jonathan Edwards, without earning, by perusal of his work, the right to pronounce upon its justice.

The first contribution, also, which America made to the amount of our knowledge, was of a scientific character, and, moreover, the most anti-poetical imaginable. As such, at least, it must be described by those who are accustomed to think that a peculiar mystery attached to one phenomenon of nature more than another, is essentially poetic. Several poets, our Campbell

amongst the number, have complained that the laws of optics have disenchanted the rainbow; but the analysis of Newton is poetry itself compared to that instance of the daring and levelling spirit of science which Franklin exhibited, when he proved the lightning to be plain electricity; took the bolts of Jupiter, analyzed them, bottled them in Leyden jars, and experimented on them as with the sparks of his own electrical machine.

As the first efforts of American genius were in the paths of grave and searching inquiry, so, too, at this present moment, if we were called upon to point out amongst the works of our trans-Atlantic brethren, our compatriots still in language, the one which above all others, displayed the undoubted marks of original genius,—it would be a prose work, and one of a philosophical character we should single out;—we should point to the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Americans are frequently heard to lament the absence of nationality in their literature. Perhaps no people are the first to perceive their own character reflected in the writings of one of their countrymen; this nationality is much more open to the observation of a foreigner. We are quite sure that no French or German critic could read the speculations of Emerson, without tracing in them the spirit of the nation to which this writer belongs. The new democracy of the New World is apparent, he would say, in the philosophy of one who yet is no democrat, and, in the ordinary sense of the word, no politician. For what is the prevailing spirit of his writings? Self-reliance, and the determination to see in the man of to-day, in his own, and in his neighbor's mind, the elements of all greatness. Whatever the most exalted characters of history, whatever the most opulent of literatures, has displayed or revealed, of action or of thought,—the germ of all lies within yourself. This is his frequent text. What does he say of history? "I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day." He is, as he describes himself, "an endless seeker of truth, with no past at his back." He delights to raise the individual existing mind to the level, if not above the level, of all that has been thought or enacted. He will not endure the imposing claims of

antiquity, of great nations, or of great names. "It is remarkable," he says, "that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not, in their stateliest pictures, in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for our betters, but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes, there we feel most at home. *All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner, feels to be true of himself.*"

Neither do the names of foreign cities, any more than of ancient nations, overawe or oppress him. Of travelling, he says, "I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old, even in youth, among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins. Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go."

In a still higher strain he writes, "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind, is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent." This passage is taken from the commencement of the *Essay on History*, and the *Essay* entitled "Nature," opens with a similar sentiment. He disclaims the retrospective spirit of our age that would "put the living generation into masquerade out of the faded wardrobe



of the past." He will not see through the eyes of others, "Why should not we also," he demands, "enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? The sun shines to-day also? Let us demand our own works, and laws, and worship."

In the Essay on Self-reliance—a title which might over-ride a great portion of his writings—he says: "Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic in history, our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work: but the things of life are the same to both: the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderberg, and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous: *did they wear out virtue?*" And in a more sublime mood he proceeds: "Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away,—means, teachers, texts, temples fall. Whence, then, this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul."

Man is timid and apologetic. He is no longer upright. He dares not say 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses, or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose,—perfect in every moment of its existence. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong, until he, too, lives with nature in the present, above time."

Surely these quotations alone—which we have made with the additional motive of introducing at once to our readers the happier style and manner of the American philosopher—would bear out the French or German critic in their views of the nationality of this author. The spirit of the New World, and of a self-confident democracy, could not be more faithfully translated into the language of a high and abstract philosophy than it is here. We say that an air blowing from prairie and forest, and the

new Western World, is felt in the tone and spirit of Emerson's writings; we do not intend to intimate that the opinions expressed in them are at all times such as might be anticipated from an American. Far from it. Mr. Emerson regards the world from a peculiar point of view, that of an idealistic philosophy. Moreover, he is one of those wilful, capricious, though powerful thinkers, whose opinions it would not be very easy to anticipate, who balk all prediction, who defy augury.

For instance, a foreigner might naturally expect to find in the speculations of a New England philosopher, certain sanguine and enthusiastic views of the future condition of society. He will not find them here. Our idealist levels the past to the present, but he levels the future to the present also. If with him all that is old is new, so also all that is new is old. It is still the one great universal mind—like the great ocean—ebbing, flowing, in tempest now, and now in calm. He will not join in the shout that sees a new sun rising on the world. For ourselves (albeit little given to the too sanguine mood), we have more hope here than our author has expressed. We by no means subscribe to the following sentence. The measure of truth it expresses—and so well expresses—bears but a small proportion to the whole truth. "All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves. Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that his aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost

the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His notebooks impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity (entrenched in establishments and forms) some vigor of wild virtue. *For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?"*

A French critic has designated Emerson the American Montaigne, struck, we presume, by his independence of manner, and a certain egotism which when accompanied by genius is as attractive, as it is ludicrous without that accompaniment. An English reader will be occasionally reminded of the manner of Sir Thomas Brown, author of the "Religio Medici." Like Sir Thomas, he sometimes startles us by a *curiosity* of reflection fitted to suggest and kindle thought, although to a dry logician it may seem a mere futility, or the idle play of imagination. Of course this similarity is to be traced only in single and detached passages; but we think we could select several quotations from the American writer which should pass off as choice morsels of Sir Thomas Brown, with one who was familiar with the strain of thought of the old Englishman, but whose memory was not of that formidable exactness as to render vain all attempt at imposition. Take the following for an instance:—"I hold our actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in the wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under foot, the lichen on the log. What do I know sympathetically, morally, of either of these worlds of life? As long as the Caucasian man—perhaps longer—these creatures have kept their council beside him, and there is no record of any word or sign that has passed from the one to the other. . . . I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-called history is. How many times we must say Rome, and Paris, and Constantinople. What does Rome know of rat or lizard? What are Olympiads and Consulates to these neighboring systems of being?"

Or this:—"Why should we make it a point to disparage that man we are, and that form of being assigned to us? A good man is contented. I love and honor Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. I hold it more just to love the world of this hour, than the world of his hour. Nor can you, if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by saying 'he acted and thou sittest still.' I see action to be good, when the need is, and sitting still to be also good. Epaminondas, if he was the man I take him for, would have sat still with joy, and peace, if his lot had been mine. Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude. Why should we be busy-bodies, and super-servicable? Action and inaction are alike to the true. . . . Besides, why should we be cowed by the name of action? 'Tis a trick of the senses,—no more. We know that the ancestor of every action is a thought. The rich mind lies in the sun and sleeps, and is Nature. To think is to act."

Or, if one were to put down the name of Sir Thomas Brown as the author of such a sentence as the following, are there many who would detect the cheat? "I like the silent church, before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary; so let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood?"

But Emerson is too original a mind to be either a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Brown. He lives, too, in quite another age, and moves in a higher region of philosophy than either of them. The utmost that can be said is, that he is of the same class of independent, original thinkers, somewhat wayward and fitful, who present no system, or none that is distinctly and logically set forth, but cast before us many isolated truths expressed in vivid, spontaneous eloquence.

This class of writers may be described as one whose members, though not deficient in the love of *truth*, are still more conspicuous for their love of *thought*. They crave intellectual excitement; they have a genuine, inexhaustible ardor of reflection. They are not writers of systems, for patience would fail them to traverse the more arid parts of their subject, or those where they have nothing new, nothing of their *own* to put forth. The task of sitting and arrang-



ing materials that have passed a thousand times through the hands of others, does not accord with their temperament. Neither are they fond of retracing their own steps, and renewing, from the same starting place, the same inquiry. They are off to fresh pastures. They care not to be ruffling the leaves of the old manuscript, revising, qualifying, expunging. They would rather brave all sorts of contradictions and *go on*, satisfied that to an ingenious reader their thoughts will ultimately wear a true and faithful aspect. They will not be hampered by their own utterances more than by other men's—"If you would be a man" says Emerson, "speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." These headstrong sages, full of noble caprice, of lofty humors, often pour forth in their wild profusion a strange mixture of great truths and petty conceits—noble principles and paradoxes no better than conundrums. As we have said, they are lovers pre-eminently of thought. Full of the chase, they will sometimes run down the most paltry game with unmitigated ardor. Such writers are not so wise as their best wisdom, nor so foolish as their folly. When certain of the ancient sages who were in the habit of guessing boldly at the open riddle of nature, made, amidst twenty absurd conjectures, one that has proved to be correct, we do not therefore give them the credit of a scientific discovery. One of these wise men of antiquity said that the sea was a great fish; he asserted also that the moon was an opaque body, and considerably larger than she appears to be. He was right about the moon; he was wrong about the fish; but as he speculated on both subjects in the same hap-hazard style, we give him very little more credit in the one case than the other. Perhaps his theory, which transformed the sea into a fish, was that on which he prided himself most. Something of the same kind, though very different in degree, takes place in our judgment upon certain moral speculators. When a man of exuberant thought utters in the fervor or the fever of his mind what *comes first*, his fragments of wisdom seem as little to belong to him as his fragments of folly. The reader picks up, and carries off what best pleases him, as if there were no owner there, as if it were treasure-trove, and he was entitled to it as first finder.

He foregoes the accustomed habit of connecting his writer with the assemblage of thoughts presented to him as their sole proprietor for the time being: "he cries halves," as Charles Lamb has said on some similar occasion, in whatever he pounces on.

The task of the critic on a writer of this class, becomes more than usually ungracious and irksome. He meets with a work abounding with traits of genius, and conspicuous also for its faults and imperfections. As a reader only, he gives himself up to the pleasure which the former of these inspire. Why should he disturb that pleasure by counting up the blemishes and errors? He sees, but passes rapidly over them; on the nobler passages he dwells, and to them alone he returns. But, as critic, he cannot resign himself entirely to this mood; or rather, after having resigned himself to it, after having enjoyed that only true perusal of a book in which we forget all but the truth we can extract from it, he must rouse himself to another and very different act of attention; he must note defects and blemishes, and caution against errors, and qualify his admiration by a recurrence to those very portions of the work which he before purposely hurried over.

We take up such a book as these *Essays* of Emerson. We are charmed with many delightful passages of racy eloquence, of original thought, of profound, or of *naïve* reflection. What if there are barren pages? What if sometimes there is a thick entangled underwood through which there is no penetrating? We are patient. We can endure the one, and for the other obstacle, in military phrase, we can *turn* it. The page is movable. We are not bound, like the boa-constrictor, to swallow all or none. Meanwhile, in all conscience, there is sufficient for one feast. There is excellence enough to occupy one's utmost attention; there is beauty to be carried away, and truth to be appropriated. What more, from a single book, can any one reasonably desire? But if the task of criticism be imposed upon us, we must, nevertheless, sacrifice this easy and complacent mood,—this merely receptive disposition; we must re-examine; we must cavil and object; we must question of obscurity why it should stand there darkening the road; we must refuse admittance to mere paradox; we must expose the trifling conceit or fanciful analogy that would erect itself into high places, and assume the air of novel and profound truth.

Some portion of this less agreeable duty we will at once perform, that we may afterwards the more freely and heartily devote ourselves to the more pleasant task of calling attention to the works of a man of genius,—for we suspect that Emerson is not known in this country as he deserves to be. With some who have heard his name coupled with that of Carlyle, he passes for a sort of echo or double of the English writer. A more independent and original thinker can nowhere in this age be found. This praise must, at all events, be awarded him. And even in America—which has not the reputation of generally overlooking, or underrating, the merits of her own children—we understand that the reputation of Emerson is by no means what it ought to be; and many critics there who are dissatisfied with merely imitative talent, and demand a man of genius *of their own*, are not aware that he stands there amongst them.

When we accuse Mr. Emerson of obscurity, it is not obscurity of style that we mean. His style often rises—as our readers have had already opportunities of judging—into a vivid, terse, and graphic eloquence, agreeably tinged at times with a poetic coloring; and although he occasionally adopts certain inversions which are not customary in modern prose, he never lays himself open to the charge of being difficult or unintelligible. But there is an obscurity of thought—in the very matter of his writings—produced first by a vein of mysticism which runs throughout his works, and, secondly, by a manner he sometimes has of sweeping together into one paragraph a number of unsorted ideas, but scantily related to each other—bringing up his drag-net with all manner of fish in it, and depositing it then and there before us.

Mysticism is a word often so vaguely and rashly applied, that we feel bound to explain the sense in which we use it. It is not because Mr. Emerson is an idealist in his philosophy—what we are in the habit, in the present day, of describing as the German school of metaphysics, though he does not appear to have drawn his tenets from the Germans, and more frequently quotes the name of Plato than that of Kant or Hegel—it is not for this we pronounce him to be a mystic. Berkeley was no mystic. In support of this philosophy reasons may be adduced which appeal to the faculties, and are open to the examination of all

men. We do not pronounce idealism to be mystical, but we pronounce him to be a mystic who upholds this, or any other philosophy, upon grounds of conviction not open to all rational men; whose convictions, in short, rest upon some profound intuition, some deep and peculiar source of knowledge, to which the great multitude of mankind are utter strangers.

A man shall be an idealist, and welcome; we can discuss the matter with him, we can follow his reasonings, and if we cannot sustain ourselves in that nicely-balanced aerial position he has assumed, poised above the earth on a needle's point of faith, we can at least apprehend how the more subtle metaphysician has contrived to accomplish the feat. But the moment a man proclaims himself in the possession of any truth whatever, by an intuition of which we, and other men, find no traces in our own mind, then it is that we must, of force, abandon him to the sole enjoyment of an illumination we do not share, and which he cannot impart. We call him mystical, and he calls us blind, or sense-beclouded. We assume that he pretends to see where there is no vision, and no visual organ; he retorts that it is we, and the gross vulgar, who have lost, or never attained, the high faculty of vision which he possesses. Whether it is Plato or Swedenborg, Pagan or Christian, who lays claim to this occult and oracular wisdom, we must proclaim it a delusion. It is in vain to tell us that these men may be the *élite* of humanity, that they are thus signally favored because they have more successfully cultivated their minds both intellectually and morally, and purified them for the reception of a closer communion with the divine and all-sustaining and interpenetrating intelligence, than is vouchsafed to the rest of mankind. We, who have nothing but our eyesight and our reason, we of the multitude who are not thus favored, can at all events, learn nothing *from them*. Whether above or beside human reason, they are equally remote from intellectual communion. We do not recognise their reason as reason, nor their truth as truth; and we call them mystics, to express this unapproachable nature of their minds, this hopeless severance from intercommunion of thought, from even so much of contact as is requisite for the hostilities of controversy. These wisest of mankind are in the same predicament as the maddest of mankind; both believe that they are the only perfectly sane, and



that all the rest of the world have lost their reason. The rest of the world hold the opposite opinion, and we are not aware that in either case there is any appeal but to the authority of numbers, to which, of course, neither the lunatic nor the mystic will submit.

We have frequent intimations in Mr. Emerson's writings of this high intuitive source of truth. Take the following passage in the Essay on Self-reliance :—

“ And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid, probably cannot be said ; for all that we say is the far off remembering of the intuition. The thought by which I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or appointed way ; you shall not discern the foot-prints of any other ; you shall not see the face of man ; you shall not hear any name ; the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new ; it shall exclude all other being. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. *We are then in vision.* There is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly, joy. The soul is raised over passion. *It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are.* Hence it becomes a tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature—the Atlantic Ocean—the South Sea—vast intervals of time—years—centuries—are of no account. This, which I think and feel, underlays that former state of life and circumstances as it does underlie my present, and will always all circumstances, and what is called life, and what is called death.”

Whenever a man begins by telling us that he cannot find language to express his meaning we may be pretty sure that he has no intelligible meaning to express ; and Mr. Emerson, in the above passage, fully bears out this general observation. “ I cannot,” he says in another place, “ I cannot, nor can any man, speak precisely of things so sublime, but it seems to me, the wit of man, his strength, his grace, his tendency, his art, is the grace and the presence of God. It is beyond explanation. When all is said and done, the rapt saint is found the only logician. Not exhortation, not argument, becomes our lips, but pæans of joy and praise. But not of adulation ; *we are too nearly related in the deep of the mind to that we honor. It is God in us which checks the language of petition by a grander thought. In the bottom of the heart it is said ‘ I am, and by me, O child ! this*

*fair body and world of thine stands and grows. I am : all things are mine : and all mine are thine.’ ”*

If we can gather anything from this language, it must imply that the individual mind is *conscious* of being a part, an emanation of the Divine mind—is conscious of this union or identity—the pretension to which species of consciousness is, in our apprehension, pure mysticism.

But we shall not weary our readers by seeking further proofs of this charge of mysticism ; for what can be more wearisome than to have a number of unintelligible passages brought together from different and remote parts of an author's works. We pass to that other cause of obscurity we have hinted at,—the agglomerations of a multitude of unrelated, or half-related, ideas. Sometimes a whole paragraph, and a long one too, is made up of separate fragments of thought or fancy, good or amusing, it may be, in themselves, but connected by the slightest and most flimsy thread imaginable. Glittering insects and flies of all sorts, caught and held together in a spider's web, present as much appearance of unity as some of these paragraphs we allude to.

For an example, we will turn to the first essay in the series, that on History. It is, perhaps, the most striking of the whole, and one which has a more distinct aim and purport than most of them, and yet the reader is fairly bewildered at times by the incongruous assemblage of thoughts presented to him. It is the drift of the essay to show, that the varied and voluminous record of history is still but the development and expansion of the individual being man, as he existed yesterday, as he exists to-day. “ A man,” he says, “ is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world.” This idea is explained, illustrated ; amplified, and very often in a novel and ingenious manner. To exemplify the necessity we feel to recognise *ourselves* in the past, he says,—“ All inquiry into antiquity, all curiosity respecting the pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio circles, Mexico, Memphis, is the desire to do away this wild, savage, and preposterous There or Then, and introduce in its

place the Here and the Now. It is to banish the *Not me*, and supply the *Me*, it is to abolish difference and restore unity. Belzoni digs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramids of Thebes, until he can see the end of the difference between the monstrous work and himself. When he has satisfied himself, in general and in detail, that it was made by such a person as himself, so armed and so motivated, and to ends to which he himself, in given circumstances, should also have worked, the problem is then solved, his thought lives along the whole line of temples and sphinxes and catacombs, passes through them all like a creative soul, with satisfaction, and they live again to the mind, or are *now*."

This is good, but by and by he begins to intercalate all sorts of vagrant fantasies, as thus:—

"Civil history, *natural history*, the history of art, and the history of literature,—all must be explained from individual history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us,—kingdom, college, *tree*, *horse*, or iron shoe, the roots of all things are in man. It is in the soul that architecture exists. Santa Croce and the dome of St. Peter's are lame copies after a divine model. Strasburg cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach. The true poem is the poet's mind, the true ship is the ship-builder," and so forth. It would be waste of time and words to ask how "tree and horse," in the same sense as kingdom and college, can be said to have "their roots in man;" or whether, when it is said that "Strasburg cathedral is the material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach," this can possibly mean anything else than the undoubted fact, that the architect thought and designed before he built.

This subject of architecture comes sadly in the way of the author, and of the reader too, whom it succeeds in thoroughly mystifying. "The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man, the mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty. *In like manner*, all public facts are to be individualized, all private facts are to be generalized. Then at once history becomes fluid and true, and biography deep and sublime."

The fables of Pagan mythology next

cross his path, and these lead to another medley of thoughts. "These beautiful fables of the Greeks," he says, "being proper creations of the imagination, and not of the fancy, are universal verities." And well they may be, whether of the fancy or the imagination (and the great distinction here marked out between the two, we do not profess to comprehend), if each mind, in every age, is at liberty to interpret them as it pleases, and with the same unrestrained license that our author takes. But how can he find here an instance of the *present man* being written out in history, when the old history or fable is perpetually to receive new interpretations, as it is handed down from generation to generation—interpretations which assuredly were never dreamt of by the original inventor?

"Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out into their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mope and wallow like dogs." Whether witty or wise, such interpretations have manifestly nothing to do with the fable as it exists in history, as part of the history of the human mind.

"The transmigration of souls: that too is no fable; I would it were. But men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing, and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers." Very good; only, if poets and wits are to set themselves to the task, we should like to know what fable there is in the world, whether the product of imagination or fancy, which might not be shown to abound in eternal verities.

Travelling on a little farther, we meet with the following paragraph, some parts of which are to be made intelligible by putting ourselves in the point of view of the idealistic philosopher; but the whole together, by reason of the incongruity of its parts, produces no other effect than that of mere and painful bewilderment,—

"A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. All his faculties refer to natures out of him. All his



faculties predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg, presuppose a medium like air. Insulate and you destroy him. He cannot live without a world. Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat the air and appear stupid. Transport him to large countries, dense population, complex interests and antagonist power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, bounded, that is by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow;

'His substance is not here:  
For what you see is but the smallest part,  
And least proportion of humanity;  
But were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.'

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace need myriads of ages and thick-strewn celestial areas. One may say, a gravitating solar system is already prophesied in the nature of Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Davy and Gay-Lussac, from childhood exploring always the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of organization. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light? the ear of Handel predict the witchcraft of harmonic sound? Do not the constructive fingers of Watt, Fulton, Whittemore, and Arkwright, predict the fusible, hard, and temperable texture of metals, the properties of stone, water, and wood? the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society! Here, also, we are reminded of the action of man on man. A mind might ponder its thoughts for ages, and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard an eloquent tongue or has shared the throb of thousands in a national exultation and alarm? No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day, the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time."

And the essay concludes by presenting its leading idea in this distorted and exaggerated shape:—

"Thus, in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil, each new-born man. He, too, shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read. You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall walk as the poets have described that goddess, in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences;—

his own form and features by that exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the Foreworld; in his childhood the age of gold; the apples of knowledge; the Argonautic expedition; the calling of Abraham; the building of the temple; the advent of Christ; dark ages; the revival of letters; the Reformation; the discovery of new lands; the opening of new sciences, and new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessing of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth."

We regret to say that instances of this painful obscurity, of this outrageous and fantastical style of writing, it would not be difficult to multiply, were it either necessary or desirable. We have quoted sufficient to justify even harsher terms of censure than we have chosen to deal in; sufficient to warn our readers who may be induced, from the favorable quotations we have made, and shall continue to make, to turn to the works of this author, that it is not all gold they will find there, that the sun does not always shine upon his page, that a great proportion of his writings may be little suited to their taste.

That which forms the great and inextinguishable charm of those writings is the fine moral temper they display, the noble ardor, the high ethical tone they everywhere manifest and sustain, and especially that lofty independence of his intellect, that freedom of his reason which the man who aspires after true cultivation should watch over and preserve with the utmost jealousy. Addressing the Divinity students of Cambridge, U. S., he says,—

"Let me admonish you first of all, to go alone: to refuse the good models, even those most sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you will find, who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, saints and prophets. Thank God for these good men, but say, "I also am a man." Imitation cannot go above its model. The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him; and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator, something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty, to come short of another man's. . . .

"Let us not aim at common degrees of merit. Can we not leave to such as love it the virtue that glitters for the commendation of society, and ourselves pierce the deep solitudes of absolute ability and worth? We easily come up to the standard of goodness in society. Society's praise can be cheaply secured, and almost all men are content with those easy merits; but the instant effect of conversing with God, will be to put them away. There are sublime merits; persons who are not

actors, not speakers, but influences; persons too great for fame, for display; who disdain eloquence; to whom all we call art and artist seems too nearly allied to show and by-ends, to the exaggeration of the finite and selfish, and loss of the universal. The orators, the poets, the commanders, encroach on us only, as fair women do, by our allowance and homage. Slight them by pre-occupation of mind,—slight them, as you can well afford to do, by high and universal aims, and they instantly feel that you have right, and that it is in lower places that they must shine. They also feel your right; for they, with you, are open to the influx of the all-knowing spirit, which annihilates before its broad noon the little shades and gradations of intelligence in the compositions we call wiser and wisest.

"In such high communion, let us study the grand strokes of rectitude; a bold benevolence, and independence of friends, so that not the unjust wishes of those who love us shall impair our freedom; but we shall resist, for truth's sake, the freest flow of kindness, and appeal to sympathies far in advance. And, what is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element?—a certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue, that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it. You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merits as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause."

Nothing but the necessity to husband our space prevents us from quoting other passages of the same noble strain.

There is an *Essay on Love* which has highly pleased us, and from which we wish to make some extracts. To a man of genius the old subjects are always new. The romance and enthusiasm of the passion is here quite freshly and vividly portrayed, while the great moral end of that charming exaggeration which every lover makes of the beauty and excellence of his mistress, is finely pointed out. There is both poetry and philosophy in the essay—as our readers shall judge for themselves from the following extracts. We do not always mark the omissions we make for the sake of economy of space, nor always cite the passages in the order they appear in the essay.

"What fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. *All mankind love a lover.* The earliest demonstrations of complacency and

kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel: he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbors that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality."

As is ever the case when men describe what is, or might be an exquisite happiness, there steals a melancholy over the description; and our author makes it a primary condition.

"That we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in *hope*, and not *history*. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink, and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions imbitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name. Everything is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, as seen from experience. It is strange how painful is the actual world,—the painful kingdom of time and space. There dwell care, canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

"But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory; *when we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone*; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets mere pictures.

"For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven, seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty, overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlast all other re-



membrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows."

And on this matter of beauty, how ingenious and full of feeling are the following reflections:—

"Wonderful is its charm. It seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness, is society for itself, and she teaches his eye why Beauty was ever painted with Loves and Graces attending her steps. Her existence makes the world rich. Though she extrudes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, yet she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal; so that the maiden stands to him for a representation of all select things and virtues. *For that reason the lover sees never personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others.* His friends find in her a likeness to her mother or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. *The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.*

"Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed it. It is, they said, the flowering of virtue. Who can analyze the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this emotion, this wandering gleam points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love that society knows or has, but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, a true faerie land; to what roses and violets hint and foreshadow. We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves' neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify when he said to music, 'Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find.' The same fact may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful, when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it, and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor is always represented in a transition from that which is representable to the sense to that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone.

"So must it be with personal beauty which love worships. Then first is it charming and itself when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

'Too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food;'

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; he cannot feel more right to it, than to the firmament and the splendors of a sunset."

But this dream of love is but one scene in the play; and our author concludes his essay by pointing out what is, or should be, the denouement of the drama.

"Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties to extort all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For, it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other.

"At last they discover that all which at first drew them together,—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms, was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage foreseen and prepared from the first, add wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy—at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature and intellect and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium. Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom."

If there is some of the *ideal* in this account given of love and matrimony, there is, nevertheless, a noble truth in it. And surely in proportion as the sentiment of love is refined and spiritualized, so also ought the moral culture, to which it is subservient, to be pure and elevated.

The longest essay in the collection, and that which approaches nearest to the more formidable character of a treatise, is that entitled "Nature." This exhibits, so to speak, the practical point of view of an idealist. The idealist has denied the substantial, independent existence of a material world, but he does not deny the existence of a phenomenal world. The Divine Nature reveals itself in the twofold form of finite mind and this phenomenal world. Thus, we believe, we may express the general creed of these philosophers, though it is a very delicate matter to act as interpreter to this class of thinkers: they are rarely satisfied with any expressions of their own, and are not likely to be con-

tented with those of any other person. This phenomenal world has for its final cause the development and education of the finite mind. It follows, therefore, that all which a realist could say of the utility of nature can be advanced also by the idealist. He has his practical point of view, and can discourse, as Mr. Emerson does here, on the various "uses" of nature, which, he says, "admit of being thrown into the following classes:—commodity, beauty, language, and discipline."

We have not the least intention of proceeding further with an analysis of this essay; as we have already intimated the value of Mr. Emerson's writings appears to us to consist in the beauty and truthfulness of individual passages, not at all in his system, or any prolonged train of reasoning he may adopt. It is impossible to read this production without being delighted and arrested by a number of these individual passages sparkling with thought or fancy; it would be equally impossible to gather from it as a whole, any thing satisfactory or complete.

On the beauty of nature he is always eloquent; he is evidently one who intensely feels it. "Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and the stars. Ever the winds blow, ever the grass grows." The shows of heaven and earth are with him a portion of daily life. "In the woods is perpetual youth." "We talk," he says in another place, "with accomplished persons who appear to be strangers in nature. The cloud, the tree, the turf, the bird, are not theirs, have nothing of them; the world is only their lodging and table." No such stranger is our poet philosopher. "Crossing a bare common, in twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am."

The only quotation we shall make from the essay on "Nature," shall be one where he treats of this subject—

"A nobler want of man is served by nature,—namely, the love of beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary form, as the sky, the mountain, the trees, the animal, give us a delight in and for themselves: a pleasure arising from outline, color, motion, and grouping. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. *There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful.* And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of in-

finity which it hath, like space and time, will make all matter gay. But besides this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them; as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

"The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of Commodity and Beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.

"But in other hours nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! *Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.* The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie."

Mr. Emerson has published a volume of poems, and it has been generally admitted that he has not succeeded in verse. But there are touches of charming poetry in his prose. This discrepancy, which is not unfrequently met with, must result, we presume, from an inaptitude to employ the forms of verse, so that the style, instead of being invigorated, and polished, and concentrated by the necessary attention to line and metre, becomes denaturalized, constrained, crude, and unequal. We have looked through this volume of poems, but we should certainly not be adding to the reputation of the author by drawing attention to it. If we wished to find instances of the poetry of Emerson, we should still seek for them in his prose essays. Thus he says:—

"In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record, day by day, my honest thought, without prospect or retrospect, and I cannot doubt it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. *The swallow over my window should*



*interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also."*

"Our moods," he says, "do not believe in each other. To-day I am full of thoughts; but yesterday I saw a dreary vacuity in this direction in which now I see so much; and a month hence, I doubt not, I shall wonder who he was that wrote so many continuous pages. Alas for this infirm faith, this will not strenuous, this vast ebb of a vast flow! *I am God in nature—I am a weed by the wall!*"

"A lady," he writes on another occasion, "with whom I was riding in the forest, said to me that the woods always seemed to her *to wait*, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer has passed onward. This is precisely the thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies which breaks off on the approach of human feet." The lady had a true poetic feeling. And the following thought is illustrated by a very happy image:

"In man, we still trace the rudiments or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races, yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as Io in Æschylus, transformed to a cow, offends the imagination, but how changed when as Isis in Egypt she meets Jove, a beautiful woman, with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns, as the splendid ornament of her brows!"

In his philosophy, we have seen that Mr. Emerson is an idealist, something, too, of a pantheist. In theology, we have heard him described as a Unitarian; but although the Unitarians of America differ more widely from each other, and from the standard of orthodoxy, than the same denomination of men in this country, we presume there is no body of Unitarians with whom our philosopher would fraternize, or who would receive him amongst their ranks. His Christianity appears rather to be of that description which certain of the Germans, one section of the Hegelians, for instance, have found reconcilable with their Pantheistic philosophy. It is well for him that he writes in a tolerant age, that he did not make his appearance a generation too soon; the pilgrim fathers would certainly have burnt him at the stake; he would have died the death of Giordano Bruno. And we believe—if the spirit of his writings be any test of the spirit of the man—that he would have suffered as a martyr, rather than have foregone the freedom and the truthfulness of his thought. His essays are replete with passages such as

this:—"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets,—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognise all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and he respects the highest law of his being."

We gather from what little has reached us of his biography, that he has in fact sacrificed somewhat of the commodity of this life, to this "higher law of its being." In a work which has just fallen into our hands, entitled "*The Prose Writers of America; with a Survey of the Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold,*" we find the following scanty account of Emerson: "He is the son of a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and in 1821, when about seventeen years of age, was graduated at Harvard University. Having turned his attention to theology, he was ordained minister of one of the congregations of his native city, but embracing soon after some peculiar views in regard to the forms of worship, he abandoned his profession, and retiring to the quiet village of Concord, after the manner of an Arabian prophet, gave himself up to 'thinking,' preparatory to his appearance as a revelator." Which meagre narrative, not very happily told, leads us to infer that the recluse of Concord has lived up to the high spirit of his own teaching.

It is remarkable that Mr. Griswold, in the prefatory essay which he entitles *The Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country*, although he has introduced a host of writers of all grades, some of whom will be heard of in England for the first time, never once mentions the name of Emerson! Yet, up to this moment, America has not given to the world anything which, in point of original genius, is comparable to his writings. That she has a thousand minds better built up, whose more equal culture and whose more sober opinions one might prefer to have,—this is not

the question—but in that highest department of reflective genius, where the power is given to impart new insights into truth, or make old truths look new, he stands hitherto unrivalled in his country; he has no equal and no second.

Very popular he perhaps never may become; but we figure to ourselves that, a century hence, he will be recognised as one of those old favorite writers whom the more thoughtful spirits read, not so much as teachers, but as noble-minded companions and friends, whose aberrations have been long ago conceded and forgiven. Men will read him then, not for his philosophy,—they will not care two straws for his idealism or his pantheism: they will know that they are there, and there they will leave them—but they will read him for those genuine confessions of one spirit to another, that are often breathed in his writings; for those lofty sentiments to which all hearts respond; for those truths which make their way through all systems, and in all ages.

**A ROMAN RELIC.**—A Roman sword blade, in a beautiful state of preservation, has been dug up at the gas station, Bath. It is of brass, the metal beautifully tempered to almost the fineness of steel, and bears evidence of having been richly plated with gold. It is about sixteen inches in length, and, save one indentation of the edge, caused by the implement of the workman who turned it up, is as perfect, from hilt to point, as when it first left the hands of the artificer. It is in the possession of Mr. John Harris, of Southgate-street, who, we believe, intends to transmit it to the Archæological Society.

**MONASTIC INSTITUTION IN GLASGOW.**—Another monastic educational institution is to be founded in Glasgow. One of the "merchant princes," Mr. Alexander Hermitage, has left nearly £60,000 to endow a hospital for the "education, clothing, and, if necessary, the support of poor children of both sexes" in the city. By all means, let really poor children have tuition, clothes and food for nothing, but let there be no estrangement from the parental roof—especially let there be no more taking of children from homes already comfortable, in order that competent but penurious parents may shift a natural burden from their own proper shoulders, and so, at the sacrifice of independence and of their children's affection, bring about the eleemosynary up-bringing of their own flesh and blood.—*Daily News*.

**THE PROGRESS OF LIVERPOOL.**—A Liverpool paper has published the following statistics of the growth of the commerce of Liverpool. The population in 1831 was 205,964; in 1846 it had nearly doubled, being 358,655. The revenue produced by the corporation property was 45,968*l.*; in 1847, it was 59,336*l.* The town dues were in 1831, 49,332*l.*; in 1847 they were nearly double, the amount being

97,219*l.* The dock revenue, in 1831, was 183,455*l.*, and, although the rates were reduced 38½ per cent. in 1836, they produced this year, 244,435*l.* In 1831 we had 111 acres of water space in our docks; we have now 180 acres, with 14 miles of lineal quay space. The shipping of the port was, in 1831, 12,537 vessels; it is now, 20,889 vessels. The tonnage of the port was, in 1831, 1,592,436 tons, and in 1847, 3,351,539. The cotton imported was, in 1831, 793,463 bales, and in 1846, 1,134,081 bales. Yet with all this wealth, the home of misery and disease—the most unhealthy town of the kingdom—its gentlemen only averaging 35 years of life, its tradesmen only 22, its artisans only 15! The average of mortality in all England being only 1 to 45—in Liverpool, 1 to 29; having thousands of cellars whose squalid inmates appear the victims of famine and pestilence. Truly, thou art rich in bank notes and cotton bales, but

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay!"

**THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.**—This invention is said to be the nearest approach yet made to the long-talked-of "perpetual motion." The inventor states that a solid three-foot cube of zinc, and a corresponding surface of copper, placed deep in the ground some distance apart, and joined by a strong wire, well insulated and protected from moisture, would institute a source of electricity which would move the pendulum through several hundred years. It is said that these clocks may be moved simultaneously throughout the whole country where wires are laid down for the purpose, so that Greenwich time may be everywhere kept. This would be effected by having a pendulum set in motion by the electric current, which, once regulated, would by a number of wires, set in motion any number of clocks, and thus each dial would present an exact fac simile of every other dial connected with the apparatus. These clocks will work for years without attention, and may be made of any dimensions. At the Telegraph Company's office are two clocks which have been working upwards of seven months, and not varied half a second during the whole time!

By the telegraph two clocks, being two hundred miles apart, can be compared as accurately as if they were in adjoining rooms. The time required for the electric fluid to travel a distance of 450 miles is so small a fraction of a second, that it is imperceptible.

**CURIOUS LIST OF VESSELS.**—The shipping (says Sir Harris Nicolas) of this period, consisted of ships, cogs, galleys, barges, crayers, flutes, or fluves, balingers, pinnaces, shutes, doggers, hulks, lynes, keels, segboats, fishing-boats, hock-boats, liques, lighters, pickards, lodeships, vissiers, and *busses*, but the two latter are rarely mentioned after the middle of the fourteenth century.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.**—The correspondent of the London Daily News writes: "The Edinburgh Review has now only a nominal connexion with Edinburgh. On the insolvency of Messrs. Constable and Co., in 1826, it became the property of Messrs. Longman and Co.; and on the death, in the beginning of the present year, of Mr. Macvey Napier, the editorship was transferred to England; and in future the printing is to go thither also. The new editor is understood to be Dr. Empson, professor of law in Hertford College, and son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE ELOQUENCE OF THE CAMP—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE sayings of soldiers, and those related to them, have been memorable in all ages.

A Lacedemonian mother, addressing her son going to battle, said—"Return living with your shield, or dead upon it."

Xerxes, menacing Leonidas with the overwhelming numbers of his army, said—"Our arrows will obscure the sun." "Well," replied the Spartan, "we shall fight all the better in the shade."

Commanders have been remarkable for the ready tact of their improvisations. Cæsar stumbled and fell on landing in Africa. He instantly affected to kiss the soil, and exclaimed—"Africa! I embrace thee."

When Dessaix received his death-wound at Marengo, his last words were—"Go and assure the First Consul that my only regret in leaving life is, that I have not done enough to be remembered by posterity."

A drummer, one of whose arms was carried away by a cannon-ball at the moment he received an order to beat the "charge," exclaimed—"I have still one hand left," and beat with the remaining hand.

On catching the first sight of the Mamelukes, drawn up in order of battle on the banks of the Nile, in view of the pyramids, Bonaparte, riding before the ranks, cried—"Soldiers! from the summits of yonder pyramids forty generations are watching you."

To a troop of artillery which had failed in their duty, he said—"This flag that you have basely deserted shall be placed in the Temple of Mars, covered with crape—your corps is disbanded."

On hearing the first gun of the enemy at Friedland, he exclaimed—"Soldiers! it is an auspicious day. It is the anniversary of Marengo."

The fourth regiment of the line on one occasion lost its eagle—"What have you done with your eagle?" asked Napoleon. "A regiment that loses its eagle has lost all. Yes, but I see two standards that you have taken. 'Tis well," concluded he, with a smile—"you shall have another eagle."

He presented Moreau, on one occasion, with a magnificent pair of pistols as a *cadeau*. "I intended," said he, "to have got the names of your victories engraved upon them, but there was not room for them."

A sentinel who allowed General Joubert to enter Napoleon's tent without giving the password was brought before him—"Go," said he—"the man who forced the Tyrol may well force a sentinel."

A general officer, not eminently distinguished, once solicited a marshal's baton—"It is not I that make marshals," said he—"it is victories."

On the field of Austerlitz, a young Russian officer, taken prisoner, was brought before him—"Sire," said the young man, "let me be shot! I have suffered my guns to be taken."—"Young man," said he, "be consoled! Those who are conquered by my soldiers, may still have titles to glory."

When the Duke of Montebello, to whom he was tenderly attached, received a mortal wound from a cannon-ball, Napoleon, then in the meridian of his imperial glory, rushed to the litter on which the dying hero was stretched, and embracing him, and bedewing his forehead with his tears, uttered these untranslatable words—"Lannes! me reconnais-tu?—c'est Bonaparte! c'est ton ami!"

In the Russian campaign he spirited on his troops by the assurance—"Soldiers! Russia is impelled by Fate! Let its destiny be accomplished!"

On the morning of the battle of Moscow, the sun rose with uncommon splendor in an unclouded firmament—"Behold!" exclaimed Napoleon to his soldiers, "it is the sun of Austerlitz."

It will be recollected that the battle of Austerlitz was commenced at sunrise, and that on that occasion the sun rose with extraordinary splendor.

At Montereau the guns of a battery near his staff were ineffective, owing to having been ill-pointed. Napoleon dismounted from his charger, and pointed them with his own hands, never losing the skill he acquired as an artillery officer. The grenadiers of his guard did not conceal their terror at seeing the cannon-balls of the enemy falling around him—"Have no fears for me," he observed, "the ball destined to kill me has not yet been cast."

In his celebrated march from Frejus to Paris, on his return from Elba, one of the regiments at Grenoble hesitated before de-

claring for him. He, with a remarkable instinct, leaped from his horse, and unbuttoning the breast of the grey surtout he usually wore, laid bare his breast—"If there be an individual among you," said he, "who would desire to kill his general—his emperor—let him fire."

It was, however, in his harangues to the soldiers, delivered on the spur of the moment, and inspired by the exigency of the occasion, and by the circumstances with which he found himself surrounded, that his peculiar excellence as an orator was developed. The same instinct of improvisation which prompted so many of his strategical evolutions, was manifested in his language and sentiments. At an age, and in the practice of a profession, in which the resources of the orator are not usually available or even accessible, he evinced a fertility, a suppleness, and a finesse, which bordered on the marvellous, and which, with an audience not highly informed, might easily pass for inspiration. What language it were best to use, what conduct it were best to pursue, and what character it were best to assume on each occasion which presented itself, he appeared to know, instantaneously and instinctively, without consideration, and without apparent effort of judgment. He gained this knowledge from no teacher, for he never had a mentor; he gained it not from experience, for he had not years. He had it as a gift. It was a natural instinct. While he captured the pontifical cities, and sent the treasures of art of the Vatican to Paris, he was profoundly reverential to the Pope. Seeking an interview with the Archduke Charles, the lieutenant of artillery sprung from the people met the descendant of the Cæsars with all the pride of an equal, and all the elevated courtesy of a high-born chevalier. He enforced discipline, honored the arts and sciences, protected religion and property, and respected age and sex. In the city he sacked, he put sentinels at the church doors to prevent the desecration of the altar. To set the example of respect for divine things, he commanded his marshals with their staffs to attend mass. He managed opinion, and turned popular prejudice to the purposes of power. In Egypt, he would wear the turban and quote the Koran. His genius for administration was no way inferior to his genius for conquest. He could not brook a superior, even when his rank and position were subordinate.

In his first Italian campaign, as the gene-

ral of the Directory, he treated, not in the name of the Directory, but in the name of Bonaparte. He was not merely commander-in-chief of the army—he was its master; and the army felt this, and the republican tacitly acknowledged it. The oldest generals quailed under the eagle eye of this youth of five-and-twenty.

His eloquence of the field has no example in ancient or modern times. His words are not the words of a mortal. They are the announcements of an oracle. It is not to the enemies that are opposed to him that he speaks, nor do his words refer to the country he invades. He addresses Europe, and speaks of the world. If he designates the army he leads, it is *THE GRAND ARMY*! If he refers to the nation he represents, it is *THE GREAT NATION*! He blots empires from the map with the dash of his pen, and dots down new kingdoms with the hilt of his sword. He pronounces the fate of dynasties amidst thunder and lightning. His voice is the voice of destiny!

To reproduce his highly figurative language, after the fever of universal enthusiasm, in the midst of which it was uttered, has cooled down, is hazardous. It may seem to border on the ridiculous. Sublimity itself, when the hearer is not excited to the proper pitch, does so. At present, after thirty years and upwards of a general peace, the very generation which felt the enthusiasm of victory has nearly passed away, and another has grown up, all whose aspirations have been directed to far different objects. Other wants, other wishes, other ideas, other sentiments—nay, even other prejudices—have grown up. In the days Napoleon's splendor, military renown was all in all. The revolution had swept away all political and almost all geographical landmarks. An undefined future presented itself to all minds. The marvellous achievements of the French army itself, led by a boy on the plains, illustrated in other days by Roman glory, heated all imaginations to a point which enabled them to admire what may seem to border on bombast in the present prevalence of the intellectual over the imaginative, and of the practical over the poetical.

Let the reader, then, try to transport himself back to the exciting scenes amidst which Napoleon acted and spoke.

At six-and-twenty he superseded Scherer in the command of the army of Italy, surrounded with disasters, oppressed with despair, and utterly destitute of every pro-



vision necessary for the well-being of the soldier. He fell upon the enemy with all the confidence of victory which would have been inspired by superior numbers, discipline, and equipment. In a fortnight the whole aspect of things was changed; and here was his first address to the army:

"Soldiers!—You have, in fifteen days, gained six victories, taken twenty-one standards, fifty pieces of cannon, several fortresses, made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men! You have equalled the conquerors of Holland and the Rhine. Destitute of all necessities, you have supplied all your wants. Without cannon, you have gained battles—without bridges, you have crossed rivers!—without shoes, you have made forced marches!—without brandy, and often without bread, you have bivouacked! Republican phalanxes, soldiers of Liberty, alone could have survived what you have suffered! Thanks to you, soldiers!—your grateful country has reason to expect great things of you! You have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to pass. Is there one among you whose courage is relaxed? Is there one who would prefer to return to the barren summits of the Appenines and the Alps, to endure patiently the insults of these soldier-slaves?"

"No!—there is none such among the victors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, and of Mondovi!"

"My friends, I promise you this glorious conquest; but be the liberators, and not the scourges of the people you subdue!"

Such addresses acted on the army with electrical effect. Bonaparte had only to walk over northern Italy, passing from triumph to triumph in that immortal campaign with a facility and rapidity which resembled the shifting views of a phantasmagoria. He entered Milan, and there, to swell and stimulate his legions, he again addressed them:

"You have descended from the summits of the Alps like a cataract. Piedmont is delivered. Milan is your own. Your banners wave over the fertile plains of Lombardy. You have passed the Po, the Tessino, the Adda—those vaunted bulwarks of Italy. Your fathers, your mothers, your wives, your sisters, your betrothed, will exult in your triumphs, and will be proud to claim you as their own. Yes, soldiers, you have done much, but much more is still to be accomplished. Will you leave it in the power of posterity to say that in Lombardy you have found a Capua? Let us go on! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, and insults to avenge."

"To re-establish the capitol, and re-erect the statues of its heroes; to awake the Roman people, sunk under the torpor of ages of bondage;—behold what remains to be done! After accom-

plishing this, you will return to your hearths; and your fellow-citizens, when they behold you pass them, will point at you and say—*He was a soldier of the army of Italy!*"

Such language was never before addressed to a French army. It excited the soldiers even to delirium. They would have followed him to the ends of the earth. Nor was such an event foreign to his thoughts. The army no longer obeyed—it was devoted. It was not led by a mortal commander—it followed a demigod.

When he sailed from the shores of France, on the celebrated expedition to Egypt, the destination of the fleet was confided to none but himself. Its course was directed first to Malta, which, as is well known, submitted without resistance. When lying off its harbor, Bonaparte thus addressed the splendid army which floated around him:—

"Soldiers!—You are a wing of the army of England. You have made war on mountain and plain, and have made sieges. It still remains for you to make maritime war. The legions of Rome, which you have sometimes imitated, but not yet equalled, warred with Carthage by turns on the sea and on the plains of Zama. Victory never abandoned them, because they were brave in combat, patient under fatigue, obedient to their commanders, and firm against their foes. But soldiers! Europe has its eyes upon you; you have great destinies to fulfil, battles to wage, and fatigues to suffer."

When the men from the mast tops discovered the towers of Alexandria, Bonaparte first announced to them the destination of the expedition:

"Frenchmen!—You are going to attempt conquests, the effects of which on the civilization and commerce of the world are incalculable. Behold the first city we are about to attack. It was built by Alexander."

As he advanced through Egypt he soon perceived that he was among a people who were fanatical, ignorant, and vindictive, who distrusted the Christians, but who still more profoundly detested the insults, exactions, pride, and tyranny of the Mamelukes. To flatter their prejudices and confirm their hatred, he addressed them in a proclamation conceived in their own Oriental style:

"Cadis, Sheiks, Imans, Charbadgys, they will say to you that I have come to destroy your religion! Believe them not. Tell them that I come to restore your rights, and to punish your usurp-

ers, and that I, much more than the Mamelukes, respect God, his prophet, and the Koran!

"Tell it to the people that all men are equal before God. Say that wisdom, talents, and virtue, alone constitute the difference between man and man.

"Is there on your land a fine farm?—it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there anywhere a beautiful slave, a fine horse, a splendid house?—they all belong to the Mamelukes. If Egypt be really their farm, let them show what grant God has given them of it. But God is just and merciful towards his people. All Egyptians have equal rights. Let the most wise, the most enlightened, and the most virtuous rule, and the people will be happy.

"There were in former days among you great cities, great canals, and vast trade. What has destroyed all these, if it be not the cupidity, the injustice, and the tyranny of the Mamelukes?

"Cadis, Sheiks, Imans, Charbadgys, tell it to the people that we also are true Mussulmans. Was it not we that subdued the Pope, who exhorted nations to war on the Mussulmans? Are we not also friends of the Grand Signor?

"Thrice happy those who shall be on our side!—happy those who shall be neuter: they will have time to be acquainted with us, and to join with us.

"But wo, wo to those who shall take arms for the Mamelukes, and who shall combat against us! For them there will be no hope! They shall perish!"

After quelling the revolt at Cairo, he availed himself of the terror and superstition of the Egyptians to present himself to them as a superior being, as a messenger of God, and the inevitable instrument of Fate:

"Sheiks, Ulemas, Worshippers of Mahomet, tell the people that those who have been my enemies shall have no refuge in this world nor in the next! Is there a man among them so blind as not to see Fate itself directing my movements?

"Tell the people that since the world was a world, it has been written, that after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism—after having beaten down their crosses, I should come from the depths of the west, to fulfil the task which has been committed to me. Show the people that in the holy volume of the Koran, in more than twenty places, what happens has been foretold, and what will happen is likewise written."

"I can call each of you to account for the most hidden thoughts of your heart; for I know all, even the things you have not whispered to another. But a day will come when all the world will plainly see that I am conducted by orders from above, and that no efforts can prevail against me."

When Charlatanism was the weapon most effective, he there scrupled not to wield it for the attainment of his ends.

After the 18th Brumaire, surrounded by his brilliant staff, he apostrophized the Di-

rectory with the haughty tone of a master who demands an account of his servants, and as though he were already absolute sovereign of France:

"What have you done with that France which I left you surrounded with such splendor? I left you peace—I return and find war. I left you the millions of Italy—I return and find spoliation and misery! What have you done with the hundred thousand brave French, my companions in arms, in glory, and in toil? THEY ARE DEAD!"

Bonaparte was remarkable for contemptuously breaking through the traditions of military practice. Thus, on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, he adopted the startling and unusual course of disclosing the plan of his campaign to the private soldiers of his army:—

"The Russians," said he, "want to turn my right, and they will present to me their flank. Soldiers, I will myself direct all your battalions; depend upon me to keep myself far from the fire, so long as, with your accustomed bravery, you bring disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but, if victory were for one moment uncertain, you would see me in the foremost ranks, to expose myself to their attack. There will be the honor of the French infantry—the first infantry in the world. This victory will terminate your campaign, and then the peace we shall make will be worthy of France, of you, and of me!"

What grandeur, combined with what pride, we find in these last words!

His speech after the battle is also a *chef-d'œuvre* of military eloquence. He declares his contentment with his soldiers—he walks through their ranks—he reminds them what they have conquered, what they have done, and what will be said of them; but not one word does he utter of their chiefs. The emperor and the soldiers—France for a perspective—peace for a reward—and glory for a recollection! What a commencement, and what a termination!—

"Soldiers! I am content with you; you have covered your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the emperors of Russia and of Austria, have been, in less than four hours, cut to pieces and dispersed; whoever has escaped your sword has been drowned in the lakes. Forty stand of colors—the standards of the imperial guard of Russia—one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and more than thirty thousand prisoners are the results of this day, for ever celebrated. That infantry, so much boasted of, and in numbers so superior to you, could not resist your shock, and henceforth you have no longer any rivals to fear.



"Soldiers! when the French people placed upon my head the imperial crown, I entrusted myself to you; I relied upon you to maintain it in the high splendor and glory, which alone can give it value in my eyes. Soldiers! I will soon bring you back to France; there you will be the object of my most tender solicitude. It will be sufficient for you to say, '*I was at the battle of Austerlitz*,' in order that your countrymen may answer, '*Voilà un brave!*'"

On the anniversary of this battle, he used to recapitulate with pleasure the accumulated spoils that fell into the hands of the French, and he used to inflame their ardor against the Prussians by the recollection of those victories; thus, on the morning of another fight, he apostrophized his soldiers in the following manner:—"Those," pointing to the enemy, "and yourselves, are you not still the soldiers of Austerlitz!" This was the stroke of a master.

"Soldiers! it is to-day one year, this very hour, that you were on the memorable field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled terrified; their allies were destroyed; their strong places, their capitals, their magazines, their arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred pieces of cannon, five grand fortified places, were in your power. The Oder, the Warta, the deserts of Poland, the bad weather, nothing has stopped you. All have fled at your approach. The French eagle soars over the Vistula; the brave and unfortunate Poles imagine that they see again the legions of Sobieski.

"Soldiers! we will not lay down our arms until a general peace has restored to our commerce its liberty and its colonies. We have, on the Elbe and the Oder, recovered Pondicherry our Indian establishment, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who shall give to the Russians the hope to resist destiny? These and yourselves. Are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

He commenced the Prussian campaign by a speech that burned and flashed like lightning itself—

"Soldiers! I am in the midst of you. You are the vanguard of a great people. You must not return to France unless you return under triumphal arches. What! shall it be said you have braved the seasons, the deep, the deserts, conquered Europe, several times coalesced against you, carried your glory from the East to the West, only to return to your country like fugitives, and to hear it said that the French eagle had taken flight, terrified at the aspect of the Prussian armies? Let us advance, then; and since our moderation has not awakened them from their astonishing intoxication, let them learn that if it is easy to obtain any increase of power from the friendship of a great people, its enmity is more terrible than the tempests of the ocean."

On the eve of his celebrated entry into Berlin, he excited the pride of his troops by placing before them the rapidity of their march, and the grandeur of their triumphs:—

"The forests, the defiles of Franconia, the Saale, and the Elbe, which your fathers had not traversed in seven years, you have traversed in seven days, and in this interval you have fought four fights and one pitched battle. You have sent the renown of your victories before you to Potsdam and to Berlin. You have made sixty thousand prisoners, taken sixty-five standards, six hundred pieces of cannon, three fortresses, and more than twenty generals; and yet nearly one-half of you still lament not having fired a shot. All the provinces of the Prussian monarchy, as far as the banks of the Oder, will be in your power."

It is true, and it will occur to every mind, that a large part of the force of this eloquence of the camp in the case of Bonaparte, depended on the astounding character of the facts which he had the power of repeating. Even now, after these miracles of military prowess have been repeated in as many versions by an hundred contemporary historians in every living language, we cannot read these simple references to them without being overwhelmed with amazement. The narrative of them borders often on the impossible, and forcibly impresses us with the justness of the adage, that truth is often more wonderful than fiction, and that the historian has often to record that from which the novelist would shrink.

At Eylau, he thus honored the memory of his brave warriors who had fallen:—

"You have marched against the enemy, and you have pursued him, your swords in his reins, over a space of eighty leagues. You have taken from him sixty-five pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or captured, more than forty-five thousand men. Our *braves* who have remained on the field of battle, have died a glorious death. Theirs is the death of true soldiers."

At Friedland, he again apostrophized his army:—

"In ten days you have taken one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, seven standards, killed, wounded, or captured sixty thousand Russian prisoners; taken from the enemy all its hospitals, all its magazines, all its ambulances, the fortress of Königsberg, the three hundred vessels that were in the port, laden with every species of munitions, and one hundred and sixty thousand muskets, that England had sent to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula you have passed to those of

the Niemen, with the rapidity of the eagle. You celebrated at Austerlitz the anniversary of my coronation; you have this year celebrated here the anniversary of Marengo. Soldiers of the grand army of France, you have been worthy of yourselves and of me!"

In 1809, when prepared to punish Austria for her treachery, he again adopted the bold and unexpected course of confiding to the army his great designs. He mingled amongst the soldiers, and made them share the spirit of his vengeance; he never allowed himself to be separated from them, and made *his* cause *their* cause. What a military *elan* there is in the following speech!—

"Soldiers! I was surrounded by you when the sovereign of Austria came to my bivouac in Moravia; you heard him implore my clemency, and swear eternal friendship for me, his victor in three campaigns. Austria owed everything to our generosity; three times has she perjured herself. Our past successes are a sure guarantee of the victories that await us; forward, then, and let the enemy acknowledge its conqueror in our very aspect."

It was with a like ardor he animated the army sent to Naples against the English. His speech appeared to move with the *pas de charge*:—

"Soldiers! march; throw yourselves upon them in a torrent, if these feeble battalions of the tyrant of the deep will even await your approach. Do not wait to inform me that the sanctity of treaties has been vindicated, and that the *manes* of my brave soldiers, murdered in the ports of Sicily, on their return from Egypt, after having escaped all the perils of the deep, the deserts, and of a hundred fights, have at last been appeased!"

It was also to beat down the power of his implacable and eternal enemy, that he harangued the army of Germany, on his return, and that he opened before its view the conquest of Spain:—

"Soldiers! after having triumphed on the Danube and the Vistula, you have traversed Germany by forced marches—I order you now to traverse France without a moment's repose. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard defiles the peninsula of Spain and Portugal; let it fly terrified at your look. Carry your victorious eagles even to the columns of Hercules; there, also, you have treachery to revenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you equalled the glories of the legions of Rome, who, in the same campaign, triumphed on the Rhine and on the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus?"

Let us now pass to the penultimate act

of this gorgeous drama. Behold! the scene is the court of Fontainebleau. Listen to his solemn *adieux* to the faithful remains of his army—to those soldiers who could not bring themselves voluntarily to separate from their general, and who were weeping around him. Antiquity affords no scene at once so heart-rending and so solemn:—

"Soldiers! I make you my *adieux*. For twenty years, that we have been together, I have been content with you! I have always found you on the road to glory. All the powers of Europe are armed against me alone; some of my generals have betrayed their duty and France. France has deserved other destinies. With you and the other *braves* who have remained faithful to me I could have maintained a civil war, but France would have been unhappy. Be faithful to your new king—be obedient to your new chiefs—and do not abandon your dear country. Do not lament my fate. I shall be happy so long as I know that you also are happy. I might have died. If I have consented to live, it is still to your glory. I will write the great deeds that you have done. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Come, *General Petit*, let me press you to my heart. Bring me that Eagle, and let me embrace it also. Ah! dear Eagle, may this kiss which I give you be remembered by posterity. Adieu, my children. My prayers will always accompany you. Preserve my memory!"

He departed, and in the island of Elba he organized that expedition, the mere narrative of which seems almost fabulous.

He had not yet set foot on the shores of France, when already, from the deck of that frail skiff "which bore Caesar and his fortunes," he gave to the winds and the waves his celebrated proclamation. He evoked before the eyes of his soldiers the images of a hundred fights, and sent his eagles before him, as the harbingers of his triumphant return:—

"Soldiers! in my exile I heard your voice. We have not been conquered, but betrayed. We must forget that we have been the masters of nations, but we must not allow others to mingle themselves in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be master in our country? Resume those eagles that you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmirail. The veterans of the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the west, of the grand army, are humiliated. Come, place yourselves under the flag of your chief. Victory will march at the *pas de charge*. The eagle, with the national flag shall fly from steeple to steeple, until she lights on the towers of Notre Dame!"

On the morrow of his arrival at the Tuil-



leries, and amidst the astonishment which followed that night of enthusiasm and intoxication, he called his old guard around his flag, and presented it to his brave companions of the island of Elba:—

“Soldiers! behold the officers of the battalion who have accompanied me in misfortune. They are all my friends—they were dear to my heart: wherever I saw them, they represented to me the different regiments of the army. Among these six hundred veteran companions were men of all the regiments. All reminded me of those great days, the memory of which is so dear to me—for all were covered with honorable wounds, received in those memorable battles. In loving them I loved you all. Soldiers of the French army! they bring you back those eagles, which will serve you as a rallying point. In giving them to the Guard, I give them to the whole army. Treason and unhappy circumstances have covered them for a time with mourning; but, thanks to the French people and to you, they re-appear, resplendent with all their former glory. Swear that they shall be found always wherever the interests of the country shall call them. Let the traitors and those who invade our territory never be able to stand before their looks.”

Some days afterwards, at the assembly in the Champs de Mars, he speaks not of the glory of the battles, nor of the devotion of the soldiers, but, being in the presence of the people and of the legislative bodies, he extols the grand principle of the national sovereignty:—

“Emperor, consul, soldier—I hold all from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, on the battlefield, at the council-board, on the throne, in exile, France has ever been the only and constant object of my thoughts and of my actions. Like that king of Athens, I sacrificed myself for my people, in the hope of seeing realized the promise given, to preserve for France its national integrity, its honor, and its repose.”

On the meeting of the Chambers, he addressed them, conjuring them to forget their quarrels in the face of the imminent danger of the nation:—

“Let us not imitate the example of the lower empire, which, pursued on all sides by barbarians, exposed itself to the laughter of posterity, by occupying itself with paltry dissensions at the moment when the battering ram struck on the walls of the city. It is in difficult times that great nations, like great men, develop all the energy of their characters.”

Falling unexpectedly amongst the army, he recalled to its recollection that it ought not to allow itself to be alarmed by the

great numbers of its enemies; that it had atrocious insults to avenge; that surrounding nations were impatient to shake off the yoke, and to combat the same enemies:—

“These, and ourselves—are we no longer the same men. Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one against two, and, at Montmirail, you were one against three. Let those among you who have been prisoners with the English tell you the tale of their prison-ships, and of the frightful evils that they have suffered.

“The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, groan at being obliged to lend their arms to princes who are hostile to justice and the people’s rights.”

And when all was finished—when the lightning of Waterloo had struck him, how touching were his last words to his army:—

“Soldiers!” said he, “I will follow your steps, although absent. It was the country you served in obeying me; and if I have had any share in your affections, I owe it to my ardent love for France—our common mother. Soldiers! some few efforts more, and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will be grateful to you for the blows you are going to give.”

From on board the *Bellerophon*, anchored in British waters, he addressed the following letter to the Prince Regent:—

“YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Overcome by the factions which divide my country, and by the hostility of the great powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles of old, to sit down at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.”

At St. Helena, his imagination retraced his past life, reverted to Egypt and the East, and the brilliant recollections of his youth.

“I should have done better,” said he, striking his forehead, “not to have quitted Egypt. Arabia waited for a hero. With the French in reserve, and the Arabians and Egyptians as auxiliaries, I should have rendered myself master of India, and should now have been Emperor of all the East.”

Dwelling still on this grand idea, he used to say

“St. Jean d’Acre taken, the French army would have flown to Damascus and Aleppo, and, in the twinkling of an eye, would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the

Armenians, would have joined it. The population was about to be shaken. I should have reached Constantinople and India; and I should have changed the face of the world."

"Then as if liberty, fairer than the empire of the world, had shed on him a new light, he exclaimed

"The great and noble truths of the French revolution will endure for ever. We have covered them with so much lustre, associated them with such monuments and such prodigies—we have washed away their first stains with waves of glory. They are immortal; issuing from the tribune, cemented by the blood of battles, adorned with the laurels of victory, saluted with the acclamations of the people and of nations, sanctioned by treaties, they can never retrograde. They live in Great Britain, they are resplendent in America, they are nationalized in France. Behold the tripod from which will issue the light of the world!"

Images of war floated continually before his imagination during the maladies which preceded his death.

"Go, my friends," he used to say, "and revisit your families; as for me, I shall see again my brave companions in the elysium of futurity. Yes! Kleber, Dessaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, all will come to meet me. When they see me, they will be wild with enthusiasm and glory; we shall talk of our wars with the Scipios, the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Fredericks, unless," added he, with a smile, "the people there below should be afraid to see so many warriors together."

In an excess of delirium, which occurred during his illness, he imagined that he was at the head of the army of Italy, and that he heard the drums beating. He exclaimed,

"Steingel, Dessaix, Massena, away, away, run—to the charge!—they are ours!"

Pondering on his melancholy situation on the rock of St. Helena, he used to soliloquize—

"Another Prometheus, I am nailed to a rock, where a vulture devours me. Yes! I had robbed fire from heaven to give it to France! the fire has returned to its source, and behold me here! The love of glory is like that bridge which Satan threw over chaos to pass from hell to paradise: glory joins the past to the future, from which it is separated by an immense abyss. Nothing remains for my son save my name."

The concluding words of his testament were marked by his usual eloquence.

"I desire," said he, "that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the people whom I have so much loved."

But let us now endeavor to dispel the illusions created by the sublimity of his genius, and to look at Napoleon as he will be viewed by the wisdom of posterity.

As a statesman, he had at once too much genius and too much ambition to lay down the supreme power, and to reign under any master whatever, be it parliament, people, or king.

As a warrior, he fell from the throne, not for having refused to re-establish legitimacy, not for having smothered liberty, but as a consequence of conquest. He was not, and he could not be, either a Monk or a Washington, for the simplest of all reasons, that he was a Napoleon.

He reigned as reign all the powers of this world, by the force of his principle; he perished, as perish all powers of this world, by the violence and the abuse of his principle.

Greater than Alexander, Charlemagne, Peter, or Frederick, he, like them, has imprinted his name on an age; like them, he was a legislator; like them, he established an empire; and his memory, which is universal, lives under the tent of the Arab, and crosses, with the canoes of the Indian, the far waters of Oceania. The people of France, who forget so soon, have retained nothing of that revolution, which disturbed the world, except his name. The soldiers, in their discourses of the bivouac, speak of no other captain; and when they pass through our cities, direct their eyes to no other image.

When the people accomplished the revolution of July, the flag, all soiled with dust, which was unfurled by the soldier-artisans—the chiefs of the insurrection—was the flag surmounted by the French eagle—it was the flag of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wagram, and not that of Jemappes or Fleurus; it was the flag that was unfurled in the squares of Lisbon, of Vienna, of Berlin, at Rome, at Moscow, and not that which floated over the federation of the Champs de Mars. It was the flag riddled by the bullets of Waterloo; it was the flag which the emperor embraced at Fontainebleau, when he bade adieu to his old guard; it was the flag which had shaded his expiring brow at St. Helena—it was, in one word—the FLAG OF NAPOLEON.

He—this man—had dispelled the popu-



lar illusion which attached itself to the blood of kings—sovereignty, majesty, and power. He raised the people in their own esteem, by showing to them kings, descended from kings, at the foot of a king who had sprung from the people. He so overwhelmed hereditary monarchs, by placing them in *juxtaposition* with himself—he so oppressed them with his own greatness, that, in taking them one by one, all these kings and all these emperors, and bringing them beside himself, that they were scarcely perceivable, so small and obscure did they become by the comparison with this Colossus.

But let us listen to what the severe voice of history will pronounce against him :

He dethroned the sovereignty of the people. The emperor of the French republic, he became a despot—he threw the weight of his sword into the scales of the law—he incarcerated individual liberty in his state prisons—he stifled the liberty of the press, by the gags of the censorship—he violated trial by jury—he trampled under his feet the tribunals, the legislative bodies, and the senate—he depopulated

the work-shops and the fields—he engrafted on the army a new *noblesse*, which soon became more insupportable than the ancient one, because it had neither the same antiquity nor the same prestige; he levied arbitrary taxes—he desired that in the whole empire there should be but one voice—*his voice*; and but one law, *his will*. The capital, the cities, the armies, the fleets, the palaces, the museums, the magistrates, the citizens, became *his* capital, *his* cities, *his* armies, *his* fleets, *his* palaces, *his* museums, *his* magistrates, and *his* subjects. He drew the nation out to conflict and to battle, where we have nothing left remarkable save the insolence of our victories, our corpses, and our gold. In fine, after having besieged the forts of Cadiz—after having in his hands the keys of Lisbon, of Madrid, of Vienna, of Berlin, of Naples, and of Rome—after having made the pavement of Moscow tremble under the wheels of his artillery, he left France less great than he found her—bleeding with her wounds, dismantled of her fortresses, naked, impoverished, and humiliated.

---

From Tait's Magazine.

### FEMALE AUTHORS.—No. III.—Mrs. SHELLEY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

MUCH as we hear of Schools of Authors, there has, properly speaking, been but one in British Literature—at least, within this century. There was never, for example, any such thing as a Lake school. A school supposes certain conditions and circumstances which are not to be found among the poets referred to. It supposes, first of all, a common master. Now, the Lake poets had no common master, either among themselves or others. They owed allegiance neither to Shakspeare, nor Milton, nor Wordsworth. Each stood near, but each stood alone, like the stars composing one of the constellations. A school, again, implies a common creed. But we have no evidence, external or internal that, though the poetical diction of the Lakers bore a certain resemblance, that their poetical creed was identical. Indeed, we are yet to learn that Southey had, of any depth or definitude, a poetical creed at all. A

school, again, supposes a similar mode of training. But how different the erratic education of Coleridge, from the slow, solemn, silent degrees by which, without noise of hammer or edge-tool, arose, like the ancient temple, the majestic structure of Wordsworth's mind! A school, besides, implies such strong and striking resemblances as shall serve to overpower the specific differences between the writers who compose it. But we are mistaken if the dissimilarities between Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey be not as great as the points in which they agree. Take, for example, the one quality of speculative intellect. That, in the mind of Coleridge, was restless, discontented, and daring—in Wordsworth, still, collected, brooding perpetually over narrow but profound depths—in Southey, almost totally quiescent. The term Lake School, in short, applied at first in derision, has been retained, principally because it is

convenient—nay, suggests a pleasing image, and gives both the public and the critics “glimpses, that do make them less forlorn,” of the blue peaks of Helvellyn and Skiddaw, and of the blue waters of Derwent and Windermere.

The Cockney school was, if possible, a misnomer more absurd—striving, as it did, in vain to include, within one term, three spirits so essentially distinct as Hazlitt, Keats, and Leigh Hunt—the first a stern metaphysician, who had fallen into a hopeless passion for poetry; the second, the purest specimen of the ideal—a ball of beautiful foam, “cut off from the water,” and not adopted by the air; the third, a fine tricky medium between the poet and the wit, half a sylph and half an Ariel, now hovering round a lady’s curl, and now stirring the fiery tresses of the Sun—a fairy fluctuating link, connecting Pope with Shelley. We need not be at pains to cut out into little stars the Blackwood constellation, or dwell on the differences between a Wilson, a Lockhart, and a James Hogg.

One school, however, there has appeared within the last fifty years, answering to all the characteristics we have enumerated, namely, the Godwin school, who, by a common master—the old man eloquent himself—a common philosophical as well as poetical belief, common training, that of warfare with society, and many specific resemblances in manner and style, are proclaimed to be one. This cluster includes the names of William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecroft, Brockden Brown of America, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley.

Old Godwin scarcely got justice in this Magazine from Mr. De Quincey. Slow, cumbrous, elephantine as he was, there was always a fine spirit animating his most lumpish movements. He was never contemptible—often common-place, indeed, but often great. There was much in him of the German cast of mind—the same painful and plodding diligence, added to high imaginative qualities. His great merit at the time—and his great error, as it proved afterwards—lay in wedding a partial philosophic system with the universal truth of fiction. Hence the element which made the public drunk with his merits at first rendered them oblivious afterwards. So dangerous it is to connect fiction (the finer alias of truth) with any dogma or mythus less perishable than the theogony of Homer, or the Catholicism of Cervantes. After all, what was the theory of Godwin, but the

masque of Christianity? Cloaking the leading principle of our religion, its disinterested benevolence, under a copy of the features of Helvetius and Volney, he went a mumming with it in the train of the philosophers of the Revolution. But when he approached the domain of actual life and of the human affections, the ugly disguise dropped, and his fictions we hesitate not to characterize as among the noblest illustrations of the Sermon on the Mount. But to the public they seemed the reiterations of exploded and dangerous errors—such a load of prejudice and prepossession had been suspended to their author’s skirts. And now, the excitement of danger and disgust having passed away from his theories, interest in the works which propounded them has also subsided. “Caleb Williams,” once characterized by Hannah More as a cunning and popular preparation of the poison which the Political Justice had contained in a cruder form, and thereby branded as dangerous, is now forgotten, we suspect, by all but a very select class of circulating library readers. “St. Leon,” “Fleetwood,” “Mandeville,” and “Cloudesley,” with all their varied merits, never attracted attention, except through the reflex interest and terror excited by their author’s former works. Thus political excitement has been at once a raising and a ruining influence to the writings of a great English author—ruining, we mean, at present—for the shade of neglect has yet to be created which can permanently conceal their sterling and imperishable worth. After the majority of the writings of Dickens have perished—after one-half of Bulwer’s, and one-fourth of Scott’s novels have been forgotten—shall many reflective spirits be found following the fugitive steps of Caleb Williams, or standing by the grave of Marguerite de Damville, or of Bethlem Gabor, as they do well to be angry even unto death. If sincerity, simplicity, depth of thought, purity of sentiment, and power of genius can secure immortality to any productions, it is to the fictions of Godwin.

Mary Wollstonecroft—since we saw her countenance prefixed to her husband’s Memoir—a face so sweet, so spiritual, so far withdrawn from earthly thoughts, steeped in an enthusiasm so genuine—we have ceased to wonder at the passionate attachment of Southey, Fuseli, and Godwin to the gifted being who bore it. It is the most feminine countenance we ever saw in picture. The “Rights of Women” seem in it melted



down into one deliquium of love. Fuseli once, when asked if he believed in the immortality of the soul, replied in language rather too rough to be quoted verbatim, "I don't know if *you* have a soul, but I am sure that *I* have." We are certain that he believed in the existence of at least one other immortal spirit—that of the owner of the still, serene, and rapt countenance on which he hopelessly doted. It is curious that on the first meeting of Godwin and his future wife, they "interdespised"—they recoiled from each other, like two enemies suddenly meeting on the street, and it required much after-intercourse to reconcile them, and ultimately to create that passion which led to their union.

Mary Wollstonecroft shone most in conversation. From this to composition she seemed to descend as from a throne. Coleridge describes her meeting and extinguishing some of Godwin's objections to her arguments with a light, easy, playful air. Her fan was a very falchion in debate. Her works—"History of the French Revolution," "Wanderer of Norway," "Rights of Women," &c.—have all perished. Her own career was chequered and unhappy—her end was premature—she died in childbed of Mrs. Shelley (like the sun going down to reveal the evening star); but her name shall live as that of a deep majestic and high-souled woman—the Madame Roland of England—and who could, as well as she, have paused on her way to the scaffold, and wished for a pen to "record the strange thoughts that were arising in her mind." Peace to her ashes! How consoling to think that those who in life were restless and unhappy, sleep the sleep of death as soundly as others—nay, seem to sleep more soundly—to be hushed by a softer lullaby, and surrounded by a profounder peace, than the ordinary tenants of the grave. Yes, sweeter, deeper, and longer is the repose of the *truant* child, after his day of wandering is over, and the night of his rest is come.

Another "Wanderer o'er Eternity" was Brockden Brown, the Godwin of America. And worse for him, he was a wanderer, not from, but among men. For Cain of old, it was a relief to go forth from his species into the virgin empty earth. The builders of the Tower of Babel must have rejoiced as they saw the summit of their abortive building sinking down in the level plain; they fled from it as a stony silent satire on their baffled ambition, and as a memorial of the confusion of their speech—it scourged them

forth into the wilderness, where they found peace and oblivion. A self-exiled Byron or Landor is rather to be envied; for though "how can your wanderer escape from his own shadow?" yet it is much if that shadow sweep forests and cataracts, fall large at morning or evening upon Alps and Apennines, or swell into the Demon of the Brocken. In this case misery takes a prouder, loftier shape, and mounts a burning throne. But a man like Brockden Brown, forced to carry his incommunicable sorrow into the press and thick of human society, nay, to coin it into the means of procuring daily bread, he is the true hero, even though he should fall in the struggle. To carry one's misery to market, and sell it to the highest bidder, what a necessity for a proud and sensitive spirit! Assuredly, Brown was a brave struggler, if not a successful one. Amid poverty, neglect, non-appreciation, hard labor, and the thousand *niaiserie*s of the crude country which America then was, he retained his integrity; he wrote on at what Godwin calls his "story books;" he sought inspiration from his own gloomy woods and silent fields; and his works appear, amid what are called "standard novels," like tall wind-swept American pines amid shrubbery and brush-wood. His name, after his untimely death (at the age of thirty-nine), was returned upon his ungrateful country—from Britain, where his writings first attained eminent distinction, while even yet Americans, generally, prefer the adventure and bustle of Cooper to the stern Dante-like simplicity, the philosophical spirit, and the harrowing and ghost-like interest Brown.

Of Shelley, having spoken so often, what more can we say? He seems to us as though the most beautiful of beings had been struck blind. Mr. De Quincey, in unconscious plagiarism from another, compares him to a "lunatic angel." But perhaps his disease might be better denominated blindness. It was not because he saw falsely, but, as if seeing and delaying to worship the glory of Christ and his religion, that delay was punished by a swift and sudden darkness. Imagine the Apollo Belvedere, animated and fleshed, all his dream-like loveliness of form retained, but his eyes remaining shut! Thus blind and beautiful stood Shelley on his pedestal, or went wandering, an inspired sleep-walker, among his fellows, who, alas, not seeing his melancholy plight, struck and spurned, instead

of gently and soothingly trying to lead him into the right path. We still think, notwithstanding Mr. De Quincey's eloquent strictures in reply, that if pity and kind-hearted expostulation had been employed, they might have had the effect, if not of weaning him from his errors, at least of modifying his expressions and feelings—if not of opening his eyes, at least of rendering him more patient and hopeful under his eclipse. What but a partial clouding of his mind could have prompted such a question as he asked upon the following occasion? Haydon, the painter, met him once at a large dinner party in London. During the course of the entertainment, a thin, cracked, shrieking voice was heard from the one end of the table, "you don't believe, do you, Mr. Haydon, in that execrable thing, Christianity?" The voice was poor Shelley's, who could not be at rest with any new acquaintance till he ascertained his impressions on that one topic.

Poets, perhaps all men, best understand themselves. Thus no word so true has been spoken of Shelley, as where he says of himself, that "an adamantine veil was built up between his mind and heart." His intellect led him in one direction—the true impulses of his heart in another. The one was with Spinoza—the other with John. The controversy raged between them like fire, and even at death was not decided. We rejoice, in contrast with the brutal treatment he met with while living, to notice the tenderness which the most evangelical periodicals (witness the present number of the *North British Review*), extend to the memory of this most sincere, spiritual, and unearthly of modern men. It is to us a proud reflection, that for at least seventeen years our opinion of him has remained unaltered.

It is not at all to be wondered at, that two such spirits as Shelley and Mary Godwin, when they met, should become instantly attached. On his own doctrine of a state of pre-existence, we might say that the marriage had been determined long before, while yet the souls were waiting in the great antenatal antechamber! They met at last like two drops of water—like two flames of fire—like two beautiful clouds which have crossed the moon, the sky and all its stars, to hold their midnight assignation over a favorite and lonely river. Mary Godwin was an enthusiast from her childhood. She passed, by her own account, part of her youth at Broughty Ferry, in

sweet and sinless reverie, among its cliffs. The place is, to us, familiar. It possesses some fine features—a bold promontory crowned with an ancient castle jutting far out into the Tay, which here broadens into an arm of the ocean—a beach, in part smooth with sand, and in part paved with pebbles—cottages lying artlessly along the shore, clean, as if washed by the near sea—sandy hillocks rising behind—and westward, the river, like an inland lake, stretching around Dundee, with its fine harbor and its surmounting Law, which, in its turn, is surmounted by the far blue shapes of the gigantic Stuicknachroan and Benvoirlich. Did the bay of Spezzia ever suggest to Mrs. Shelley's mind the features of the Scottish scene? That scene, seen so often, seldom fails to bring before us her image—the child, and soon to be the bride, of genius. Was she ever, like Mirza, overheard in her soliloquies, and did she bear the shame, accordingly, in blushes which still rekindle at the recollection? Did the rude fishermen of the place deem her wondrous wise, or did they deem her mad, with her wandering eye, her rapt and gleaming countenance, her light step moving to the music of her maiden meditation? The smooth sand retains no trace of her young feet—to the present race she is altogether unknown; but we have more than once seen the man, and the lover of genius, turn round and look at the spot, with warmer interest, and with brightening eye, as we told them that she had been there.

We have spoken of Mrs. Shelley's similarity in genius to her husband—we by no means think her his equal. She has not his subtlety, swiftness, wealth of imagination, and is never caught up (like Ezekiel by his lock of hair) into the same rushing whirlwind of inspiration. She has much, however, of his imaginative and of his speculative qualities—her tendency, like his, is to the romantic, the ethereal, and the terrible. The tie detaining her, as well as him, to the earth, is slender—her protest against society is his, copied out in a fine female hand—her style is carefully and successfully modelled upon his—she bears, in brief, to him, the resemblance which Laone did to Laon, which Astarte did to Manfred. Perhaps, indeed, intercourse with a being so peculiar, that those who came in contact with, either withdrew from him in hatred, or fell into the current of his being, vanquished and enthralled, has somewhat affected the originality, and narrowed the extent of her own genius. In-



dian widows used to fling themselves upon the funeral pyre of their husbands: she has thrown upon that of hers her mode of thought, her mould of style, her creed, her heart, her all. Her admiration of Shelley was, and is, an idolatry. Can we wonder at it? Separated from him in the prime of life, with all his faculties in the finest bloom of promise, with peace beginning to build in the crevices of his torn heart, and with fame hovering ere it stooped upon his head—separated, too, in circumstances so sudden and cruel—can we be astonished that from the wounds of love came forth the blood of worship and sacrifice? Wordsworth speaks of himself as feeling for

“The Old Sea some reverential fear.”

But in the mind of “Mary” there must lurk a feeling of a still stronger kind toward that element which *he*, next to herself, had of all things most passionately loved—which he trusted as a parent—to which he exposed himself, defenceless (he could not swim, he could only soar)—which he had sung in many a strain of matchless sweetness, but which betrayed and destroyed him—how can she, without horror, hear the boom of its waves, or look without a shudder, either at its stormy or at its smiling countenance? What a picture she presents to our imagination, running with dishevelled hair, along the sea shore, questioning all she met if they could tell her of her husband—nay, shrieking out the dreadful question to the surges, which, like a dumb murderer, had done the deed but could not utter the confession!

Mrs. Shelley’s genius, though true and powerful, is monotonous and circumscribed—more so than even her father’s—and, in this point, presents a strong contrast to her husband’s, which could run along every note of the gamut—be witty or wild, satirical or sentimental, didactic or dramatic, epic or lyrical, as it pleased him. She has no wit, nor humor—little dramatic talent. Strong clear description of the gloomier scenes of nature, or the darker passions of the mind, or of those supernatural objects which her fancy, except in her first work, somewhat *laboriously* creates, is her forte. Hence her reputation still rests upon “Frankenstein;” for her “Last Man,” “Perkin Warbeck,” &c., are far inferior, if not entirely unworthy of her talents. She unquestionably made him; but, like a mule or a monster, he has had no progeny.

Can any one have forgot the interesting

account she gives of her first conception of that extraordinary story, when she had retired to rest, her fancy heated by hearing ghost tales; and when the whole circumstances of the story appeared at once before her eye, as in a camera obscura? It is ever thus, we imagine, that truly original conceptions are produced. They are cast—not wrought. They come as wholes, and not in parts. It was thus that Tam o’ Shanter completed, along Burns’ mind, his weird and tipsy gallop in a single hour. Thus Coleridge composed the outline of his “Ancient Marinere,” in one evening walk near Nether Stowey. So rapidly rose “Frankenstein,” which, as Moore well remarks, has been one of those striking conceptions which take hold of the public mind at once and for ever.

The theme is morbid and disgusting enough. The story is that of one who finds out the principle of life, constructs a monstrous being, who, because his maker fails in forming a female companion to him, ultimately murders the dearest friend of his benefactor, and, in remorse and despair, disappears amid the eternal snows of the North Pole. Nothing more preposterous than the meagre outline of the story exists in literature. But Mrs. Shelley deserves great credit, nevertheless. In the first place, she has succeeded in her delineation; she has painted the shapeless being upon the imagination of the world for ever; and beside Caliban, and Hecate, and Death in Life, and all other weird and gloomy creations, this nameless, unfortunate, involuntary, gigantic unit stands. To succeed in an attempt so daring, proves at once the power of the author, and a certain value even in the original conception. To keep verging perpetually on the limit of the absurd, and to produce the while all the effects of the sublime, this takes and tasks very high faculties indeed. Occasionally, we admit, she does overstep the mark. Thus the whole scene of the monster’s education in the cottage, his overhearing the reading of the “Paradise Lost,” the “Sorrows of Werter,” &c., and in this way acquiring knowledge and refined sentiments, seems unspeakably ridiculous. A Caco-demon weeping in concert with Eve or Werter is too ludicrous an idea—as absurd as though he had been represented as boarded at Cap-sicum Hall. But it is wonderful how delicately and gracefully Mrs. Shelley has managed the whole prodigious business. She touches pitch with a lady’s glove, and is

not defiled. From a whole forest of the "nettle danger," she extracts a sweet and plentiful supply of the "flower safety." With a fine female footing, she preserves the narrow path which divides the terrible from the disgusting. She unites, not in a junction of words alone, but in effect, the "horribly beautiful." Her monster is not only as Caliban appeared to Trinculo—a very pretty monster—but somewhat poetical and pathetic withal. You almost weep for him in his utter insulation. Alone! dread word, though it were to be alone in heaven! Alone! word hardly more dreadful if it were to be alone in hell!

"Alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea;  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony."

Thus wrapt around by his loneliness, as by a silent burning chain, does this gigantic creature run through the world, like a lion who has lost his mate, in a forest of fire, seeking for his kindred being, but seeking for ever in vain.

He is not only alone, but alone because he has no being like him throughout the whole universe. What a solitude within a solitude!—solitude comparable only to that of the Alchemist in St. Leon, when he buries his last tie to humanity in his wife's grave, and goes on his way, "friendless, friendless, alone, alone."

What a scene is the process of his creation, and especially the hour when he first began to breathe, to open his ill-favored eyes, and to stretch his ill-shapen arms, toward his terrified author, who, for the first time, becomes aware of the enormity of the mistake he has committed; who has had a giant's strength, and used it tyrannously like a giant, and who shudders and shrinks back from his own horrible handiwork! It is a type, whether intended or not, of the fate of genius, whenever it dares either to revile, or to resist, the common laws and obligations, and conditions of man and the universe. Better, better far be blasted with the lightnings of heaven, than by the recoil, upon one's own head, of one false, homeless, returning, revenging thought.

Scarcely second to her description of the moment when, at midnight, and under the light of a waning moon, the monster was born, is his sudden apparition under a glacier among the high Alps. This scene strikes us the more, as it seems the fulfil-

ment of a fear which all have felt, who have found themselves alone among such desolate regions. Who has not at times trembled lest those ghastlier and drearier places of nature, which abound in our own Highlands, should bear a different progeny from the ptarmigan, the sheep, the raven, or the eagle—lest the mountain should suddenly crown itself with a Titanic spectre, and the mist, disparting, reveal demoniac forms, and the lonely moor discover its ugly dwarf, as if dropped down from the overhanging thunder cloud—and the forest of pines show unearthly shapes sailing among their shades—and the cataract overboil with its own wild creations? Thus fitly, amid scenery like that of some dream of nightmare, on a glacier as on a throne, stands up before the eye of his own maker, the miscreation, and he cries out,

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?"

In darkness and distance, at last, the being disappears, and the imagination dares hardly pursue him as he passes amid those congenial shapes of colossal size, terror, and mystery, which we fancy to haunt those outskirts of existence, with, behind them at midnight, "all Europe and Asia fast asleep, and before them the silent immensity and Palace of the Eternal, to which our sun is but a porch-lamp."

Altogether, the work is wonderful as the work of a girl of eighteen. She has never since fully equalled or approached its power, nor do we ever expect that she shall. One distinct addition to our original creations must be conceded her—and it is no little praise; for there are few writers of fiction who have done so much out of Germany. What are they, in this respect, to our painters—to Fuseli, with his quaint brain, so prodigal of unearthly shapes—to John Martin, who has created over his head a whole dark frowning, but magnificent world—or to David Scott, our own most cherished friend, in whose studio, while standing surrounded by pictured poems of such startling originality, such austere selection of theme, and such solemn dignity of treatment (forgetting not himself, the grave, mild, quiet, shadowy enthusiast, with his slow, deep, sepulchral tones), you are almost tempted to exclaim, "How dreadful is this place!"

Of one promised and anticipated task we must, ere we close, respectfully remind Mrs. Shelley; it is of the life of her husband. That, even after Captain Med-



wyn's recent work, has evidently yet to be written. No hand but hers can write it well. Critics may anatomize his qualities—she only can paint his likeness. In proclaiming his praise, exaggeration in her will be pardoned; and in unveiling his faults, tenderness may be expected from her; she alone, we believe, after all, fully

understands him; she alone fully knows the particulars of his outer and inner history; and we hope and believe, that her biography will be a monument to his memory, as lasting as the Euganean hills; and her lament over his loss as sweet as the everlasting dirge, sung in their "late remorse of love," by the waters of the Italian sea.

---

From Fraser's Magazine.

### FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

THE death of Dr. Mendelssohn, in the early part of the last month, is one of the most melancholy casualties that have occurred in the musical art for a long time. We naturally forget how many similar and sudden experiences have suggested the usual reflections on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of human wishes, in the sight of a young composer invested with all the goods of fortune; the spectacle of artist-existence in a favorite of the public is so animated that we confer a kind of immortality upon it, and remove into hazy obscurity and the dim vista of the future the last and greatest of evils. But surely the recollection of C. M. von Weber, carried off in the first acclamation of his triumph among us, and of the early doom of Bellini, the most inventive melodist and dramatic genius of modern Italy, with numerous promising names in the humbler ranks of art, should teach us our error in wilfully excepting genius from the influence of the ordinary rule of human instability. When a composer fulfils the arduous duties and complicated responsibilities of Mendelssohn, he attains the giddiest height of prosperity and applause, with proportionate danger to health and life; and now that the melancholy event is passed, we begin to look into its prognostics.

We remember that, of late, he was solicitous rather to avoid engagements than to accept them; that he would not conduct the Leipsic subscription concerts this year; that he was often with difficulty induced to play; and that he found himself physically incompetent to cope with the weight of the Birmingham organ at the last festival. What he had formerly undertaken with cheerful and ready compliance, he now

reluctantly accepted, or absolutely refused. It is true that, after a career of some twenty years before the public, applause was not to seek; he had exhibited marvels of facility as concerto and extempore player on the organ and piano-forte, and amidst such frenzied plaudits, that the intoxicating draught of youthful ambition may have lost its stimulus. Like some other heroes, however, he also may have found perpetual glory of itself an accumulating and intolerable weight, and that a great name and figure in the eye of the world are dearly purchased by constant toil and responsibility. He may have wished to anticipate the honorable repose of age in consideration of the more than double duty of his youth—having in his various capacities of composer, concerto player, extempore player, and conductor of an orchestra, acquitted himself with a distinction unparalleled, save by Mozart. Possibly, too, he found a decline of the physical power necessary to contend with the daily exigencies of his position. At any rate, his appearance in the orchestra, when last we saw him at the Philharmonic Society, did not betray the fatal secret. Those who saw Mendelssohn on that brilliant occasion, honored by the presence of the Queen, revelling in his favorite Pianoforte Concerto—Beethoven's in G—with all the playful grace, the ease, and conscious mastery that communicated their peculiar charms to the performance, can scarcely have anticipated that, in a few short months, the player and his piece would become alike food for history. That those inconceivably rapid and elastic fingers, whose "artful and unimaginable touches" created the uproar of enthusiasm in the concert-room, should not delight

us from season to season, for a course of years, seemed impossible. Never was a man so "booked" in public expectation for long prosperity. Removed from envy, rivalry, and detraction, in the possession of an ample fortune, he had nothing to do but to live; to live was to flourish, and to perform what was easy to him.

Such was the promising aspect in which Dr. Mendelssohn appeared in the lighted evening concert-room to his admiring audience. By daylight, and in closer contiguity, the spectator was struck by a certain appearance of premature age which his countenance exhibited; he seemed already to have outstretched the natural term of his existence by at least ten years. No one, judging by the lines in his face, would have guessed his age to be thirty-nine only. The disproportion between his actual age and the character of his face was especially noticed at the morning "Homage to Mendelssohn," performed in Harley Street by the Beethoven Quartet Society. Here he was gay and animated, and played delightfully; but, to the surprise of close observers, was no longer a young man. He had compressed a great deal of life into a short compass, and wanted a stronger physical constitution to support the throes of perpetual invention, and the excitement consequent on his elevated position. He was conscientious in fulfilling what he owed to his art, and to the public who cherished him; he sought to confirm "golden opinions" by the most generous efforts, and in the end may almost be described as "killed by kindness." The path of genius will always be chivalrous from its self-sacrificing ambition; and if the cold neglect of the last century, and the eager patronage of the present, produce like results to the composer, society has at least advanced in granting the artist during his lifetime the full content of appreciation and sympathy.

The prosperous course of Felix Mendelssohn from infancy to maturity will always remain a bright and pleasant dream for artists in this contentious world. The advantages of a good position by birth; of possessing a name already celebrated in the walks of literature and philosophy; of musical parents, who quickly discerned the bent of his genius, and who spared no pains in developing it; of early intercourse with men of remarkable endowments, from whom he imbibed the tastes natural to intellectual pre-eminence and refined education—all

these united for him in such a measure, that until the fairies again assemble round the cradle of a child with their good gifts, we shall look in vain for a similar picture of happy artist boyhood. Mendelssohn was born at Hamburgh, Feb. 3, 1809. His father, a distinguished merchant at Berlin, found in that city the best materials for the musical and intellectual cultivation of his son. We are strongly reminded of the history of the Mozart family in the infant musical promise of Mendelssohn and his elder sister, almost his rival in skill, who always accompanied him in his tastes, and whom, by a remarkable fatality and coincidence in the mortal attack, he has this year accompanied to the tomb. In the case of the children of M. Mendelssohn, the mother, however, was the good genius who chiefly influenced their musical progress. This lady was herself an excellent practical musician, formed in the schools of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach; and not only did she appreciate the works of these models of musical science, but their utility in developing the musical dispositions of the young. Her example is worthy of imitation. She commenced with lessons of five minutes' duration, gradually extending them; and so rapid was the child's progress under her tuition, that by his eighth year he mastered with ease, passages requiring a very skilful execution. At this tender age, he was also able to transpose the pieces in Cramer's studio, and to play from the scores of Bach at sight. His ear readily detected fifths and other inaccuracies in counterpoint. He discovered an error of this sort which had previously escaped detection in a motet by Bach. The precocity which he displayed excited general admiration; and the masters who successively assisted in his musical education were fully persuaded that they were rearing another Mozart.

Louis Berger, of Berlin, succeeded the mother of Mendelssohn as his musical instructor; and, subsequently, the boy, together with his sister, took lessons of any famous master who happened to be sojourning in Berlin, thus appropriating the different excellencies of many artists, Hummel, Moscheles, &c. The musical capacities of these accomplished children are described as nearly equal; a generous emulation prevailed between them; sometimes the brother was in advance, sometimes the sister. A life-long, profound sympathy and attachment, grew out of their common musical studies; and to appreciate the beauty of the



nearness of kin and of soul subsisting between Mendelssohn and his sister, Music, with her impassioned and elevated influences, must aid us. Rarely are kindred gifts of high genius bestowed upon a brother and sister; but of Mendelssohn and Madame Henvel\* it may truly be said—

“Like fortunes did their souls acquaint.”

The steps by which the youthful artist accomplished that complete readiness of eye and hand, of musical intellect and ear, which rendered him as a practical musician the wonder of our age, are obvious. Difficulty had at length no place in his vocabulary; he had learned to anticipate all the combinations of pianoforte music; and his early industry so far, of late, superseded the necessity of practice, that he has been known to play both the organ and pianoforte in public after intermitting practice for months. He sustained to the end all the assaults of the most inveterate mechanism; and, with Liszt and Thalberg in the field, was incontestibly the first pianoforte player of his day. Music, whose true votary he was, never deserted him, and taught the most industrious saloon players, when he was present, to know their place.

The plan pursued to form young Mendelssohn as a composer was directed also by great intelligence. He had been placed for this branch of art under Zetter, of the singing academy, a thoughtful master, and the correspondent of Goethe; and Zetter thought too highly of his charge to fetter his genius by scholastic rules. The exercises he made under Zetter were chiefly little symphonies in four parts, for stringed instruments, in composing which he followed the bent of his genius. After what fancy and imagination had achieved for the music of modern Germany, it was feared that systems might stifle some important poetical new birth. In spite of the license to run wild, order, clearness, and regularity, still distinguished the productions of the

\* The memory of this lady was as wonderful as that of her brother. On her father's birthday, she once performed, as a surprise to him, an incredible feat, namely, of playing, by memory, the whole of the forty-eight preludes and fugues of Sebastian Bach. The recollection of a fugue implies that of the entire movement of its parts, and its difficulty can be appreciated only by experiment. It is a certain test of musical mind. We shall now also become acquainted with some of Madame Henvel's compositions, which are of similar texture to her brother's.

student, and were the index to the character of his mind. The domestic musical habits of Mendelssohn's family were still more happily disposed to excite his enthusiasm for composition than the approbation and encouragement of his preceptor. Every fortnight, there was a concert at the Mendelssohns, at which a quartet of good artists performed a variety of classical compositions, and together with them the last new symphony of “Felix.” What an advantage this! Surely the music of young composer was never before nursed in such softness and delight, amid such kind family sympathy and so much encouragement from musicians. By the time he reached twenty, he was not only the greatest player of the day, but the character of his compositions entitled him to occupy that place in the interest of the public which Beethoven and Weber had not long resigned. Before his first published works, two pianoforte quartets, had reached us his name and promise were familiar in England through the medium of foreign musical journals, and the connections of the British embassy at Berlin. His first English associations were, probably, formed at the parties of Mrs. Austin then resident in that city; and when he arrived in this country (in 1829), to verify the prepossessions of his admirers, he still lived in great intimacy with her family.

But there wanted no protection for such prodigious powers as Mendelssohn exhibited at twenty years of age, when his first symphony was introduced at the Philharmonic Concerts. He was received with open arms; and though the highest art here is rarely much regarded in the highest society, he, in the end, recommended himself peculiarly to royal favor. The effect of his first appearance in England was strongly assisted by circumstances. Weber's overtures and Beethoven's symphonies were then first making their true impression at the Philharmonic, and the public, in a transport of enthusiasm, were just awakening to a due sense of the loss of those masters, when the youth stepped forward who was to wield the mighty implements of their art. Still, it was not merely by his early and profound mastery of the mechanism and poetry of composition that Mendelssohn made such rapid progress in the affections of the English; his extraordinary personal endowments, in which fine playing, an intuitive kind of musical leading, a vast memory, which embraced the

details as well as the broad features of a score, and a fine talent of improvisation were conspicuous, altogether realized an idea of genius which we do not readily concede to an occasional composer and conductor of an orchestra. Here was a young man who honored his place in the orchestra by what he could do out of it; he did not merely beat time with a stick for others to play, but played himself, challenging every kind of musical difficulty, and coming off constantly victorious. Wherever he was, he created that atmosphere of wonder and excitement in which the musician delights. If he was to play on the organ, to make a cadence to a concerto on the pianoforte, or even about to rehearse an overture or symphony, every one was on tiptoe for some characteristic and delightful trait. From public life he was followed into private, with a kind of devotion; his obliging disposition, his polished and agreeable manners, and the stores of his reading, rendering his conversation second only in interest to his music. In poetry he was so well versed, that scarcely a quotation could be made unfamiliar to him, in its fullest force of word or phrase; his drawings, also, were those of a distinguished amateur. Sympathies like these, with the whole circle of the fine arts, qualified him in a remarkable manner for general society; and Mendelssohn is, perhaps, the first eminently gifted musician whose conversation and intimacy have been sought purely for their own charm alone. It was a compliment frequently paid to the social capacity of Mendelssohn to have him without music.

During the present century, the lives of great artists have been less recluse than formerly. The known amiable dispositions of Weber and Spohr have proved a most favorable illustration of their works, and personal esteem for the composers has much assisted their progress, and promoted their effect. At what precise time Mendelssohn committed his fortunes to the art, and turned from his amateur position into a profession for which he was not originally designed, we forget; but, notwithstanding the public and private advantages of his auspicious commencement, he was never tempted to abuse them. Profitable speculation had no charms for him, compared with fidelity to art. The art was ever uppermost; and whatever subject was proposed to him for music was obliged to interest his imagination. He cautiously even then produced his works in public,

and desired to review and correct them, when time had given them some appearance of novelty even to himself. Thus the *Walpurgis Nacht*, that gloomy and poetical Druidical picture, though only performed in London two or three seasons ago, was a product of his intimacy with Goethe, and of the suggestion of the poet. It is a very early item in his musical catalogue.

Like Mozart, he completed entire compositions in his mind, and often alluded to them as finished while yet no note was on paper. He was wont to regulate the march of his productions in regard to variety and quality: now a more familiar, now a more difficult work, announced his presence in the musical world. He thus maintained public interest and expectation through the various aspects of his genius, and advanced by the steps of fame, well calculated and assured. He exercised severe criticism on his own productions and often replaced entire movements.

The genius which Mendelssohn displayed in instrumental composition was characterized by strong individuality. His third symphony in A minor seems to open the true era of his strength in that department. The fine *adagio* of this work is a great achievement, Mendelssohn succeeding better in light and piquant fancies than in profound, sustained, and original melody. The *scherzas* of his works in general are so excellent as to be quite prominent in modern art; his *allegros* come next in interest, and his slow movements last. His *ottetto* for stringed-instruments is one of his most beautiful compositions; he has never written a larger or more impassioned *allegro* than the opening one to this. His third pianoforte quartet, in B minor, is one of the best of his production for the pianoforte and stringed-instruments, and greatly surpasses in interest his trios and sonatas for the piano and violoncello. The defect of his chamber-music is some tincture of monotony in the melodies and effects; it is surprising that so fertile an extemporizer did not exhibit more variety in the decorative bravura passages incidental to pianoforte music. The "Songs without words," which he used to play so beautifully, retain still their charm of individuality and style. In every thing he succeeded best where he himself struck out the path.

His cantata and sacred music have still been but imperfectly heard: we have had large, but not select, orchestras employed on these works; and the effect of the chorus



from *St. Paul*, "Happy and Blest," accompanied by the Philharmonic orchestra, realized the freshness of a first impression. The same novelty of effect may be anticipated from the delightful choruses in *Antigone*, when we hear them with the proper singers and a great orchestra. His power of painting dramatic situation, according to the moving pictures of life with which we are conversant in opera-books, may be doubted. *The Marriage of Camacho* had no great success, and the romantic modern drama appears to have possessed few charms for him. Mendelssohn's genius was of an epic turn; he described passions and events in the mass, and under the influence of the past, with great truth; but this failed him in the mere conventional situations of the drama. He made few dramatic efforts, probably because among his other studies he had not omitted himself. Where natural impulse did not carry him, he cared not to go.

As a composer of oratorios, he was possessed by the noblest ambition. In *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, he exhibits the broad and massive style of Handel and Bach; he boldly enters the same arena, and adopts the same diatonic simplicity in its succession of fugues and choral introductions, taking only due advantage of the progress of the instrumental art. Here was his great superiority. In discriminating the voices and tones of instruments, he had the greatest ability; and his orchestration, on the whole, may be considered as the latest model of the perfection of the art. His songs and miscellaneous compositions would carry us too far to notice. Mendelssohn's genius can only be appreciated by reference to that of the greatest masters; the intellectual character of his music was first-rate: but, in the sensuousness and voluptuousness of mere melody it was deficient. If he fell short of the greatest aim, he fell nobly. No man was ever more powerfully imbued with the spirit of the artist: he lived "apart" amidst great designs and resolutions: nothing base approached his soul.

It is now some eighteen years since we began to watch for the periodical return of Mendelssohn to London, like that of the flowers in spring. He is inseparably associated with our last recollections of the festival of "the Sons of the Clergy," as it used to be kept. The late organist, Mr. Attwood, who loved him as a son, always expected him at the organ for the last voluntary; and the musicians present, each

anxious to obtain a view of him, used to form themselves into a thick cloud above his head. One of his first exhibitions was the conversion of a phrase from the first chorus of the Dettingen *Te Deum*, and another from the *Hallelujah Chorus*, into a double fugue. This, by some musicians, was thought to be premeditated; but it was not so in fact. He knew everything in music, and his contrapuntal mind taught him instantly what would go together. Arriving late at a concert, where he has been expected to play extempore, he would take a bill from his pocket, with the words, "let me see, what have they been doing?" and then would combine in his fantasia something that had been done with what he had just heard. This was the readiness of his science and practical skill. Then for his memory,—he would go through whole volumes of Beethoven and Bach. Not only that with which early practice had imbued him had he in present command, but whatever novelty of merit he was at the pains to study remained as if stamped in his mind. The world is, in general, very glad to take the intellectual measure of a favorite; but Mendelssohn withstood all the trials to which he was exposed, and the limit of his extempore capacity was never ascertained. In his cadences to piano-forte concertos he never repeated himself, and whenever he rehearsed them (as is sometimes necessary in the music of Beethoven), he did it with fun, shewing himself perfectly at ease with respect to execution and invention. Mr. Lucas will, probably, remember the difficulty he had in bringing in the band in the right place, when Mendelssohn first rehearsed Beethoven's Concerto in G. These are pleasant memories of the master. Then, for good music, he was always so impassioned, that his brilliant example, could it have lasted, would, in the end, have moved the whole musical world. How much he did for Bach! How many of that master's MSS. pedal fugues, &c., were first played by him from memory! and how often he declared, by word and deed, that he knew no such composer!

Let success have been heaped upon Mendelssohn in what measure it may, we still owe him our love for the unselfish love which he lavished on the art. We have only to add a few circumstances of his life since he left us. At the close of the season he appeared in his usual health, and passed into Switzerland for the summer. Here the news of his sister's sudden death

deeply affected him. She was with a party rehearsing his *Walpurgis Nacht*, when she was seized with what appeared to be a fainting fit, but it proved to be paralysis of the brain, and carried her off in three days. The mother of Mendelssohn had died of a similar attack, and it strongly appeared to him that, in these events, his own doom was foretold. He did not conceal that he apprehended a similar termination to his own life, and in spite of all friendly

dissuasions from the encouragement of such a train of thought, his prophecy was literally fulfilled. He departed like his sister, and in the same manner, being seized with illness while he was accompanying a lady in a song he had just composed. From his first attack he partially recovered, and was able to take a drive; but a relapse occurred. He lay for a whole day in a state of insensibility, and in this manner the great and rising genius of the age breathed his last.

---

From Bentley's Miscellany.

### ALBERT THORWALDSEN;

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY H. C. ANDERSEN.\*

(Concluded from our last Month's Number.)

THORWALDSEN, in 1838, had attained universal fame. The frigate *Rota* was dispatched to bring a cargo of his works to Copenhagen, and he was to arrive at the same time, perhaps to remain, in Denmark.

For many years we had not seen such beautiful northern lights as in the autumn of this year. Red and blue flames were seen whirling in the horizon; Iceland's light glimmering nights had come down to our green islands; it was as if Thorwaldsen's forefathers, wrapped in the lustre of the aurora borealis, hovered around us to greet their youngest scion. The frigate *Rota*, with the artist on board, approached the summer-green coasts of Denmark.

The Danish flag was to be hoisted from the tower of St. Nicholas, as soon as the vessel could be descried on its way from Elsinore: but it was a foggy day, and the frigate was close by the city before it was observed. Every one was in busy motion, people flocked through the streets towards the custom-house.

What a picture! The sun burst forth suddenly between the clouds; there lies the proud ship; a magnificent rainbow spans the heavens.† The cannons thunder, all the

vessels hoist their flags; the sea is covered with boats gaily trimmed as for a festival; emblematical flags wave and tell us that in one boat are painters, in others sculptors, poets, and students; here come young well-dressed ladies, yet the eye only rests for a moment on them; it turns and fixes itself on the great boat which, with rapid strokes, steers for the ship; for there sits Thorwaldsen, his long white hair hanging over his blue cloak, and the song of welcome sounds from the shore.

The whole shore is filled with spectators; hats and handkerchiefs wave, repeated hurrahs rend the air: it is a people's festival, enthusiasm's festival. The people take the horses from his carriage, and draw him to his dwelling at Charlottenborg, where the *atelier* is ornamented with flowers and garlands. The evening is that of a festival; torches glare in the garden, and artists serenade him.

Thorwaldsen is the people's heart,—the people's thoughts;—feast follows feast. We will mention but two of these *fêtes* as the most important. The one was a sort of poetical musical academia, where poems for the occasion were read by the authors themselves,\* or, set to music, were sung by beautiful rainbow extended itself over the vessel, as it was seen from the shore.

\* Translated under the superintendence of the author, by C. Beckwith.

† By many it was regarded as a bright omen which formed the subject of more than one picture at the Academy, that just as Thorwaldsen was about to leave the frigate, the sun, which had been obscured throughout the day, suddenly broke forth, and a

\* The authors who recited their poems themselves were Oehlenschläger, Grundtvig, H. P. Holst, and H. C. Andersen; the words of the songs were written by Heiberg, Hertz, Winther, and Overskou, the introductory speech by Professor Clausen.



*dilettanti*. The large saloon, every little room was filled; every one would partake in the feast, which ended with a supper and a dance led off by Thorwaldsen. The other *fete* was arranged by the united students, when he was made honorary member of the union. At the banquet on this occasion, at which a song by H. P. Holst apostrophized the future museum, the background of the saloon was opened, and the museum appeared as it would do when completed.

However much this enthusiasm and homage may have gratified Thorwaldsen, it at length became tiresome; festivals and admiration belonged to his daily existence, and yet he thought so little of it. When he was drawn by the populace to his dwelling, he was ignorant of it, and said, "We drive fast;" and as he returned one evening from the cathedral in Roeskilde, the houses being illuminated for him, he exclaimed, "There must be a wedding here to-night!"\*

Close to Presto Bay, surrounded by wood-grown banks, lies Nysø, the principal seat of the barony of Stampenborg,---a place which, through Thorwaldsen, has become remarkable in Denmark. The open strand, the beautiful beech woods, even the little town seen through the orchards, at some few hundred paces from the mansion, make the place worthy of a visit on account of its truly Danish scenery. Here Thorwaldsen found his best home in Denmark; here he seemed to increase his fame, and here a series of his last beautiful bas-reliefs were produced.

Baron Stampe is one of nature's noblest-minded men; his hospitality, and his lady's daughterly affection for Thorwaldsen, opened a home for him here, a comfortable and good one. A great energetic power in the baroness incited his activity; she attended him with a daughter's care, elicited from him every little wish, and executed it. Directly after his first visit to Nysø, a short tour to Moen's chalk cliffs was arranged, and during the few days that were passed there, a little *atelier* was erected in the garden at Nysø, close to the canal which half encircles the principal building: here, and in the corner room of the mansion, on the first floor facing the sea, most of Thorwaldsen's works, during the last years of his life, were executed: "Christ

\* It is the custom in Denmark for the friends of newly-married persons to illuminate the windows of their houses on the evening of the marriage day.

bearing the Cross," "the entry into Jerusalem," "Rebecca at the Well," his own portrait-statue, Oehlenschläger's and Holberg's busts, &c. Baroness Stampe was in faithful attendance on him, lent him a helping hand, and read aloud for him from Holberg. Driving abroad, weekly concerts, and in the evenings his fondest play, "The Lottery," were what most easily excited him, and on these occasions he would say many amusing things. He has represented the Stampe family in two bas-reliefs: in the one representing the mother, the two daughters, and the youngest son, is the artist himself; the other exhibits the father and the two eldest sons.

All circles sought to attract Thorwaldsen; he was at every great festival, in every great society, and every evening in the theatre by the side of Oehlenschläger. As a young man he had not that imposing beauty of feature which he had in after-life.

"——— That noble figure  
Sat plastic, as his own gods' statues.  
Hast thou observed that wheresoe'er he came  
'Mongst numbers forth, the crowd made silent way,  
As by a holy cloud unconscious sway'd."\*

His greatness was allied to a mildness, a straightforwardness, that in the highest degree fascinated the stranger, who approached him for the first time. His *atelier* in Copenhagen was visited daily; he therefore felt himself more comfortable and undisturbed in Nysø. Baron Stampe and his family accompanied him to Italy in 1841, when he again visited that country. The whole journey, which was by way of Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, the Rhine towns, and Munich, was a continued triumphal procession. The winter was passed in Rome, and the Danes there had a home in which they found a welcome.

The following year, Thorwaldsen was again in Denmark, and at his favorite place, Nysø. On Christmas eve, he here formed his beautiful bas-relief, "Christmas Joys in Heaven," which Oehlenschläger consecrated with a poem. The last birth-day of his life was celebrated here; the performance of one of Halberg's vaudevilles was arranged, and strangers invited; yet the morning of that day was the homeliest, when only the family and the author of this memoir, who had written a merry song for the occasion, which was still wet on the paper, placed themselves outside the artist's door, each with a pair of tongs, a gong, or a

\* Heiberg, in his elegy, "Thorwaldsen."

bottle on which they rubbed a cork as an accompaniment, and sung the song as a morning greeting. Thorwaldsen, in his morning gown, opened the door, laughing; he twirled his black Raphael's-cap, took a pair of tongs himself, and accompanied us, whilst he danced round and joined the others in the loud "hurra!"

A charming bas-relief, "the Genius of Poetry," was just completed: it was the same that Thorwaldsen, on the last day of his life, bequeathed to Oehlenschläger, and said, "It may serve as a medal for you."

On Sunday, the 24th of March, 1844, a small party of friends was assembled at the residence of Baron Stampe in Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen was there, and was unusually lively, told stories, and spoke of a journey that he intended to make to Italy in the course of the summer. Hahn's tragedy of "Griseldis" was to be performed for the first time that evening at the theatre. Tragedy was not his favorite subject, but comedy, and particularly the comedies of Holberg; but it was something new that he was to see, and it had become a sort of habit with him to pass the evening in the theatre. About six o'clock, therefore, he went to the theatre alone. The overture had begun; on entering he shook hands with a few of his friends, took his usual seat, stood up again to allow one to pass him, sat down again, bent his head, and was no more! The music continued. Those nearest to him thought that he was only in a swoon, and he was borne out; but he was numbered with the dead.

The news flew through the city like an electric shock: his chambers at Charlottenborg were filled with anxious inquirers; amongst those who were most deeply affected was the Baroness Stampe, who, but a few days before, had lost a dear sister, and now, with a daughter's heart, she wept for the great artist.\*

On dissecting the body, it was found

\* His will, dated the 5th December, 1838, states that he gives to his native town, Copenhagen, all the objects of art belonging to him at the time of his death: that the museum shall bear his name, and that he had previously set aside 25,000 rix-dollars towards its erection. The executors named in the will were counsellor Collin, Professors Thiele, Clausen, Schouw, and Bissen, together with a member of the Copenhagen magistracy. The will further directs that the completion of his works should be committed to Professor Bissen, he being paid for the same from the funds of the museum, and that he should likewise have the special artistic inspection of the museum.

that death was caused by an organic disease of the heart which would have produced dropsy in the chest. Amongst hundreds of persons there are scarcely two so lucky as to be saved from pain by a sudden death. In the lottery of life, Thorwaldsen drew Death's number, and was also fortunate in that. His face retained its usual expression when in the coffin. The great artist lay there in the long white clothes, and with a fresh laurel-wreath around his brow, like a handsome and imposing bust.

"Sorrow over the great master's passing knell,  
Was bound up with our church's solemn festival."\*

His death occurred just in the beginning of Lent. He lay in the open coffin in the great figure saloon of the academy, surrounded by burning tapers, just in that place, where he, fifty years before, on the day previous, had received the academy's medal. The funeral oration was delivered by Professor Clausen, and the artists bade farewell to their great master:

"—— With heavy, heavy tears  
We now bear Denmark's pride to the grave."†

The Crown-Prince of Denmark, as president of the academy, followed nearest the coffin: it stopt once more in the courtyard, a *miserere* in the Italian language was sung by the opera company then in Copenhagen, and the procession began.‡

It is a dull gray day, there is not a sunbeam to be seen. The citizens, all with crape on their hats, have placed themselves in rows, arm-in-arm, and where the line ends on that long road, there stand the poorer classes—even ragged boys hold each other by the hand, and form a chain, a chain of peace; the rows of students began nearest to Frue Kirke. All the windows, walls, trees, and many roofs, are filled with spectators. What a stillness! See, they uncover their heads as the coffin approaches; it is ornamented with flowers and palm branches above, with Thorwaldsen's statue

\* Heiberg.

† A poem by H. P. Holst.

‡ At half-past one, A. M., the procession left the house of mourning and reached the church (Frue Kirke) at a quarter before three. It was led by two artists, at the head of an immense number of seamen, then came about eight hundred students, after them came the Icelanders resident in the town, then artists of all classes, and then the body borne by artists. The Crown-Prince followed, with the members of the Academy, the university, the officers of the navy and army, civil officers, citizens, &c. The streets through which the procession passed were swept, and strewed with sand and evergreens.



leaning on Hope: amongst the many wreaths on the lid, there are two that are particularly worthy of notice, the one is bound by the queen herself with the finest flowers that the seasons afford,—the other is of silver, the children in several of the schools of the town have each given their mite towards it. See, at all the windows are females dressed in mourning! Flowers are showered down, large bouquets fall on the coffin, all the bells of the churches toll. It is a festal procession, the people accompany the artist-king!—that moment will never be forgotten.

When the coffin was at the church door, the last part of the procession left the house of mourning. The orchestra poured forth a deep and affecting funeral march, as if the dead joined in the procession, led on by the tones of the organ and trumpet. The king of the land met the coffin, and joined the ranks of the mourners at the door of the church,\* which was hung with black cloth, where Christ and the Apostles in marble stood in the faint light. The cantata now sounded from tuneful lips and pealing organ; the last chorus was heard, then followed an oration by Dean Tryde, and the mournful ceremony concluded with a "Sleep well!" from the students, who had formed a circle round the coffin.

Thus ended Albert Thorwaldsen's glorious life's triumph. Fortune and Victory favored him; no artist's life has been richer in fortune's sunshine than his. The nobly born felt himself proud of having in his circle the order-decorated, the great man whom princes delight to honor and pay homage to, the world's far-famed sculptor;—the common man knew that he was born in his class, sprung from his strong race; he looked up to him, regarded his honor and fortune as a part of his own, and saw in him the chosen of God. Yes, even in death Thorwaldsen seemed to cast sparks of fortune on the indigent many. In Nyboder,† where they knew Thorwaldsen well, and knew that his father had been one of them, and worked in the dock-yard, the sailors had taken the number of his age, his birth-day, and the day of his death, namely, 74, 19, 24, in the number lottery,‡

† The Queen, the Crown-Princess, and several ladies of the royal house had taken their seats in a pew, on the floor of the church near the coffin.

‡ A quarter of Copenhagen, where the seamen live, built for them by Christian the Fourth.

‡ In this lottery ninety numbers are placed in the wheel, out of which five are drawn.

and as these numbers were actually drawn, it was to them not a little proof of his greatness.

The mournful intelligence of his death soon spread through the country, and through all lands; funeral dirges were sung and funeral festivals were arranged in Berlin and Rome; in the Danish theatre, whence his soul took its flight to God, there was a festival; the place where he had sat was decorated with crape, and laurel wreaths, and a poem by Heiberg was recited, in which his greatness and his death were alluded to.

The day before Thorwaldsen's death the interior of his tomb was finished, for it was his wish that his remains might rest in the centre of the court-yard of the museum, it was then walled round, and he begged that there might be a marble edge around it, and a few rose-trees and flowers planted on it as his monument. The whole building, with the rich treasures which he presented to his fatherland, will be his monument: his works are to be placed in the rooms of the square building that surrounds the open court-yard, and which, both internally and externally, are painted in the Pompeian style. His arrival in the roads of Copenhagen, and landing at the custom-house there, forms the subject depicted in the compartments under the windows of one side of the museum. Through centuries to come will nations wander to Denmark; not allured by our charming green islands, with their fresh beech woods alone; no, but to see these works and this tomb.

There is, however, one place more that the stranger will visit, the little spot at Nysö where his *atelier* stands, and where the tree bends its branches over the canal to the solitary swan which he fed. The name of Thorwaldsen will be remembered in England, by his statues of Jason and Byron; in Switzerland by his "recumbent lion;" in Roeskilde by his figure of Christian the Fourth,—it will live in every breast in which a love of art is enkindled.

---

THE ASPIRATED "H."—Mrs. Crawford says she wrote one line in her song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," for the express purpose of confounding the Cockney warblers, who sing it thus:—"The orn of the unter is eard on the ill;" but Moore has laid the same trap in "The Woodpecker"—"A art that is umble might ope for it ere."

From the Westminster Review.

## DUMAS' JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO CADIZ.

*De Paris à Cadix*, par Alexandre Dumas. Vols. I. and II. J. P. Meline, Bruxelles ; Meline, Cans & Co., Leipsig. 1847.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, that awful man, whose literary fertility, as all the world knows, has in it something astounding, preternatural ; whose most ordinary feats are only to be paralleled by those of his renowned countryman, Mons. Philippe, the magician, when, from a small hand-basket, he produced bouquets enough to fill Covent Garden Market ; and whose performances can only be explained by the supposition of diabolical assistance ;—this new Alexander the Great, in these two small volumes, presents to an admiring world—not as they might perhaps imagine any account of the regions lying between Paris and Cadiz, or the dwellers therein—but, what must be far more welcome, a series of studies of himself in different attitudes, with now and then a few features of local scenery or manners varying the backgrounds. If we might be permitted a suggestion, however, we should say that it would have been better to put more prominently forward in the title-page the chief attraction of the work, and call it, in the second, or fifty-second edition, “Mons. Alexandre Dumas de Paris à Cadix.”

The adventures are given in a series of letters addressed to a lady ; but M. Dumas tells her, or, rather, the public, that he does not mean to play the modest, or pretend to have any doubt that his letters will be printed. Nothing is more common than the opposite declaration, that letters “now published were never intended to meet the public eye”—were written for the amusement of a family circle, &c. ; and whereas, in this latter case, we often perceive the writer casting glances across the family group to the reviewers, and suspect that he has all along had some idea of the ultimate destination of his confidential epistles—in M. Dumas' case we might be tempted to the contrary supposition, and say that no man could write such letters under the idea of their meeting any other eye than those of an intimate friend. But then, to be sure, the whole reading public of Europe are M. Dumas' intimate friends, and before his mighty name all barriers fall down,

and even the hearts of custom-house officers are melted within them. He adopts this epistolary form, he says, because he found pleasure in throwing his thoughts into a new mould, “passing my style through a new crucible, and making glitter in a new setting the stones which I draw from the mine of my own mind, be they diamond or paste ; to which Time, that incorruptible lapidary, will one day affix their true worth.” He will address himself then to Madame ; but he does not disguise from himself that the public will make a third party in the conversation. “I have always remarked,” he says “that I had more wit and talent than usual, when I guessed there was some indiscreet listener standing with his ear to the keyhole.” Undoubtedly he has. What actor can play well to empty benches ?—and M. Dumas, we suspect is seldom off the stage.

Having made our protest, however, we must confess it is not easy to remain out of humor with a man who is so delighted with himself, and who presents himself with such an airy grace and sparkling vivacity, and has the art of keeping us always amused ; and perhaps there is some ingratitude in finding fault with the harmless effervescence of vanity which certainly assists this effect.

We hasten, therefore, to present our readers with a specimen or two that may enable them to share in this amusement. The first shall relate to a subject which occupies a very important position in these pages—namely, gastronomy ; and be it known to all men, that one of the great truths enunciated *en passant* by M. Dumas—one of the gems, we suppose, drawn from that mine he mentions, is this ; all people of a fine organization are “*un peu gourmand* ;” now, M. Dumas is unquestionably of a fine organization—*ergo*, &c. Spain, however, happens to be rather an awkward country for people of this refined caste to travel in—for everybody knows that it is the most difficult thing in the world to get anything to eat at a Spanish inn. On the first morning after their arrival, the party of hungry travellers, who had been all night



on the road, was asked whether they wished to breakfast, and on their replying with an eager affirmative, were told that in that case they must go and see where they could get any; and, after a variety of manœuvres, at last only succeeded in obtaining a small cup of chocolate each, with a little sweet cake that melted in a glass of water. This defeat, however, served to instruct them in their future plan of operations, and on a subsequent occasion, by bold and decisive measures, they obtained a signal victory over the host of the "*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*," and marched triumphantly into a supper and a bed.

"We had been for half an hour following some lights scattered over the sides of the mountain, that seemed to fly before us like those wandering fires by which travellers are so often misled. At length we could distinguish the sound of a paved road beneath the tread of our mules, and this was accompanied by a jolting that left no sort of doubt. We soon distinguished at our right a pile of buildings, roofless and perfectly silent, without windows and without doors; presenting, not the picturesque aspect of the ruins made by time, but the saddening picture of a work left unfinished. We crossed a kind of square, turned to the right, got into a blind alley, our carriages stopped, we had arrived, and, alighting, we read by the light of our lanterns the words, '*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*.' To our great surprise everybody was still up at the posada, and we surmised that some great affair was in preparation. We were not mistaken; two coaches full of English had arrived three hours before us, and the people of the inn were getting their supper. 'Ah, Madame! you who are a Frenchwoman—twice a Frenchwoman, for you are a Parisian—never go into a Spanish inn when they are getting an Englishman's supper.' This caution will serve to indicate that we were very coldly received by Don Calisto Burguillos, who declared he had no time to attend to either our suppers or our beds.

"Now there's one thing that I cannot admit, and that is when, with the purpose of attracting travellers, one has written over one's door '*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*,' one has any right to refuse admittance to travellers attracted by said inscription; I therefore contented myself with bowing politely to Master Burguillos, and then called to Giraud, 'My dear friend,' said I, 'there are in the carriage five guns, including Desbarolles's carabine, do you all arm yourselves with them, and then come and warm them in the chimney corner. If you are asked why you do that, say you are afraid your guns will catch cold.'

"'I understand,' said Giraud, and went towards the door, making a sign to Alexandre, Maquet, Desbarolles, and Achard to follow him. 'Now, Boulanger,' said I, 'you who are a peaceable man, do you take with you Don Riego, and, with that minister of peace set out on a voyage of discovery after four little rooms or two large ones.'

"'Good,' said Boulanger, and went out in his turn with Don Riego.

"Master Calisto Burguillos had followed with his eyes all these movements.

"'There! they're gone now,' said he to his wife, 'those *pugnateros* of Frenchmen.'

"Don Calisto had not seen me, as I was hidden by the projecting corner of the chimney-piece. His wife made a sign to him that I was there, and he left his pots and pans and came towards me.

"'What are you doing there,' he demanded.

"'Looking for a gridiron.'

"'What for?'

"'To broil some chops.'

"'Have you any chops?'

"'No! But you have.'

"'Where then?'

"'There,' and I pointed to a loin of mutton that was hanging in a corner of the chimney.

"'Those chops are for the English, and not for you.'

"'There you make a mistake; they are for us, and not for the English. You've just taken them up a dozen chops; that's quite enough for them, these are our share.'

"'Those are for their breakfast to-morrow.'

"'No! they're for our supper to-night.'

"'You think so, do you?'

"'I'm sure of it.'

"'Oh! Oh!'

"At this moment enter Giraud, shouldering his gun, followed by Desbarolles, Maquet, Achard, and Alexandre, doing likewise.

"'My dear friend,' said I to Giraud, 'This is Master Calisto Burguillos, who is so obliging as to let us have that loin of mutton. Give me your gun and ask him the price; pay generously, unhook it cleverly, and cut it up neatly.'

"'Those three adverbs are very effective,' observed Desbarolles, coming up to the fire.

"'Not too near, my dear fellow,' cried Achard, 'you know those guns are loaded.'

"'How much shall I give you for the loin of mutton?' said Giraud, taking up the cleaver from the kitchen table.

"'Two *duros*,' replied the host, keeping one eye on the guns, and one on the loin of mutton.

"'Give him three, Giraud.'

"Giraud took the three *duros* out of his pocket, and in so doing let fall five or six ounces.

"Signor Calisto Burguillos opened his eyes at the sight of the gold, which rolled along the kitchen floor. Giraud picked up his five or six ounces, and gave the three *duros* to our host; he passed them to his wife, who appeared to me to occupy a very distinguished position in the house. Giraud took the mutton, cut it into chops with a skill that did honor to his anatomical knowledge, sprinkled them with just enough of salt and pepper, laid them delicately on the gridiron which I presented to him, and then deposited it over a level bed of bright, clear coals, artistically arranged by Achard. Immediately the first drops of fat began to hiss upon them.

"'Now, Desbarolles,' said I, 'offer your arm to Madame Calisto Burguillos, and beg that she will do you the favor to conduct you to the place

where she keeps her potatoes; and if you should meet any eggs on your way, introduce a dozen or so into your pouch. As you go along, my good friend, don't forget to ask how her father is, and her mother, and the children; that will flatter her a little, and make you better acquainted.'

"Desbarolles approached the hostess in the most respectful manner, and, softened a little already by the contact of the dueros, she deigned to accept the arm which he offered, and both disappeared by a door that seemed to lead down into the bowels of the earth. Boulanger and Don Riego at the same moment made their appearance at an opposite entrance; they had steered their course in a contrary direction, had encountered winds which had driven them along a corridor, at the end of which they had discovered a chamber capable of containing eight beds, and Boulanger, like a man of sense, had locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"The chops were broiling away famously. 'Now,' said I, 'a saucepan and fryingpan.'

"Achard immediately seized a fryingpan, and Giraud a saucepan. Monsieur Calisto Burguillos gazed at us, as if fairly stupified; but he was only one against eight, and had but a ladle against five loaded guns. I think he had, at one time, half a mind to call the English to his assistance; but he was a well-informed man, this M. Calisto Burguillos, and he knew, that in the peninsular war, the Spaniards had always had more to suffer from their allies, the English, than from their enemies, the French; and he determined, therefore, to make no appeal to his guests.

"Desbarolles now returned, with his pouch full of eggs, and his pockets of potatoes.

"It was Achard's mission to break and beat the eggs, Giraud's to peel the potatoes. Desbarolles was to continue his attentions to Madame Burguillos, till the cloth was laid somewhere for eight; and Desbarolles devoted himself heroically to the cause, and in a quarter of an hour returned with an 'Oh, dear! Gentlemen, the cloth is laid.' Ten minutes after, the omelet only wanted just a turn—the chops a moment more broiling, the potatoes a moment more boiling. At this moment, the kitchen of Don Calisto Burguillos presented a curious scene.

"First, there was your very humble servant, M. Alexander Dumas, with a fan in each hand, keeping up the proper ventilation for the charcoal fire that was cooking the chops and the potatoes; Giraud was peeling a second edition of the potatoes, destined to succeed the first; Don Riego was pretending to read his breviary, but snuffing up the scent of the gridiron, and glancing out of the corner of his eye at the fryingpan; Maquet was holding the handle thereof; Achard was pounding pepper; Desbarolles was resting from his fatigues; Boulanger, chilled by his voyage in the high latitudes, was warming himself; Alexandre (the younger), faithful to his speciality, was taking a nap; finally, Master Calisto Burguillos, confounded at this French intervention, did not notice his wife, who was making signs to Desbarolles through the window, that there was something very important still wanting to the table. Fortu-

nately I was keeping watch for Master Calisto, and I sent Desbarolles to his duty. Ten minutes after, we were seated round a table, on which smoked a dozen chops, two pyramids of potatoes, and a gigantic omelet, and at our repeated shouts of laughter—enter Madame Burguillos, behind her the two or three Maritornes of the posada, and behind them, in deep shadow the astonished faces of the English guests. I profited by the presence of Madame Burguillos, to slip the key of the sleeping-room into the hand of Desbarolles:—'Come, Mr. Interpreter,' said I, 'one more effort. Get up from table, and go and see our beds made; we will keep your share of the supper, and on your return the company will vote you a crown of laurel, as Rome did to Cæsar.' In another hour we were all arranged symmetrically side by side on the ground like Tom Thumb and his seven brothers."

The second adventure which we shall present to our readers is of a different cast, and is somewhat suspiciously effective in the *feuilleton* style. We must premise that the party had been fairly beaten in another attempt to take a posada by storm; and compelled to make a hasty retreat. The landlord and landlady, and their friends, were busy dancing, and would have nothing to say to them. In vain did even M. Dumas exert his eloquence—in vain did another of the party place himself in a graceful attitude before the hostess—with an elbow leaning on the wall, and one leg crossed over the other, and begin a conversation with an elegant freedom and captivating politeness that seemed likely to be irresistible. The landlord fairly drove them out, and would not agree to let them have so much as a glass of wine till he saw them seated in their carriage, and ready to start on the road to Aranjuez.

Behold, then, the discomfited party again *en route*, abandoning for this time all hopes of a supper and a bed. M. Dumas, his son, and one of his friends on mules, the rest in a curious vehicle which they had found it necessary to purchase.

"We set off then, and behind us the carriage also began its march, lighted by a single lantern fixed in the middle of the imperial. By degrees the crescent moon arose and threw a soft and charming light upon the landscape; a landscape, the immense extent of which rendered it almost terrible. At our right it was bounded by mountains, amidst which, from time to time, great lakes of sand glittered in the moonshine. To the left, it seemed quite boundless; it was impossible for the eye to sound the depths of the horizon; but at about a thousand paces from the road, a line of trees, and the deeper color of the vegetation, marked the course of the Tagus. From place to place a portion of the river was discovered,



sending back to the moon, like a bright mirror, the rays received from it; before us, the long yellow road stretched out like a band of leather. From time to time our mules turned out of the straight path to leave to the right or the left some precipice, almost beneath our feet, left yawning since some forgotten earthquake. From time to time, also, we turned, and saw behind at a distance of three hundred, four hundred, five hundred paces, the old coach tottering along, its wheels often buried in sand to one-third of their depth, and its light shaking like a Will-o'-the-wisp. Presently we climbed a little hill, and after that we completely lost sight of it."

They continued their course, gossiping away very gaily, and quite forgetting the old coach and its Cyclops eye of a light. At last, when for more than three quarters of an hour they had seen no glimpse of it, they thought it prudent to stop.

"The moon was marvellously bright; but not a sound was to be heard in these vast elevated plains, except perhaps the distant barking of a dog from some lonely farm. The mules, however, pricked up their ears as if they heard something which we did not. In another moment a vague sort of sound seemed to pass with the wind, like the echo of a human voice lost in immense space. 'What's that?' said I. Alexandre and Achard had heard something, but they knew not what. We remained silent and motionless, and in a few seconds the sound reached us again. It was like a cry of distress. We redoubled our attention. At length we heard distinctly a name pronounced by a voice that seemed approaching.

"'It is you—it is you they want,' said Achard. 'It is one of our friends,' said Alexandre. 'You will see,' said I, trying to laugh, 'that they have been stopped by six banditti, who have forbidden them to cry out: and that's why they're calling.'

"'It's certainly me that they're calling,' said I. 'Forwards, gentlemen, in that direction!' We spurred our mules, but had scarcely gone ten yards when the same cry reached us, and, this time, with an accent of distress that there was no mistaking. 'Something has happened, certainly,' said I. 'Allons!' and we galloped on, attempting also to shout in answer; but the wind was in our faces, and carried our voices back. The same cry was heard again, but now it had a panting, exhausted sound. A sort of shiver passed through our hearts. We tried again to reply; but we now perceived that it was to no purpose; it soon became evident that the person who had uttered those cries, was running towards us with all his might."

This person turned out to be one of the party in the rear—the painter Giraud; who had come to inform them of the coach having been completely overturned on the very edge of a precipice, having only escaped being thrown over it by the accidental projection of a rock, which stuck out

"like a single tooth in a gigantic jaw." Nobody was much hurt, however; and to the inquiry of M. Dumas, as to how the accident happened, one of the sufferers replied:

"Oh! it was very soon done. We were jogging along, discoursing of feats of love and war, as M. Annibal de Coconnas says, when, all at once, we felt our coach lean to one side. 'I believe we're going to overturn,' said Boulanger.

"'I believe we are overturning,' said Maquet; 'I believe we have overturned,' said Desbarolles; and, in fact, just at that moment the coach laid itself quietly over on its side; but then, all of a sudden, as if she hadn't found herself comfortable in that position, she gave a shift, and turned us completely topsy-turvy, with our heads down, and our feet in the air, kicking about among our guns and hunting knives—Maquet at the bottom, I upon him, and Don Riego on me, larded between with Boulanger and Desbarolles."

"'Steady, gentlemen,' said Boulanger; 'I believe we are on the very brink of a precipice that I was just looking at when we went over. The quieter we keep ourselves the better chance we have of not going down it.'

"'This advice was good, and we followed it; but Maquet observed, with his usual composure:

"'Do what you think best, gentlemen; only don't forget, if you please, that I am stifling, and in five minutes I shall be dead.'"

On reconnoitring the ground where the accident happened, it seemed rather probable that it had been not altogether accidental; and this suspicion was confirmed by seeing the mayoral snatch his lantern and extinguish it. This extinction, however, threw, in the minds of the travellers, a sudden light on the affair.

"Maquet instantly left off scolding, but seized the mayoral by the collar, and dragged him towards the precipice.

"The mayoral thought his last hour was come; he resisted with all his might, but Maquet had a grasp of iron; and they were soon on the edge of the abyss. He turned ashy pale. 'If you want to kill me,' said he, 'do it at once,' and he shut his eyes. This humility saved him, and Maquet let him go.

"'Now,' said he, 'we must call Dumas, for this scene is not over yet. Who has the use of his legs, and lungs enough to run after him and call out?' 'I have,' said Giraud, and he set off. You know the rest, Madame, or, rather, you do not know; for the rest was, at that moment, coming over a little hill, clearly marked out against the horizon—this horizon was very near to us. 'See, see!' said I, 'a troop of men;' and I extended my hand in the direction of the new comers.

"'Three, four, five, six, seven,' counted Gi-

raud; at this moment the barrel of a carbine glanced brightly in the moonlight.

"'Good! they are armed,' said I; 'we're going to have some fun here. Your guns, gen lemen!' I spoke in a very low voice, but every one understood in a moment.

"Achard, who had no gun, snatched up a hunting knife, and we then recollected that our guns were not loaded. The men were now not more than a hundred yards off; we could count them—they were seven. 'Gentlemen, we have three minutes,' said I; 'that is enough to load. Steady, let us load.'

"They were all gathered round me with the exception of Alexandre, who was rummaging for something he wanted in his '*nécessaire de toilette*.' He had all things so complete that he could not find anything.

"The men were but twenty paces off by the time we were ready. We cocked our guns; and and at that slight sound, so well understood in these circumstances, and of which the signification is never doubtful, the men stopped.

"We were quite ready; three of us were sportsmen, and would certainly not have missed their men at this distance.

"'Now, Monsieur the sworn interpreter,' said I to Desbarolles, 'do me the favor to ask these fine fellows what they want, and just insinuate that the first that moves is a dead man.'

"At this moment, whether innocently or not, the mayoral again let fall his lantern, which we had compelled him to re-light. Desbarolles translated into Spanish the compliment I had addressed to our visitors. The translation was made in a spirited manner, and I could see had its effect.

"'Now,' said I, 'make the mayoral understand that just at this moment it is necessary we should see clearly—so that it is not precisely the right one for extinguishing his lantern.'

"Somehow the mayoral understood without translation, and picked it up again.

"There was a moment of solemn silence.

"We were separated into two groups, Desbarolles a little in front like a sentinel. The Spanish group was in shade; ours was lit by the trembling light of the lantern, which shone on the barrels of our pieces, and the blades of our hunting-knives. 'Now,' said I to Desbarolles, 'ask these gentlemen to what we are indebted for the favor of their company.' The reply was that they had come to bring us help. 'Very good,' said I, 'but how did they happen to know that we wanted help?'

After a little more conversation, and some words in Spanish exchanged with the mayoral, the visitors retire with "*Vaya usted con Dios!*" a pious and courteous formula in constant use in Spain.

At Aranjuez, when the affair had been related to the Corregidor, he declared that the banditti were no banditti at all, but the guards of her Majesty, the Queen, which the travellers resolutely disbelieved. How this may have been we have no means of

ascertaining; but it does not seem impossible that the parts of bandit and Queen's guard may be occasionally what is called "*doubled*" by the same individuals.

The end of the second volume brings us to Grenada, of which there are some gorgeously-colored descriptions, though we pass them over on account of the familiarity of the subject.

Our readers will, however, perceive, that if they take up M. Dumas' book for mere amusement, they will have no cause to repent doing so; and even such as are more critically inclined will probably be almost reconciled to its egotism and impertinence by its frolicsome humor and exuberance of animal spirits.

SURNAMES.—"*J'ai été toujours fort étonné,*" says Bayle, '*que les familles qui portent un nom odieux ou ridicule, ne le quittent pas.*' The Leatherheads and Shufflebotoms, the Higgenses and Huggenses, the Scroggses and the Scraggses, Sheepshanks and Ramsbotoms, Taylors and Barbers, and worse than all, Butchers, would have been to Bayle as abominable as they were to Dr. Dove. I ought, the Doctor would say, to have a more natural dislike to the names of Kite, Hawk, Falcon, and Eagle; and yet they are to me (the first excepted) less odious than names like these: and even preferable to Bull, Bear, Pig, Hog, Fox, or Wolf. What a name, he would say, is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a tailor, Big for a lean and little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abominous in the van; Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels hardly elevate him to the height of five; Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face or a foxy complexion; Younghusband for an old bachelor; Merryweather for any one in November and February, a black spring, a cold summer, or a wet autumn; Goodenough for a person no better than he should be; Toogood for any human creature; and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured."—*The Doctor*.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—A patent has been obtained for a process by which artificial stone, of various qualities, may be produced. This invention is, from its cheapness, a great advantage for all the purposes of architectural decoration, and from its plastic nature before it becomes hard, of great service to sculptors in taking casts of statuettes, busts, &c., and even of figures of the size of life. The cost is in all cases, where carving is required in stone, in which this composition is substituted, less by nine-tenths. The invention is founded on the chemical analysis of the natural varieties of stone, and the manufacture is capable of such modifications as are requisite to produce all the varieties. The artificial stone produced is less absorbent than natural stone, and is superior in compactness of texture, and will resist frost, damp, and the chemical acids. It is made of flints and siliceous grit, sand, &c., rendered fluid by heat, and poured into moulds as required till cool and hardened. Its strength and solidity enable it to resist more blows than real stone.



From the British Quarterly Review.

### TURNER'S PAINTINGS.

1. *Modern Painters*. By a GRADUATE OF OXFORD. Vols. I. and II. Third Edition. London, 1846.
2. *A Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture*. Fourth Edition. Parker: Oxford, 1845.
3. *A Companion to the Glossary of Architecture*. Ibid. 1846.

In the literature of every period there are certain works, which, like the straws on the surface of a stream, serve to indicate the tendency of the current; while others appear at rare intervals controlling, rather than pointing out the course. The works named above are illustrations of these two classes. It can hardly fail to be considered as a curious characteristic of our own day, that in the one case, three, and in the other, four large editions have been rapidly disposed of, and that further issues of both are now in preparation. No two works could perhaps be selected more completely differing in character and style, than the Oxford Graduate's Treatise, and the Oxford Divine's Glossary,—for both claim their birth-place on the banks of Isis. The first is a generous and impassioned review of the works of living painters, characterized occasionally by the extravagance of the enthusiast, and the partiality of the friendly critic; yet, withal, a hearty and earnest work, full of deep thought, and developing great and striking truths in art. The divine, on the contrary, is "dry as a dictionary," but he promises no more; and besides initiating us into all the mysteries of Piscinas, Sedilia, Credence-tables, fald-stools, and the like curiosities of ecclesiastical furnishing, which have become such weighty matters of late years, he supplies a concise and very full book of reference for architectural terminology, copiously illustrated both with wood cuts and engravings. The illustrations, indeed,—which are executed in a masterly style,—occupy fully two-thirds of the whole work, to the manifest ease and comfort of the reader, who thereby learns from example and at a glance, what pages of learned technical description would have failed to render clear to him. The work, in fact, is intended for the amateur, and as such indicates both the diffusion and tendency of taste in the present day. It professes to deal with Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic architecture; but the editor has shrewdly guessed that

the curiosity for classical terms has gone by. The few notes and illustrations of his three first subjects, scattered through the work, appear as rare exotics, intruding among the ample details of gothic art.

The limited, though very full chronological table which occupies a large part of the third, or companion volume of the glossary, is equally symptomatic of the presumed preference for gothic art. It commences with the year 284, and ends with that of 1538, entirely excluding at the one extreme, the progressive changes of classic architecture, and at the other the Elizabethan style, which has furnished so many characteristic examples of our national domestic architecture; but which is now put under the ban of all thorough-going worshippers of mediæval art. With such, indeed, the love of gothic art is a part of their creed, and the architecture of the seventeenth century a heresy, corresponding with the laxity of opinion of the same period. It is a mere question of orthodoxy in both cases. With many, however, the religious feeling thus accompanying the love of art, is the fruit of true enthusiasm. Let us not quarrel with such because they are in earnest. Earnestness and unity of purpose afford the only hope of a new triumph. The revivers of art in the fifteenth century were poets, painters, sculptors, architects, all in one;—giants in their day. The puny striplings of the eighteenth century were men of line and rule; \* feeble followers of precedent, who groped apart, each after his own little idol; which he believed in only as an idol,—a wooden god. We have discarded this sceptical formalism at least; even the orthodox revivalist grows enthusiastic and begins to show that he has a heart.

Let us turn for a little from such reflections, suggested by the somewhat singular

\* Vanburgh is in some degree an exception to this; he was a poet as well as an architect, and his Blenheim, and other mansions, are worthy of praise, though scarcely of imitation. They possess character, and marked individuality—proofs of genius.

alliance that has taken place of late years between the admirers of patristic theology and *canonical* architecture, to consider an equally devout, and much more rational student of art. That our Oxford graduate is no timid or time-serving critic appears in the very first lines of his *first* preface. "This work," he says, "originated in indignation at the shallow and false criticism of the periodicals of the day, on the works of the great living artist to whom it principally refers." To exhibit Turner as the greatest landscape painter in this or any other age; and to rescue the age from the guilt of despising and decrying his genius, until the shadows and the light of the grave reveal, too late, its real proportions, are the tasks which he aims to accomplish.

The subject, however, has grown upon him as he proceeded; the great painter has been lost sight of in the greatness of the art itself; and instead of a brief and ephemeral pamphlet, we have here two large volumes,—with the promise of a third,—full of deep thought, and earnest searching investigation into the principles of art. The work, as a whole, commands our admiration. It lays before us the deeply studied reflections of a devout worshipper of nature,—of one too thoroughly imbued with the love of truth, and too keenly alive to the highest beauty, to be misled in their pursuit by the shallow conventionalities of high-art criticism. Within our narrower limits we propose to adopt the same arrangement in our remarks.

"The works of a frequently named English artist, J. M. W. Turner, can only be cited to rank them in that class of the *worst and most ludicrous aberrations* which the art of painting could ever be subjected to. This sort of working is *not painting at all!*" So says a recent German critic. We quote him in preference to any of our own reviewers, though it would be easy to present the same idea from many of them, in coarser, if not in stronger terms.

"J. M. W. Turner is the only man who has ever given an entire transcript of the whole system of nature, and is, in this point of view, the *only perfect landscape painter whom the world has ever seen.*" (Modern Painters, vol. I., p. 411.) So says our Oxford graduate. There is no mistaking opinions here. No hesitating modicum of condescending encouragement or timid censure. It is plain we have something out of the common to deal with. There is hope, indeed, for our English

painter, *if he be a painter*; if not,—as the German critic so satisfactorily settles,—then he may rest content in the enjoyment of originality; for he has devised something that has not only cheated many men of taste into the belief that he is, but has even induced one earnest and enthusiastic student of nature to write two large volumes, suggested by his works, which not a few have thought it well worth their while to study and lay to heart.

We are no new converts to the genius of Turner. Years ago we had studied his works, from the quiet, sober-tinted, unpretending drawings of his early years, to the gorgeous scenes which confounded the London critics, year after year, at Trafalgar-square. We have examined the early paintings in his own gallery at Queen Anne-street,—the Carthage Pictures, the Crossing of the Brook,—even the Funeral of Lawrence; and we have studied him, where Turner can alone be truly known, in the collection of drawings at Tottenham, under the guidance of its courteous and enthusiastic owner, B. G. Windus, Esq. We have never felt any surprise at his pictures not being generally appreciated. The Lady of the Lake won more admirers in a quarter of a year, than the Excursion has done in a quarter of a century. Even so, the pea-green landscapes of Creswick and Lee will find a thousand to appreciate, and purchase, too, for one who can understand Turner. The reason is obvious. "It is an insult to what is really great, either in literature or art, to suppose that it in any way addresses itself to mean or uncultivated faculties." (Modern Painters, vol. I., p. 2.) Need we say, that we do not hereby challenge the claims of either Scott or Creswick to take *his* place among our poets or painters; we only question the right of either to the place thus accorded to them.

We are well aware, however, that besides the class of superficial critics, who find it so much easier to abuse than to study the works they cannot comprehend, there are men of modest thought, and actuated by a sincere desire to appreciate the highest truths of art, to whom Turner's pictures appear an incomprehensible enigma. We acknowledge at once the right of such to something more practical from the reviewer than mere dogmatic censure or praise, if their judgment is to yield its suffrage as an independent and voluntary act. We shall endeavor, then, to clear the way for an unprejudiced study of our great landscape



painter's works in as few words as possible, only premising, that to do justice to all that it involves, would require, not a paragraph, but a volume.

To challenge the capability of our readers to form a just estimate of this painter, may not appear the most likely way of winning them to our opinion; yet it is a truth that cannot be too frequently enforced, that the vulgar canons of art embody a large mass of conventional opinion, which is utterly false when brought to the test of nature. Who ever saw in nature the motionless streaks of zig-zag white, and the leaden masses of opaque and lumpy clouds, which annually appear at our exhibitions under the name of thunder-storms? Or the flat and solid sheets of graduated azure which form the accepted symbol of the pulsating, quivering, living atmosphere, through which the most thoughtless of us gaze, as into an unsounded sea? Or the yellow spot that flings off its straight radiations through a grey sky, to indicate the blaze of light on which the eye cannot gaze? These and a hundred others, of tree, hill, sea, and sky, might all be named, and, we think, would be acknowledged, after a little reflection, by the honest but imperfectly informed critics we now address, as really little better than the accepted hieroglyphics of nature! They are the heir-looms of art, handed on from one generation to another, and which artists and critics have alike agreed to accept as symbols of certain phases of nature—until, by long use, the symbol has passed into the standard of truth. When we really go to study nature for ourselves, we cannot help discovering that these bear a very faint resemblance indeed to her homeliest phases. But so few do study nature for themselves! As children, we believe that skies are blue, and trees are green: how very few have really seen the dancing lights of the summer sun playing amid the innumerable leaves of the umbrageous oak; or the wind, as he revelled in the branches of the sycamore or willow, turning up the white fringes of their leaves, like the eternal break of the ocean ripple on the strand! He who has so studied nature has learned, at least, to know how immeasurably the best productions of art lag behind her. We cannot but think he will also, in continuing the study, become convinced that the great majority of artists are not only behind nature, but are following on a wrong track, in which they can never hope to come near to their professed model.

With these opinions, we gladly hail any honest effort at a nearer approximation to the high ideal, and we demand that the sincere student, before he determine that Turner's works are false, shall satisfy himself that the standard to which he himself appeals is the true one; that he is not, in fact, testing Turner's paintings by the hoary errors of imitative, unprogressive art, instead of the unapproachable, yet only true model "which God hath made, and not man." Setting, then, Turner's color aside for a time, let us examine his paintings in the hands of the engraver. Take the two volumes of Roger's Poems and Italy—familiar to every one—and place beside them Murray's illustrated edition of Childe Harold, Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine, and Müller's Cottager's Sabbath: here you have an opportunity of comparing, on equal terms the works of Stanfield, Roberts, Harding, Warren, and others of our best landscape painters, with those of Turner. We think we may fearlessly challenge an unanimous verdict in favor of the latter. In imagination, tone, aerial perspective, and natural simplicity, Turner appears immeasurably before them all: in invention and inexhaustible variety, he surpasses the efforts of all his rivals united against him. So is it with his other engraved works,—the illustrations to Scott's poems and prose works; the landscape annuals (though these were mere sketches, executed in the rudest style, on coarse blue wrapping paper); the England and Wales views; the Southern Coast; the Yorkshire views; the large Tivoli; Venice, Mercury and Argus, &c. These have been put into the hands of engravers of all grades of talent; they have been very well engraved—they have also been very ill engraved; but take any number of them selected at random, and compare them with an equal number from the works of any other artist,—there is only one decision at which we can arrive: their superiority in every respect is unquestionable; their variety finds no parallel in the works of any other artist. Look over the landscape annuals illustrated by Stanfield, for example,—these were large and carefully finished drawings;—you will find the same form of cloud repeated in a dozen different pictures; the same old pit-engine forming the point of the middle distance: even in his most successful element, water, the hollow wave repeated, in the same form and perspective, in a succession of scenes. We do not say Turner never repeats himself,

but he is the only artist in whose numerous works variety never seems exhausted.

With the limited space we have at command, we can only indicate the source of evidence, leaving the reader to examine it for himself. But, supposing this first position granted, it will then appear that, leaving out of account the coloring of Turner, he is the first living landscape painter in composition—light and shade, or tone—aerial perspective, and the knowledge of nature in her infinite variety. We would gladly convey to our readers, as briefly as possible, the grounds on which we believe that Turner is no less superior to all others in the mastery of color.

The proposition which is set before the artist is this: Nature has for her brightest light the dazzling illumination of the noon-day sun, and for her deepest shadow a darkness that reflects no light to the eye. Between these extremes lie all the infinite varieties of tone and color, by means of which her ever-changing phases are produced. The painter has for his materials, with which to reproduce these phases, nothing brighter than white paper or paint, and nothing darker than a black, which, paint it as he may, will still reflect much light to the eye. How feeble the instruments with which he is armed!—how infinitely inferior must his very highest attainments fall short of the great reality! Still, observe the process adopted by our painters in general: their very first proceeding is to diminish their already feeble and imperfect scale. Turner is the only landscape painter we know of who has the courage to use clear white and pure black in his pictures; and scarcely one of them will be found wanting either. Our painters having, then, toned down their white, and introduced the sun and sky into their picture, robbed of a good deal even of that very imperfect force of light which it is in their power to give, project against this the solid materiality of nearer objects, endeavoring to equal the positive force of contrast which nature produces. And what is the consequence?—they sacrifice everything else to this solitary and imperfect truth. They reduce to some half dozen notes the scale with which they proposed to compete with nature in all her boundless changes. Whence are all the infinite gradations of nature to be reproduced? They can, indeed, by this means, separate the tree from the hill, and the hill from the sky, but how are they to separate leaf and stem, tree and cliff, in all the minute gradations

of force and distance which form the charm of life and nature?

Turner adopts an entirely different principle of procedure: he has discovered that to aim at a deceptive imitation of nature is to wander astray from all her great truthfulness. He therefore proceeds, from the first, to limit his aim to the power of his materials, so that he shall not find himself at the bottom of his scale ere he has well begun. Taking, then, pure white for his highest light, and the most brilliant yellows for the illuminated noon-day atmosphere, he only reaches the lowest note of his scale in some few last touches of black in the nearest stems or rocks in his foreground. The shadows of his middle distance, which in other painters are a deep brown or grey, are with him a pearly yellow, or a tender, mellowed, and broken blue, interlaced with warmer touches in his peculiar, mingling style of handling. Even the dark tree that rises sheer between us and the cloudless sky, when we examine it, is touched in with yellow and light greens and blues, and altogether, though much deeper than the distance, is yet light in tone and bright in coloring, when compared with the deepest shadows of the foreground. In all this, Turner is aiming, by a series of relative truths, to produce a really consistent and truthful whole. The painter who takes his deep brown, and projects his middle distance, with all the darkness of nature, against his feeble sky, gains one truth, and stops there: his means are exhausted. Turner, by the bright hues with which he lays in the very deepest notes of his more distant shadows, retains in his hand deeper and deeper gradations, by which he follows down all the innumerable pencillings of nature, until he reaches his single key-note of pure black. Hence it is that Turner alone truly succeeds in giving the infinite gradations of the Rhine valleys and the Italian champaigns, and produces that unequalled mastery of aerial perspective which all who gaze long enough on his pictures to be able to understand them are sure to enjoy. You see into his pictures, and absolutely feel that space is before you.

The same reason which leads Turner to adopt pure white and black in his pictures, guides him in the choice of his bright crimson and scarlet draperies, and the yellow foliage and herbage of his foreground. These are his high notes, without which he never can attempt to reproduce the varieties of nature, and he knows well that the



purest reds and yellows he can use will appear dull and dead if placed beside those which nature daily displays.

All art is at best only a feeble approximation to nature. We ask the honest but timid critic to view the works of our modern painters in the annual exhibition, which will be open by the time these remarks are before him, keeping this truth in view: and while he acknowledges how immeasurably inferior all are to their great model, let him try, after careful and candid study—not glancing round with the hasty pleasure-seeking of a butterfly among flowers—whether, with all the truth that Turner sacrifices, he does not embody a nearer approximation to the great truths of nature, as a consistent whole, than any other painter, living or dead. At the same time, we say again, Turner, to be truly known, must be studied in his water-color drawings, and this for reasons that will presently appear.

"Nothing," says our author, "has been for centuries consecrated by public admiration without possessing in a high degree some species of sterling excellence." Shall we then rest contented to leave the reputation of our great painter, as our great philosopher did his, "to foreign nations and the next ages?" Of foreign criticism we have already given a sample, and for future ages,—alas, the productions of our great painter are scarcely more durable than the ripple marks of the tide on the forsaken strand. Of all the works of Turner to which our author refers in confirmation of his criticisms, no one is so frequently pointed out for illustration, as "The Mercury and Argus." "In this picture," says he,—

"The pale and vaporous blue of the heated sky is broken with grey and pearly white, the gold color of the light warming it more or less as it approaches or retires from the sun. \* \* \* All is subdued and warmed at the same time by the mingling grey and gold up to the very zenith, where, breaking through the flaky mist, the transparent and deep azure of the sky is expressed with a single crumbling touch; the key-note of the whole is given, and every part of it passes at once far into glowing and aerial perspective."

We have watched this painting through all its rapid phases; we remember when its golden hues excited the wittlings of the press to exhaust their fancies in devising terms of ridicule and contempt. When next we saw it, it was in the studio of Mr. Willmore, when his beautiful engraving was far advanced toward completion; but what a

change! The glory had well nigh departed from it. It was a majestic ruin. The sun, and all the once pearly flakes of summer cloud, were literally black,—by no means a solitary case. The once golden hues, shading off into the deep azure of the sky, were of a brownish grey; the picture, in short, was but the spectre of its former self.

We know not where "The Mercury and Argus" now is, but let any one who has the opportunity, take Willmore's engraving in his hand, and compare it with the original, he will then form some notion of the transforming process through which the latter has passed. When we saw it again, on the walls of the British Institution, it had been almost entirely repainted. Instead of the solitariness of the foreground, where the transformed object of Juno's ire browsed apart, and almost alone, a whole herd of cattle now appear, and the ground is spotted over with the novel additions required for its repair. From the middle distance a newly-introduced range of ruinous towers rise, jutting above the horizon into the lower sky; and the ruins that crown the bank to the right have been eked and patched in all ways, to modify or conceal, or to blend the old painting, and harmonize it with the fresh coloring of the sky.

Curious tales might be told of the fortunes of other pictures. We remember one that a well-known engraver obtained from Turner for the purpose of transferring to the copper, at a time when our best landscape engravers were vying with one another for his works. The sky was in the same state as the middle stage of "The Mercury and Argus," already described—a most irritating one indeed for the engraver. He accordingly washed it, when, lo! a great portion of the clouds disappeared. Alarmed at this, he put it into the hands of a picture-cleaner, who reduced the sky to a bright yellow ground, and, moreover, returned it with certain figures in the foreground in a state of nudity, who, when last seen, had been clad in Turner's most brilliant draperies. The painting had to be sent home to Turner unengraved, and reappeared soon after, like the former, in a second edition.

Our author is not altogether ignorant of this. Perhaps he knows more than he is willing to confess even to himself. "The reader will have observed," he remarks, in an unobtrusive foot-note, "that I strictly limited the perfection of Turner's works to

the time of their first appearing on the walls of the Royal Academy. It bitterly grieves me to have to do this, but the fact is indeed so. No picture of Turner's is seen in perfection a month after it is painted." After following up this grave limitation, by remarks partly apologetic, partly censorious, he adds: "It is true that the damage makes no further progress after the first year or two, and that even in its altered state the picture is always valuable, and records its intention; but it is bitterly to be regretted that so great a painter should not leave a single work by which in succeeding ages he might be estimated." (Vol. I., p. 163.) We wish we could believe even this statement of their comparative evanescence. But we have had too many opportunities of observing these wonderful creations of genius—transcripts of living nature in her sublimest moods—painted poetry;—lovely, but, alas! as fragile as the downy wing of the butterfly, the bloom of which vanishes with a touch. "The fact," continues our graduate, "of Turner using means so imperfect, together with that of his utter neglect of the pictures in his own gallery, are a phenomenon in human mind which appears to me utterly inexplicable." (Ibid., vol. I., p. 134.) But those who have had the longest opportunities of knowing this strange, wonderful man, will feel least surprise at any unwonted characteristics of his mind. Who knows Turner? Who will ever know him? One man we have here at last who not only appreciates, but understands his works, and will make hundreds understand them, and rise the better from the teaching. But Turner's biography will require a man among a thousand, if ever it shall be written. A Turner's Boswell would be invaluable, but his great genius scorns the social familiarities of common life. He is deaf to the voice of flattery, as to the vulgar's senseless censure; and when he dies, his memory will dwell with those who know him best, a wonder—an enigma!

Still, we have his drawings, and, what are far more imperishable than these, the numerous translations of his best works by the engraver's art. Our author, however, is disposed to esteem at a very low rate the latter versions of his paintings. Without one solitary exception, he discards the whole of the larger plates, and many of the smaller ones. His censure is often just; the test he applies to engraving, sound; and his complaints as to the sacrifice of the

whole to the texture of parts, such as we have reiterated, in reviewing the works of Burnet, Watt, Doo, and others of our ablest engravers. But his condemnation is far too sweeping. It is extravagant in its severity. "All attempt to record color in engraving is heraldry out of its place." (Vide "Modern Painters," vol. I., p. 256.) True in part only, Mr. Graduate. The difficulties, as well as the triumphs of the engraver, are not thus summarily to be settled. A texture that shall realize the color of the soldier's red coat in the foreground, at the cost of the whole tone of the picture, were indeed *heraldry misplaced*. But the abuse of texture, like the abuse of color, is no argument for its banishment from the arts. How often does it occur that the distant hill and the sky, the tree and the grassy bank behind, or any two features in juxta-position—even the figures in the foreground, are relieved only by difference of tint. The tone is the same, the quantity of color that each holds is equal. Ask the critic which should be rendered dark and which light? He cannot tell. Here lies one prominent difficulty of the engraver's art. He is no mere copyist, but a translator, who must possess a genius of like kind, though less in degree, if he is to equal his original. To this, fully as much as to "the engraver's getting unavoidably embarrassed,"\* must be ascribed many of the modifications of the original drawing. ("Modern Painters," vol. I., p. 134.) An equivalent must be found where the language of the sister art possesses no synonyme. Bear this in remembrance, and then look at Miller's version of his "Grand Canal, Venice," his "Durham," "Windsor," and others of the plates of England and Wales. Colors, indeed, they want; but air, light, tone, distance, are all there, and will bear out our author's praises, when not a vestige of an original painting or drawing survives. Goodall, too, has done much to preserve these great works, though, we confess, not without one or two striking failures. Witness his "Cologne," for example, the original drawing of which hangs in Mr. Windus's drawing-room, fresh as when it came from Turner's hands—a glorious work of art, of which the print preserves only a very imperfect sketch, yet such a sketch as might make the reputation

\* We say nothing of the *embarrassment* of copying a picture whose whites have turned black. No such thing occurs in the drawings from which the majority of engravings have been made.



of almost any other painter. Nor must Turner's own "*Liber Studiorum*," be forgot, compared to which, the "*Liber Veritatis*" of Claud, is as the pleasant cadence of Pope's measured numbers, beside the deep organ-tones of Milton.

But we must take example from our author, and follow the great painter into his field, which is the world—the world of nature. One word, however, before we part. Our author has the following among other remarks, in his advices to young artists, that we would fain hope some at least will be found to ponder:—

"Nothing is so bad a symptom, in the works of young artists, as too much dexterity of handling; for it is a sign that they are satisfied with their work, and have tried to do nothing more than they were able to do. Their work should be full of failures, for these are the signs of efforts. They should keep to quiet colors—greys and browns; and making the early works of Turner their example, as his latest are to be their object of emulation, should go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning, and remember her instruction, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth," &c. &c. —*L.*, 416.

Let such as have the opportunity, compare the earliest drawings of Turner with his middle age, and his last and best works. The first class are by no means rare. Every body now-a-days visits Abbotsford, where some lovely specimens of a later period hang—their beauties all unappreciated while the great novelist lived, who would not have given the clever caricature of Queen Bess, by "*Conversation Sharpe*," for the whole lot of them! Then look at his latest works, at Trafalgar-square, or wherever else they may be seen, and mark the astonishing difference. It is not progress alone, neither is it the mere abandonment of one style of coloring or of thought for another; but it is in the one case the gifted child seeing here one detached bit of nature and there another, and with honest loving ardor transcribing and studying each; and then the full-grown man, looking abroad over the whole vast field, and comprehending the diversity he beholds and the deeper unity that it veils. There is no mannerism here; no wretched copying of himself; no trick of art supplanting the patient teaching of nature, and haunting its uncomplaining victim through every future effort. Turner has been all his life-

time a learner, he is learning still. Did he speak out his thoughts, it might be in the eloquent words of a living poetess:—"I have done my work, so far, as work—not as a mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain, and as work I offer to the public; feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my [critics], because measured from the height of my aspiration; but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere."

The great canon of art with our author, is, *study nature*. It is no mere cuckoo cry, however, but a thoroughly understood principle, in developing which he discloses the fruits of deep study and thought. Painting, when it accomplishes its aim, is poetry rendered in another language,—a universally understood tongue. Mark the poet of inferior power; we will not take the poetaster, but your Pope, or Addison, or Young. Nature is not good enough, or great enough for them. Her refined gold must be gilded anew, and tricked out with borrowed lustre in their own crucible, before it attain to their ideal standard. It is your Shakspeare who never tires of her simplicity. Fuseli used to exclaim, in his impatience, that *nature put him out*. Nature puts out many more than him; for one or other must be wrong.

"I am quite sure that, if Mr. P——, or any other painter who has hitherto been very careful in his choice of subject, will go into the next turnpike-road, and taking the first four trees that he comes to in the hedge, give them a day each, drawing them leaf for leaf, as far as may be, and even their smallest boughs, with as much care as if they were rivers, or an important map of a newly-surveyed country, he will find, when he has brought them all home, that at least three out of the four, are better than the best he ever invented."—*Modern Painters*, vol. i., p. 310.

Those are the rudiments of the artist's schooling; the solid foundation on which the lofty building may rise securely heavenward, wherein his spirit shall dwell serene and safe, like the lark at home on its quivering wing far up in the deep blue. Our young artists seem to regard genius, not as a power by which the soul may concentrate its efforts and accomplish the lifework that defies weaker minds; but as an intuitive faculty that can comprehend what they have never studied, and recreate what they have hardly glanced at; in fact, a sort of

animal magnetism that can read nature just as well with the pit of the stomach as the eye, and sleeping as waking. Such have to learn that no undying work was ever produced by sleight of hand. The things "that posterity will not willingly let die," are creations educed by powers adequately exerted, not by the chance struggles of

feebleness in its fits. Your Byron boasts of a Corsair, written in some ten days; your Dante or Milton make a life-work of a Divina Commedia. Let critics, too, remember that which *the labor* of genius has produced is not to be judged of at a glance or dismissed in a flippant period.

---

From the Metropolitan.

### THE LITERARY FORGERIES OF CHATTERTON.

IN the year 1768, there appeared in Farley's Weekly Journal—a Bristol newspaper—an account of the opening of the old bridge in that place, said to have been taken from a very ancient MS. ; attention was drawn to it, inquiries were made respecting the source whence it was derived. After a little search, it was traced to a lad of the name of Chatterton.

This was the first step towards that great imposition with which this singularly-endowed, but unfortunate youth, attempted to deceive the public. It was quickly followed by others; verses, ascribed to Rowley, Canynge, and others, appeared in swift succession; the puzzle of scholars versed in antique lore, affording ample materials for a controversy as famous as that between Boyle and Bentley, enlisting on one side or the other the acutest critics of the day—Warton, Tyrwhit, Walpole, the Dean of Exeter, president of the Antiquarian Society, and others less known to fame—carried on with a sincere desire to know the truth, and, with what is rare, even in antiquarian discussions, without any of that personality and recrimination with which literary warfare even is too often disgraced. This controversy, the fruitful source of at least twenty-eight publications, long survived him who by his forgeries gave rise to it. Alienated by misconduct from his friends,—by his own folly rendered poor, at the early age of eighteen,—the victim of want, of disappointment, of scorn—Chatterton committed suicide. The day of trial came, and, like a coward, he forsook his post. Far more wisely did Johnson act. He lived on, and won for himself fame and power. Crabbe did the same, and became chaplain to a duke.

It is not our purpose to give an account

of the life of Chatterton. Those few events which marked the short space of eighteen years, have been preserved by the pen of the biographer, and have been embalmed and rendered sacred by the talents and sympathy paid by men who, gifted themselves, could rightly esteem and sincerely lament genius struggling with adversity, chilled by poverty, quenched by early death. With tears have they watered his grave—with cypress have they beautified it. His memory is graven on all hearts, for it is married to immortal verse. Poetry and prose have been employed to build a memorial to him who walked this earth as a stranger in a strange land, against whom beat its bitterest blasts—who, leaning on broken reeds, bending the knee to idols formed of clay, burning with hopes destined to be blasted, glowing with visions of deep joy, which faded as he gazed—found life and all life's concerns to be vain, delusive, and unsatisfying—found earth and all its scenes, in their truest and saddest sense, to be vanity and vexation of spirit.

Though we do not attempt to give the life of Chatterton, yet we feel obliged to give a part of his character, and that part not the best. It is no wish of ours to misrepresent him—to place him in a bad light—to make him appear worse than he really was, therefore we regret that here we must leave out his amiable qualities, and portray him only in that character in which he appears as a clever, bold, and barefaced impostor. In this light, however, his mental power is displayed to the best advantage. The productions, published under his own name, being much inferior to the forgeries attributed to Canynge and Rowley. We will make, then, a few extracts from George Catcott's account of him, who, it may be as well to



observe, was a firm believer in the truth of the Rowleian MSS. In the preface to a copy of the poems, published in 1777, he remarks, that he "was a young man of very uncommon abilities, but bad principles." Again we are informed, "he discovered an uncommon taste for poetry; he was also a great proficient in heraldry." "He was not, however, of an open or ingenuous disposition; and consequently never would give any satisfactory account of what he possessed, but only from time to time, as his necessities obliged him, produced some transcripts from these *originals*." so Mr. Catcott, in his simplicity, thought them; "and it was with great difficulty and some expense, I have procured what I have." Mr. Catcott's avidity, as Dr. Johnson would say, were he alive, is singularly refreshing. Surely, of all men he must have been the most guileless, the most easily imposed on by old wives' fables. Here was a young man whose whole life had been devoted to the study of antiquities, drinking in that spirit from his very birth—"falling in love," as his mother says, at an early age, with the illuminated capitals of a French MS.—learning to read from an old black-lettered Bible; passionately fond of poetry; at the age of eleven, writing better verses, more readable, with better rhymes, more neatly expressed than are those of many men or women twice that age; of no principles whatever; unnoticed and unknown; panting for fame; necessitous to an extreme. Surely here are the very materials for a literary impostor, as in the singular, unsuspecting confidence of Mr. Catcott, there were those for a ready dupe. All this we have said about Chatterton, and more Mr. Catcott knew, for he acted the part of patron and a friend; yet though, as he himself says, he could get no satisfactory information, though the mysterious pretended originals were carefully kept from his sight, knowing as he did, that Chatterton was a young man of bad principles, of great talents, and equally great necessities, without any suspicion; against all probability, through evil and good report, believed, asserted, contended for the authenticity of the Rowleian MSS.

This knowledge of Chatterton's character will enable us the better to judge of the degree of importance to be attached to his own statements. That he might imagine that the public would be more likely to take an interest in the poems of a monk of the fifteenth century, than in those of an

unknown youth in a provincial town, in the seventeenth, is very probable. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that he should all along continue to deny that the poems he had published were forgeries. Having once asserted their genuineness, he felt himself bound, by every principle of honor, to maintain it. Chatterton's notions of right and wrong, were neither rigid nor troublesome; and, to a person of his habit of thinking, the doubtful fame resulting from a connexion with the ideal Rowley, might seem much preferable to that which the poems, divested of the charm of antiquity, might obtain for their author. At any rate, the forgery once committed, his (to use his own words) "native unconquerable pride" would never suffer him to own them to be simply the productions of his muse.

But even allowing the forgeries to be genuine, even then the contents of the writings, and the time of the discovery are, to say the least, calculated to excite suspicion. It is strange—passing strange—a thing most rare even in our days, when, if we may believe the newspapers, no one is old-fashioned enough to look surprised on tales, in comparison with which the adventures of Baron Munchausen are mere dull, sober, every day facts, that there should be such an admirable, such an extraordinary adaptation of the contents of the papers to the circumstances of the localities in which they were published, or to the characters of those to whom they were addressed. Thus a new bridge is built over the Avon—straightway there appears an account of the passing over the old bridge for the first time in the thirteenth century; an account accidentally found and published by Chatterton. Our poet's friend, Mr. Burgham, reckons amongst his other amiable weaknesses, a love of heraldic honors—directly Chatterton traces his pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror, and allies him to some of the first families in the kingdom, by means of old manuscripts accidentally discovered. Again, Mr. Burgham, which is very natural, believes these Rowleian manuscripts to be genuine. Chatterton, to reward and strengthen his credulity, presents him with a poem entitled, "The Romaunt of the Cnyghte," written about four hundred and fifty years before by one John de Burgham, one of his own ancestors. Chatterton wishes to please one of his own relations, a Mr. Stephens; he does so by proving him to be the descendant of Fitz-Stephen, grandson of the Earl

of Blois, who flourished in the year 1095. Another friend, no less a personage than Mr. Catcott, is a most worthy and religious man, mighty in the scriptures, learned in theology; Chatterton presents him with a copy of an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, "as written by Thomas Rowley," of course, after this convincing proof, John Catcott's doubts, if he had any, as to the authenticity of the manuscripts were at once dispelled. Was a friend desirous of proving the antiquity of Bristol? no sooner was the wish expressed, than it appeared by a certain document which Chatterton accidentally discovered, that a Saxon of the name of Arlward lived in Bristol in the year 718. Did any one set about writing the history of Bristol, then plans and descriptions of churches and chapels existing five hundred years before, appeared in abundance, as if by special Providence everything relating to Bristol was religiously preserved from the ravages of tumult and time. Horace Walpole, that great historian of tea-tables and scandal, is writing a history of Bristol painters, Chatterton most fortunately happens to have found, in some other place than an old chest we suspect, notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary, a list of "ancient carvillers and peyneters" who flourished in Bristol, whom no one knows or cares, or ever did. Beaumont finely says:

"The treasures of antiquity laid up,  
In old historic rolls I opened."

The old historic rolls Chatterton opened might have made the most credulous pause ere they credited their authenticity. The few facts we have brought forward, are such as must create scepticism as to the truth of Chatterton's assertions in the mind of any unprejudiced man of ordinary intelligence; that man must have a living and active faith who can read all this, and yet have no suspicions that some one else, besides good Thomas Rowley, was in rather more than a slight degree in some way connected with the affair.

Thomas Rowley, the hero of the controversy, the principal writer of these poems (for others are introduced), is said to have flourished in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., between the years 1422 and 1483; it is, therefore, necessary that we should consider the state of literature at that period. It will not be very difficult to show that the structure, the smoothness of

Rowley's verses, prove him to have been no contemporary of Oceleve or Lydgate, the principal poets of that time.

According to the well-known oriental proverb, "the darkest hour in the twenty-four is the hour before day." In the history of our literature that hour had now come. The War of the Roses fills an insulated space between the cessation of Latin and the rise of English writers. The poet and the orator had done but little for our mother tongue. Its capabilities were almost untried, and, consequently, almost unknown. As yet it was destitute of the burning power which rendered it immortal, when it became, as Wordsworth finely says—

"The tongue that Shakspeare spake."

It was a time of war, and the sword outshone the pen, the camp not the cloister was the school; poems were not written, for each man, in his small way, endeavored to act an heroic poem for himself. The battle field with its bannered hosts of war, with its deadly rivalry, and its cruel rage, was poetry enough. Dr. Henry, in his view of the literature of that age remarks, "that one of the most obvious defects in all the authors of this period is a total want of taste." Their ideas were couched in the most ordinary language, with no polish, and no attempt at polish whatever; and it was but rarely they attempted to be anything else but dull, or to write anything else but common place. They invariably adopted the language of bombast and rhodomontade. Latin was the medium through which these scholars, as they are by courtesy called, communicated their ideas, and that was wretched, worse than the refuse of the lowest form of the most ignorant grammar school of the present day. Thus, William of Wyrcester tells us, the Duke of York returned from Ireland, "*et arrivatus apud Redbanke prope Cestriam*," and arrived at Redbanke, near Chester. And John Rous, the antiquarian, says, the Marquis of Dorset, and his uncle Sir Thomas Grey, were obliged to fly the country, "*quod ipsi contra viscent mortem ducis protectoris Anglia*," because they had contrived the death of the Duke, the Protector of England. Such was the prose, we need not add that the poetry was infamous, such as neither men nor gods allow. Chaucer and Gower were no more, and their mantle had fallen on none; Oceleve and Lydgate are the only poets worth mentioning, the rest oblivion has shielded from contempt. Oceleve writes thus, the subject Chaucer:—



"My dear master God his soul quite,  
And fader Chaucer fain would have me taught,  
But I was dull and learned lyte or nought.  
Alas! my worthy mayster honourable,  
This land is very tressure and richesse,  
Deth by thy deth hath harm irreparable  
Unto us done."

Lydgate follows on the same subject, in an equally enchanting strain:—

"My mayster Chaucer,  
And if I shall shortly him descrere,  
Was never none to this day alive,  
That worthy was his inkhorne for to hold."

This is called poetry, and in the age when such stuff was written, and, we presume, read (for the supply, according to the political economists, creates the demand), has Chatterton ascribed the date of Rowley's existence. Nothing could have been more unfortunate; it was impossible to have made a more egregious blunder; he has, with the most praiseworthy ignorance of facts, chosen the very darkest period in the history of our literature, as the time when verses as beautiful, as harmonious, as liquid as those of Spenser himself, were written; as if the same people could read and admire the "Lyfe of our Lady," and the "Battle of Hastings," the "Divers Ballads against the Seven Deadly Sins," or the beautiful lyrics of Rowley. An extract from the latter will at once prove his vast, his immeasurable superiority, to the writers whom we have quoted. We take the following, though long and minute, description of the "Wife of Aldhelm," extracted from the "Battle of Hastings":—

"He married was to Kenewalchae faire,  
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;\*  
She was the myghtie Aderedus' heyre,  
Who was alreadye hastyng to the grave:  
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,  
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,  
And round about the risynge waters lave,†  
And their long hayre arounde their bodie flies,  
Such majestie was in her porte displaid,  
To be excell'd bie none but Homer's martial maid.

"White as the Chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,  
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,  
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,  
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes  
combine—

Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge  
skyne,‡

Or Phæbus rysing in a frostie morne,  
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that  
lyene,||

Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,

\* Arose upon.

† Sky.

‡ Wash.

|| Lies.

Swellynge like bubbles\* in a boillynge welle,  
Or new-braste\* brooklettes gently whyspringe in  
the delle.

"Browne as the fylberte dropping from the shelle,  
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,  
So browne the crokyde† rynges, that featlie fell‡  
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.  
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame  
Of Phæbus' charyotte rollynge thro the skie;  
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made  
tame,  
So greie appear'd her featly sparklynge eye;  
Those eyne, that dyd oft mickle pleased look  
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues' doomsday  
book.

"Majestic as the grove of okes that stode,  
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kyng:  
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,  
Where saintes and souls departed masses  
syng;  
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuynge  
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;  
Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the Spring,  
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did  
falle;  
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;  
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.||

"Tapre as candles layde at Cuthbert's shryne,  
Tapre as elmes that Goodricke's abbie shrove,¶  
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,  
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.  
As skilful mynemenne by the stones above  
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,  
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,  
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;  
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind  
Did guide her mortal shape and all her charms re-  
fin'd."

With a few antiquarian terms struck out, this quotation might pass for a production of the present age. No person of ordinary literary information can attribute it to the fifteenth century. The transition of the Saxon tongue into English was proceeding then, it is true, but at a very different rate to what Chatterton would have us believe. Sir Frederick Madden, the able editor of "Lazamons Brut," or "Chronicle of Britain," remarks that the successive stages of development in our language may be indicated with tolerable correctness; thus;—

Semi-Saxon . .	from A. D. 1100 to A. D. 1230
Early English . .	— 1230 — 1330
Middle English . .	— 1330 — 1500
Later English . .	— 1500 — 1600

But it is no middle English that Chatterton

\* Newly burst.

‡ Gently.

† Curling, crooked.

|| Understanding.

¶ Shrouded

attributes to Rowley, but the product of a far later age. Again, in this quotation the reader must have been struck with the prominent feature—its extreme length and minuteness. Now these are exclusively the attributes of modern poetry. At any rate, we do not find them in the writers of the fifteenth century. We moderns expand, where our ancestors but glanced. For them a word was enough; we must, as it were, hunt an idea to death. This Rowley, however, seems not only in this particular instance, but in others as well, to have, as it were out-heroded Herod—to have beaten the moderns hollow at what is thought their besetting sin—expansion. In this respect he leaves us far behind, and shows us that the only thing on which we can plume ourselves, and on which, in our ignorance, we have taken our stand, was done more than three hundred years ago, by an obscure monk at Bristol. And the man who did these wonders lived and died unknown. No one discovered his poetry, and appreciated its worth. This would be marvellous, were it true. To speak seriously, however, the poem from which we have quoted, despite of old spelling and obsolete words and phrases, stuck in without the least regard to propriety or fitness, is evidently the production of a person who lived at a much later period than the cotemporaries of Oceleve or Lydgate. Had we room, we would make another quotation, in a different style of versification altogether, one which we never met with in old writers, which Oceleve and Lydgate, and the men of that age, never dreamt of; we mean the Pindaric ode, which had no existence in English literature at all, until Cowley brought it into fashion, and which, therefore, is consequently modern. Chatterton could never have read Cowley, where he says, by way of preface to his own attempts, "Panarclus might have counted the Pindaric ode in his list of the best inventions of antiquity," or he never would have fathered one upon Rowley. It is headed, "A Song to Ella, Lord of the Castle of Bristowe, yn Days of Yore." Those of our readers who wish to peruse it, we refer to Chatterton's poems. We mention it merely for the purpose of noting the flagrant anachronism of which he was guilty in this case.

One more quotation will suffice; it is called the "Mynstrel's Song," and is so beautiful, that we make no apology for printing it all:—

## MYNSTRELLES SONG.

- "O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,  
O! droppe the brynie tear wythe mee,  
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.
- "Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,  
Whyte hys rode\* as the sommer snowe,  
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,  
Calet† he lyes ynne the grave belowe;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.
- "Swote‡ hys tyngue as the throstles note,  
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,  
Deste hys taboure, codgelle stote,  
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.
- "Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,  
In the briered dell belowe;  
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,  
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.
- "See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;  
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;  
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,  
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.
- "Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,  
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,  
Nee one hallie§ Seyncte to save  
Al the calness|| of a mayde.  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
Alle under the wyllowe tree.
- "Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente¶ the brieres  
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,  
Ouphante\*\* fairie, lyghte youre fyres,  
Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.
- "Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,  
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;  
Lyfe and all yttes good I scorne,  
Daunce bie niete, or feaste by daie.  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

\* Neck. † Cold. ‡ Sweet. § Holy. || Coldness.  
¶ Fasten. \*\* Elfin.



"Waterre wythes, crowne de wythe reytes,\*  
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.  
I die ! I comme ! mie true love waytes,  
Thos the damselle spake and dyed."

These verses, the best Chatterton ever wrote are evidently modern ; it would be preposterous to assert that they are not. Whatever the fifteenth century witnessed, it did not witness the birth of such finished and exquisite versification as we have given. It was left to a later age to witness that. That did not take place till "the well of English undefiled" had become dry ; till the oracles were dumb, for the inspiration was no more ; till the freshness of English poetry had departed, and till a degenerate race sought its equivalent in stale and miserable puns, and paltry conceits, and looked on them as the sure signs of the presence of the muse ; and crowned with the laurel, and adorned with the name of poet, the man who had been the most active in this crusade against nature. Succeeding writers adhered to them as models for style, but regarded with disdain their coldness, their staleness, and their affected wit. They turned away from them to bards of more hallowed fire ; they drank the waters at the fountain head. Hence the odes and songs of our greatest poets. Thus it was with Chatterton, in the verses we have quoted. They have no connexion with English poetry as it grew with Chaucer or languished with Cowley, but with English poetry as reinvigorated, bursting the fetters which enchained it, it shone forth in "Grey's Elegy," "Beattie's Minstrel," in Goldsmith's "Traveller," and "Collins' Odes," the illustrious dawn of a yet more illustrious day. Another circumstance which leads to the conclusion that Chatterton's poems are forgeries, is their similarity to forgeries. Many of the poems professing to be ancient ballads, are exactly like imitations of ancient ballads. Successfully to attempt to do this, requires no common power ; we have seen it done in our day in lays of ancient Rome, but such instances are rare ; and Macaulay was aided by what had been already done by Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad poetry. In Chatterton's day the thing was untried, and he was unequal to the task. The man who would succeed in attempts of this kind, has many difficulties to overcome. He must isolate himself from the age in which he lives ; he must endeavor to attain the thoughts and feelings

\* Water-flags.

of an earlier day. In short, for the time, he must sink his own being in that of another, and must look upon the world and the men of it through a totally strange and unaccustomed light. Hence it is that imitations are generally so unsuccessful. There is a simplicity, and a beauty, and a strength in the genuine ballads, which the imitations do not, or but rarely possess. The simplicity degenerates into childishness ; the verses become feeble ; they have all the defects, and none of the beauties of the original. Dr. Johnson, who had a keen eye for the failings of a school to which he never belonged, and who had a deep contempt for anything simple, as if it were necessarily childish, has very happily hit off this weak point, in the imitation of ancient ballads, in such lines as these :

"The tender infant, meek and mild,  
Fell down upon a stone,  
The nurse took up the squalling child,  
But still the child squall'd on."

Notwithstanding that school in poetry, afterwards better known as the Lake School, is not a little indebted to the Doctor. A generation that had been wearied with the pomp and monotony of his much sounding phrases, found in it a welcome relief. Of this new poetic gospel Dr. Percy was the forerunner, and Wordsworth the high priest. The latter is a case in point. That the author of the "Excursion" is a true poet ; that some of his grand sonnets are only inferior to Milton's ; that much that he has written posterity will not willingly let die, we readily admit ; but that he has failed where others have done the same, we think cannot for a moment be denied. Without giving in our unfeigned assent and consent to the severe criticism by which Jeffrey for years endeavored to extinguish the rising school of lake poets, it strikes us that Wordsworth has not succeeded so well as his too partial admirers have thought. Often he has been more successful in copying the defects, than the beauties of the ballad writers of an earlier day. A parody, on rather a fair, by no means a ridiculous or spiteful imitation, of that great poet, will show our meaning. It is taken from the "Rejected Addresses." A verse or two will suffice :—

"My brother Jack was nine in May  
And I was eight on New Year's-day,  
So in Kate Wilson's shop ;  
Papa—he's my papa, and Jack's

Bought me last week a doll of wax,  
And brother Jack a top.

"Jack's in the pouts; and thus it is  
He thinks mine came to more than his,  
So to my drawer he goes;  
Takes out my doll, and oh, my stars!  
He puts her head between the bars,  
And melts off half her nose."

We shall skip the rest of the young lady's narrative, for the domestic tragedy is of too harrowing a nature, and conclude with this verse:—

"At first I caught hold of the wing,  
And kept away, but Mr. Thing-  
Umbob, the prompter man,  
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,  
And said, go on my little love,  
Speak to 'em pretty Nan."

Now this half feeble simplicity, we might say this downright childishness, is a sure sign that the poem is an imitation, or, at least, has been modernized.

The reader will remember the ballad of "Chevy Chase," which was thus modernized; may we not add, *improved*?

"Of Wadlington I needs must sing,  
As one in doleful dumps,  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps."

Of this feeble attempt at simplicity, we meet with several instances in the Rowleian MSS. One that is called the "Bristowe Tragedie, or the Death of Charles Baldwin," is so manifestly an imitation, so interlarded with palpable plagiarisms, that we wonder Chatterton should have shown it, or should have suffered it to appear.

Again, Rowley is made to write tragedies in which there is much that is beautiful; but they were not even in existence when Rowley is said to have lived. The drama then can hardly be said to have existed at all. Mysteries, as they were termed, were then the order of the day. Moralities did not come into vogue till after Rowley's time, and regular plays like his, were not thought of till about an hundred years after his death. Those were the days when the Chester, Widkirk, and Coventry miracle plays, with their twenty, and thirty, and forty acts astonished all classes, prince and peasant alike, with their wonderful scenic representations of all things that had happened, including the fall of Lucifer, and what might, would, or could happen down to the Day of Judgment. The general plan

of the mystery was—Adam and Eve would appear, sometimes naked, sometimes not; the serpent would join them; they were then driven from Paradise. The serpent would make his exit leaping; Adam would go and dig; Eve would spin to pass away the time; Cain would kill Abel, which occasions Adam no little sorrow when he returns. That was the common run of these mysteries. Eighty years after the date Chatterton assigns to Rowley, we find nothing nearer the regular drama than the interludes of John Heywood. We gather a notion of what they were from an account given by Mr. Collier in his history of dramatic poetry, entitled, "A Mery Play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neighbour Pratte." A pardoner and a friar have each obtained leave of the curate to use his church—the one for the exhibition of his relics, and the other for the delivery of a sermon—the object of both being the same, that of procuring money. The friar arrives first, and is about to commence his discourse, when the pardoner enters and disturbs him; each is desirous of being heard, and after many vain attempts, by force of lungs, they proceed to force of arms, kicking and cuffing each other unmercifully. The curate called, by the disturbance in the church, endeavors without avail, to part the combatants. He, therefore calls in neighbor Pratte to his assistance; and while the curate seizes the friar, Pratte undertakes to deal with the pardoner, in order that they may set them in the stocks. It turns out that both the friar and the pardoner are too much for their assailants, and the latter, after a sound drubbing, are glad to come to a composition by which the former are allowed quietly to depart. "Ralph Roister Doyster," the earliest English comedy yet discovered, must have been written by Nicholas Udall about 1530; Chatterton was, therefore, in this respect guilty of a most egregious blunder. At the time Rowley is made to write a regular drama, "Mysteries formed on Bible Scenes," were the only rude approximations to the drama then thought of or desired. Chatterton allows this: he makes Rowley say, in a letter to his patron Canynge:—

"Plays made from hallie tales I hold unmeet,  
Let some greate storie of a manne be songe;  
When as a manne we God and Jesus treat  
In my poor mind we do the Godhead wronge."

These sentiments are undoubtedly very cre-



ditable to Thomas Rowley; but surely plays like this, so totally different from the mysteries then in vogue must be considered as forgeries. It is absurd to look upon them, even for a moment, as the productions of that age. To say the least, as great a revolution in dramatic literature as Rowley would appear to have effected, could not have been passed over in silence, and it would not have been left to Chatterton to discover the writings of Rowley.

The truth is, Chatterton panted for fame,—at any price he resolved to win her fickle smile.

Dazzled by the success of Macpherson, he attempted a forgery, but failed; as Macpherson had some small portion of truth as his basis, his deception obtained a credit which was denied to Chatterton. Moreover, in spite of its bombast, Ossian, by large classes, will always be read and admired. As was the case with Macpherson, so was it also with Chatterton, that he wrote better with his mask, than without.

Thus have we glanced at

“The marvellous boy who perished in his pride,”

at him who, young and gifted, cowered beneath the world's dread laugh—who ignobly fell, for his heart failed him in the hour of need—who nursed the dart by which he was laid low—who died as he had lived, the victim of a sham. Genius has too often taught the bitter lesson, that her smile is a blight—that her embrace is death. And Chatterton was not the exception. He made but one blunder, it is true, but that blunder lasted his life. For his untimely end we may mourn. With our censure it will be but graceful and just, to mix somewhat of sorrow and regret. We blame not those who, conscious of the evils that await them, tread the path along which genius and poetry have shed their golden light; rather we blame the world that can honor the turtle-soup eating alderman, and can let the poet starve. We blame those who can turn from the altar, where alone men should worship, and bow the knee to Baal. In some sense the suicide is a martyr; his death is a protest against the abuses of society; his last expiring groan—what is it but the strong cry of misery for their immediate reform. The broken heart, in its agony and despair, thus pleads that life's burdens may be more equitably borne. It declares, as Mr. Fox has well said, “the existence of injustice so enormous, and mistakes so tre-

mendous, that they ought not to continue. It proclaims in a voice of thunder, that there must be a freer and fairer course, even for those in the most unfortunate circumstances, that they may find something to render life valuable, and lead them to consider prolonged existence a blessing, and not a curse.”

THE NITRE LAKES OF EGYPT.—What a singular scene! In the midst of this sandy waste, where uniformity is rarely interrupted by grass or shrubs, there are extensive districts where nitre springs from the earth like crystallized fruits. One thinks he sees a wild overgrown with moss, weeds, and shrubs, thickly covered with hoar frost. And to imagine this wintry scene, beneath the fervid heat of an Egyptian sun, will give some idea of the strangeness of its aspect. The existence of this nitre upon the sandy surface is caused by the evaporation of the lakes. According to the quantity of nitre left behind by the lake do these fantastic shapes assume either a dazzling white color, or, are more or less tinted with the sober hue of the sand. The nitre lakes themselves, six in number, situated in a spacious valley between two rows of low sandhills, presented—at least the three which we visited—a pleasing contrast, in their dark, blue and red colors, to the dull hues of the sand. The nitre, which forms a thick crystallized crust upon these shallow lakes, is broken off in large square plates, which are either of a dirty white, or of a flesh color, or of a deep, dark red. The Fellahs employed upon this labor stand quite naked in the water, furnished with iron rods. The part which is removed being speedily renewed, the riches of its produce are inexhaustible. It is hence that nearly the whole of Europe is exclusively supplied with nitre; and this has probably been the case for ages; for Sicard mentions, at the commencement of the last century, that then six-and-thirty thousand hundred weight of nitre was broken annually for the grand seignior, to whom it yielded 36 purses. By the side of one of the lakes, piled in large layers, was heaped the produce of the last week's labors. My companion had occasion to find fault with the result of the work of one of the villages. The sheikh of the village stood before us. He sharply rebuked him, and to give greater effect to his words he crossed his naked shoulders two or three times with his whip of elephant's skin. The sheikh sprang as nimbly as a gazelle into the lake; and received his further instructions beyond arm's length. Such was the impressive discipline which even this Italian, who was a man of gentle manners, considered it necessary to adopt towards these Fellahs. The plates of nitre, after undergoing a preliminary cleansing upon the banks of the lake, are carried to the castle, where, by various processes, they become a dazzling white powder; and in this state it is conveyed in large quantities to Teranneh. —*Tischendorf's Travels.*

PROFITS OF THE SHAKSPEARE NIGHT.—The gross receipts of the Shakspeare performance, at Covent-garden Theatre, on Tuesday last, amount to 1,134*l.* 2*s.* The fund is still 500*l.* deficient.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

"Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."—HALLAM.

### No. I.—MARATHON.

*"Quibus actus uterque  
Europæ atque Asiæ fatis concurrerit orbis."*

Two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven years ago, a council of Greek officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate subject of their meeting was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy that lay encamped on the shore beneath them; but on the result of their deliberations depended, not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization.

The ten Athenian generals who, with the Archon entitled the War-Ruler, formed the council, had deep matter for anxiety, though little aware how momentous to mankind were the votes they were about to give, or how the generations to come would read with interest the record of their discussions. They saw before them the invading forces of a mighty power, which had in the last fifty years shattered and enslaved nearly all the kingdoms and principalities of the then known world. They knew that all the resources of their own country were comprised in the little army entrusted to their guidance. They saw before them a chosen host of the Great King, sent to wreak his special wrath on that country, and on the other insolent little Greek community, which had dared to aid his rebels and burn the capital of one of his provinces. That victorious host had already fulfilled half its mission of vengeance. Eretria, the confederate of Athens in the bold march against Sardis nine years before, had fallen in the last few days; and the Athenians could discern from their heights the island, in which the Persians had deposited their Eretrian prisoners, whom they had reserved to be led away captives into Upper Asia, there to hear their doom from the lips of King Darius himself. Moreover, the men of Athens knew that in the camp before them was

their own banished tyrant, who was seeking to be reinstated by foreign scymitars in despotic sway over any remnant of his countrymen, that might survive the sack of their town, and might be left behind as too worthless for leading away into Median bondage.

The numerical disparity between the force which the Athenian commanders had under them and that which they were called on to encounter, was hopelessly apparent to some of the council. The historians who wrote nearest to the time of the battle do not pretend to give any detailed statements of the numbers engaged, but there are sufficient data for our making a general estimate. The muster-roll of free Athenian citizens of an age fit for military service never exceeded 30,000, and at this epoch probably did not amount to two-thirds of that number. Moreover, the poorer portion of these were unprovided with the equipments and untrained to the operations of the regular infantry. Some detachments of the best-armed troops would be required to garrison the city itself, and man the various fortified posts in the territory; so that it is impossible to reckon the fully equipped force that marched from Athens to Marathon, when the news of the Persian landing arrived, at higher than 14,000. The gallant little allied state of Plataea had sent its contingent of 1000 of its best men; so that the Athenian commanders must have had under them about 15,000 fully-armed and disciplined infantry, and probably a larger number of irregular light-armed troops; as, besides the poorer citizens who went to the field armed with javelins, cutlasses, and targets, each regular heavy-armed soldier was attended in the camp by one or more slaves, who were armed like the inferior freemen. Cavalry or archers the Athenians (on this occasion) had none; and the



use in the field of military engines was not at that period introduced into ancient warfare.

Contrasted with their own scanty forces, the Greek commanders saw stretched before them, along the shores of the winding bay, the tents and shipping of the varied nations who marched to do the bidding of the king of the eastern world. The difficulty of finding transports and of securing provisions would form the only limit to the numbers of a Persian army. Nor is there any reason to suppose the estimate of Justin exaggerated, who rates at 100,000 the force which on this occasion had sailed, under the Satraps Datis and Artaphernes, from the Cilician shores against the devoted coasts of Eubœa and Attica. And after largely deducting from this total, so as to allow for mere mariners and camp-followers, there must still have remained fearful odds against the national levies of the Athenians. Nor could Greek generals then feel that confidence in the superior quality of their troops, which ever since the battle of Marathon has animated Europeans in conflicts with Asiatics; as, for instance, in the after struggles between Greece and Persia, or when the Roman legions encountered the myriads of Mithridates and Tigranes, or as is the case in the Indian campaigns of our own regiments. On the contrary, up to the day of Marathon the Medes and Persians were reputed invincible. They had more than once met Greek troops in Asia Minor and had invariably beaten them. Nothing can be stronger than the expressions used by the early Greek writers respecting the terror which the name of the Medes inspired, in the prostrations of men's spirits before the apparently resistless career of the Persian arms.\* It is, therefore, little to be wondered at, that five of the ten Athenian generals shrank from the prospect of fighting a pitched battle against an enemy so vastly superior in numbers, and so formidable in military renown. Their own position on the heights was strong, and offered great advantages to a small defending force against assailing masses. They deemed it mere foolhardiness to descend into the plain to be trampled down by the Asiatic horse, overwhelmed with the arch-

ery, or cut to pieces by the invincible veterans of Cambyses and Cyrus. Moreover, Sparta, the great war-state of Greece, had been applied to and had promised succor to Athens, though the religious observance which the Dorians paid to certain times and seasons had for the present delayed their march. Was it not wise, at any rate, to wait till the Spartans came up, and to have the help of the best troops in Greece, before they exposed themselves to the shock of the dreaded Medes?

Specious as these reasons might appear, the other five generals were for speedier and bolder operations. And, fortunately for Athens and for the world, one of them was a man, not only of the highest military genius, but also of that energetic character which impresses its own types and ideas upon spirits feebler in conception. Miltiades, and his ancestors before him, besides being of one of the noblest families at Athens, had ruled a large principality in the Thracian Chersonese; and when the Persian empire extended itself in that direction, Miltiades had been obliged, like many other small potentates of the time, to acknowledge the authority of the Great King, and to lead his contingent of men to serve in the Persian armies. He had, however, incurred the enmity of the Persians during their Scythian campaign; his Thracian principality had been seized: and he himself, in his flight to Athens, had narrowly escaped the hot pursuit of the Phœnician galleys in the Persian service, which actually took the vessel in which part of his family sailed, and the first-born of Miltiades was at this moment a captive in the court of King Darius. Practically acquainted with the organization of the Persian armies, Miltiades felt convinced of the superiority of the Greek troops, if properly handled: he saw with the military eye of a great general the advantage which the position of the forces gave him for a sudden attack, and as a profound politician he felt the perils of remaining inactive, and of giving treachery time to ruin the Athenian cause.

One officer in the council of war had not yet voted. This was Callimachus, the War-Ruler. The votes of the generals were five and five, so that the voice of Callimachus would be decisive. On that vote, in all human probability, the destiny of all the nations of the world depended. Miltiades turned to him, and in simple soldierly eloquence, which we probably read faith-

\* Αθηναίοι πρώτοι ανεσχοντο εσθητα τε Μηδικην ορεων-  
τες, και τους ανδρας ταυτην εσθημενους· τεως δε ην τοις Ελ-  
λησι και το ονομα των Μηδων φοβος ακουσαι.—HEROD.

Αι δε γνωμαι δεδουλωμεναι απαντων ανθρωπων ησαν·  
ουτω παλλα και μεγαλα και μαχιμα γνη καταδεδουλωμενη  
ην η Περσων αρχη.—PLATO.

fully reported in Herodotus, who may have conversed with the veterans of Marathon, the great Athenian adjured his countryman to vote for giving battle. He told him that it rested with him either to enslave Athens, or to make her the greatest of all the Greek states, and to leave behind him a memory of unrivalled glory among all generations of mankind. He warned him that the banished tyrant had partizans in Athens; and that, if time for intrigue was allowed, the city would be given up to the Medes; but that if the armies fought at once before there was any thing rotten in the state of Athens, they were able, if the gods would give them fair play, to beat the Medes.\*

The vote of the brave War-Ruler was gained, the council determined to give battle; and such was the ascendancy and acknowledged military eminence of Miltiades, that his brother generals one and all gave up their days of command to him, and cheerfully acted under his orders. Fearful, however, of creating any jealousy, and of so failing to obtain the vigorous co-operation of all parts of his small army, Miltiades waited till the day when the chief command would have come round to him in regular rotation, before he led the troops against the enemy.

The inaction of the Asiatic commanders during this interval appears strange at first sight; but Hippias was with them, and they and he were aware of their chance of a bloodless conquest through the machinations of his partizans among the Athenians. The nature of the ground also explains in many points the tactics of the opposite generals before the battle, as well as the operations of the troops during the engagement.

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the north-eastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the centre, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows towards either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inwards from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it to the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rug-

ged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle, but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in spring and summer, and then offer no obstruction to the horseman, but are commonly flooded with rain and so rendered impracticable for cavalry in the autumn, the time of year at which the action took place.

The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle whenever he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

If we turn to the map of the old world, to test the comparative territorial resources of the two states whose armies were now about to come into conflict, the immense preponderance of the material power of the Persian king over that of the Athenian republic, is more striking than any similar contrast which history can supply. It has been truly remarked, that, in estimating mere areas, Attica, containing on its whole surface only 700 square miles, shrinks into insignificance if compared with many a baronial fief of the middle ages, or many a colonial allotment of modern times. Its antagonist, the Persian empire, comprised the whole of modern Asiatic and much of modern European Turkey, the modern kingdom of Persia, and the countries of modern Georgia, Armenia, Balch, the Punjab, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Egypt, and Tripoli.

Nor could an European, in the beginning of the fifth century before our era, look upon this huge accumulation of power beneath the sceptre of a single Asiatic ruler, with the indifference with which we now observe on the map the extensive dominions of modern Oriental sovereigns. For, as has been already remarked, before Marathon was fought, the prestige of success and of supposed superiority of race was on the side of the Asiatic against the European. Asia was the original seat of human societies, and long before any trace

\* *Ἦν δὲ συμβαλόμεν, πρὶν τι καὶ σάθρον Ἀθηναίων μετ' ἑτεροῖσι ἐγγενεσθαι, θεῶν τὰ ἴσα νεμόντων, οἳ τε εἰμὲν περιγενοσθαι τῇ συμβολῇ.*—HERODOTUS, Erato, 99.



can be found of the inhabitants of the rest of the world having emerged from the rudest barbarism, we can perceive that mighty and brilliant empires flourished in the Asiatic continent. They appear before us through the twilight of primeval history, dim and indistinct, but massive and majestic, like mountains in the early dawn.

Instead, however, of the infinite variety and restless change which has characterized the institutions and fortunes of European states ever since the commencement of the civilization of our continent, a monotonous uniformity pervades the histories of nearly all Oriental empires, from the most ancient down to the most recent times. They are characterized by the rapidity of their early conquests, by the immense extent of the dominions comprised in them, by the establishment of a satrap or pacha system of governing the provinces, by an invariable and speedy degeneracy in the princes of the royal house, the effeminate nurslings of the seraglio succeeding to the warrior-sovereigns reared in the camp, and by the internal anarchy and insurrections which indicate and accelerate the decline and fall of these unwieldy and ill-organized fabrics of power. It is also a striking fact that the governments of all the great Asiatic empires have in all ages been absolute despotisms. And Heeren is right in connecting this with another great fact, which is important from its influence both on the political and the social life of Asiatics. "Among all the considerable nations of Inner Asia the paternal government of every household was corrupted by polygamy: where that custom exists, a good political constitution is impossible. Fathers, being converted into domestic despots, are ready to pay the same abject obedience to their sovereign which they exact from their family and dependants in their domestic economy." We should bear in mind also the inseparable connexion between the state religion and all legislation which has always prevailed in the East, and the constant existence of a powerful sacerdotal body, exercising some check, though precarious and irregular, over the throne itself, grasping at all civil administration, claiming the supreme control of education, stereotyping the lines in which literature and science must move, and limiting the extent to which it shall be lawful for the human mind to promote its enquiries.

With these general characteristics rightly felt and understood, it becomes a com-

paratively easy task to investigate and appreciate the origin, progress, and principles of Oriental empire in general, as well as of the Persian monarchy in particular. And we are thus better enabled to appreciate the repulse which Greece gave to the arms of the East, and to judge of the probable consequences to human civilization, if the Persians had succeeded in bringing Europe under their yoke, as they had already subjugated the fairest portions of the rest of the then known world.

The Greeks, from their geographical position, formed the natural vanguard of European liberty against Persian ambition; and they pre-eminently displayed the salient points of distinctive national character which have rendered European civilization so far superior to Asiatic. The nations that dwelt in ancient times around and near the shores of the Mediterranean sea, were the first in our continent to receive from the East the rudiments of art and literature, and the germs of social and political organizations. Of these nations the Greeks, through their vicinity to Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Egypt, were among the very foremost in acquiring the principles of civilized life, and they also at once imparted a new and wholly original stamp on all which they received. Thus, in their religion they received from foreign settlers the names of all their deities and many of their rites, but they discarded the loathsome monstrosities of the Nile, the Orontes, and the Ganges;—they nationalized their creed; and their own poets created their beautiful mythology. No sacerdotal caste ever existed in Greece. So, in their governments, they lived long under kings, but never endured the establishment of absolute monarchy. Their early kings were constitutional rulers, governing with defined prerogatives. And long before the Persian invasion the kingly form of government had given way in almost all the Greek states to republican institutions, presenting infinite varieties of the blending or the alternate predominance of the oligarchical and democratical principles. In literature and science the Greek intellect followed no beaten track, and acknowledged no limitary rules. The Greeks thought their subjects boldly out; and the novelty of a speculation invested it in their minds with interest and not with criminality. Versatile, restless, enterprising, and self-confident, the Greeks presented the most striking contrast to the habitual quietude

and submissiveness of the Orientals. And, of all the Greeks, the Athenians exhibited these national characteristics in the strongest degree. This spirit of activity and daring, joined to a generous sympathy for the fate of their fellow-Greeks in Asia, had led them to join in the last Ionian war; and now mingling with their abhorrence of an usurping family of their own citizens, which for a period had forcibly seized on and exercised despotic power at Athens, nerved them to defy the wrath of King Darius, and to refuse to receive back at his bidding the tyrant whom they had some years before driven out.

The enterprise and genius of an Englishman have lately confirmed by fresh evidence, and invested with fresh interest, the might of the Persian Monarch who sent his troops to combat at Marathon. Inscriptions in a character termed the arrow-headed, or cuneiform, had long been known to exist on the marble monuments at Persepolis, near the site of the ancient Susa, and on the faces of rocks in other places formerly ruled over by the early Persian kings. But for thousands of years they had been mere unintelligible enigmas to the curious but baffled beholder; and they were often referred to as instances of the folly of human pride, which could indeed write its own praises in the solid rock, but only for the rock to outlive the language as well as the memory of the vainglorious inscribers. The elder Niebuhr, Grotefend, and Lassen had made some guesses at the meaning of the cuneiform letters; but Major Rawlinson, of the East India Company's service, after years of labor, has at last accomplished the glorious achievement of fully revealing the alphabet and the grammar of this long unknown tongue. He has, in particular, fully decyphered and expounded the inscription on the sacred rock of Behistun, on the western frontiers of Media. These records of the Achæmenidæ have at length found their interpreter; and Darius himself speaks to us from the consecrated mountain, and tells us the names of the nations that obeyed him, the revolts that he suppressed, his victories, his piety, and his glory.\*

Kings who thus seek the admiration of posterity are little likely to dim the record of their successes by the mention of their occasional defeats; and it throws no suspicion on the narrative of the Greek histori-

\* See the last numbers of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.

ans, that we find these inscriptions silent respecting the defeat of Datis and Artaphernes, as well as respecting the reverses which Darius sustained in person during his Scythian campaigns. But these indisputable monuments of Persian fame confirm, and even increase the opinion with which Herodotus inspires us of the vast power which Cyrus founded, Cambyses increased; which Darius augmented by Indian and Arabian conquests, and seemed likely, when he directed his arms against Europe, to make the predominant monarchy of the world.

With the exception of the Chinese empire, in which, throughout all ages down to the last few years, one third of the human race has dwelt almost unconnected with the other portions, all the great kingdoms which we know to have existed in ancient Asia, were, in Darius's time, blended into the Persian. The Northern Indians, the Assyrians, the Syrians, the Babylonians, the Chaldees, the Phœnicians, the nations of Palestine, the Armenians, the Bactrians, the Lydians, the Phrygians, the Parthians, and the Medes,—all obeyed the sceptre of the Great King: the Medes standing next to the native Persians in honor, and the empire being frequently spoken of as that of the Medes, or as that of the Medes and Persians. Egypt and Cyrene were Persian provinces; the Greek colonists in Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægæan were Darius's subjects; and their gallant but unsuccessful attempts to throw off the Persian yoke had only served to rivet it more strongly, and to increase the general belief that the Greeks could not stand before the Persians in a field of battle. Darius's Scythian war, though unsuccessful in its immediate object, had brought about the subjugation of Thrace, and the submission of Macedonia. From the Indus to the Peneus, all was his. Greece was to be his next acquisition. His heralds were sent round to the various Greek states to demand the emblem of homage, which all the islanders and many of the dwellers on the continent submitted to give.

Over those who had the apparent rashness to refuse, the Persian authority was to be now enforced by the army that, under Datis, an experienced Median general, and Artaphernes, a young Persian noble, lay encamped by the coast of Marathon.

When Miltiades arrayed his men for action, he staked on the arbitrament of one battle not only the fate of Athens, but



that of all Greece; for if Athens had fallen, no other Greek state except Lacedæmon would have had the courage to resist; and the Lacedæmonians, though they would probably have died in their ranks to the last man, never could have successfully resisted the victorious Persians and the numerous Greek troops which would have soon marched under the Persian banner, had it prevailed over Athens.

Nor was there any power to the westward of Greece that could have offered an effectual opposition to Persia, had she once conquered Greece, and made that country a basis for future military operations. Rome was at this time in her season of utmost weakness. Her dynasty of powerful Etruscan kings had been driven out, and her infant commonwealth was reeling under the attacks of the Etruscans and Volscians from without, and the fierce dissensions between the patricians and plebeians within. Etruria, with her Lucumos and serfs was no match for Persia. Samnium had not grown into the might which she afterwards put forth: nor could the Greek colonies in South Italy and Sicily hope to conquer when their parent states had perished. Carthage had escaped the Persian yoke in the time of Cambyses through the reluctance of the Phœnician mariners to serve against their kinsmen. But such forbearance could not long have been relied on, and the future rival of Rome would have become as submissive a minister of the Persian power as were the Phœnician cities themselves. If we turn to Spain, or if we pass the great mountain chain, which, prolonged through the Pyrenees, and Cevennes, the Alps, and the Balkan, divides Northern from Southern Europe, we shall find nothing at that period but mere savage Finns, Celts, and Teutons. Had Persia beat Athens at Marathon, she could have found no obstacle to Darius, the chosen servant of Ormuzd, advancing his sway over all the known Western races of mankind. The infant energies of Europe would have been trodden out beneath the hoof of universal conquest; and the history of the world, like the history of Asia, have become a mere record of the rise and fall of despotic dynasties, of the incursions of barbarous hordes, and of the mental and political prostration of millions beneath the diadem, the tiara, and the sword.

Great as the preponderance of the Persian over the Athenian power at that crisis seems to have been, it would be unjust to

impute wild rashness to the policy of Miltiades, and those who voted with him in the Athenian council of war, or to look on the after-current of events as the mere fortunate result of successful folly. As before has been remarked, Miltiades, whilst prince of the Chersonese, had seen service in the Persian armies; and he knew by personal observation how many elements of weakness lurked beneath their imposing aspect of strength. He knew that the bulk of their troops no longer consisted of the hardy shepherds and mountaineers from Persia Proper and Kurdistan, who won Cyrus's battles; but that unwilling contingents from conquered nations now filled up the Persian muster-rolls, fighting more from compulsion than from any zeal in the cause of their masters. He had also the sagacity and the spirit to appreciate the superiority of the Greek armor and organization over the Asiatic, notwithstanding former reverses. Above all, he felt and worthily trusted the enthusiasm of those whom he led. The Athenians under him were republicans who had but a few years before shaken off their tyrants. They were flushed by recent successes in wars against some of the neighboring states. They knew that the despot whom they had driven out was in the foeman's camp, seeking to be reinstated by foreign arms in his plenitude of oppression. They were zealous champions of the liberty and equality which as citizens they had recently acquired. And Miltiades might be sure, that whatever treachery might lurk among some of the higher-born and wealthier Athenians, the rank and file whom he led were ready to do their utmost in his and their own cause. As for future attacks from Asia, he might reasonably hope that one victory would inspirit all Greece to combine against the common foe; and that the latent seeds of revolt and disunion in the Persian empire would soon burst forth and paralyze its energies, so as to leave Greek independence secure.

With these hopes and risks, Miltiades, on a September day, 490 B. C., gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. There were many local associations connected with those mountain heights, which were calculated powerfully to excite the spirits of the men, and of which the commanders well knew how to avail themselves in their exhortations to their troops before the encounter. Marathon itself was a region sacred to Hercules. Close to

them was the fountain of Macaria, who had in days of yore devoted herself to death for the liberty of her people. The very plain on which they were to fight was the scene of the exploits of their national hero, Theseus; and there, too, as old legends told, the Athenians and the Heracidae had routed the invader, Eurystheus. These traditions were not mere cloudy myths, or idle fictions, but matters of implicit earnest faith to the men of that day, and many a fervent prayer arose from the Athenian ranks to the heroic spirits who while on earth had striven and suffered on that very spot, and who were believed to be now heavenly powers, looking down with interest on, and capable of interposing with effect in the fortunes of their still beloved country.

According to old national custom the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility excited to the very utmost. The War-Ruler, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Plataeans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breastplate, greaves, and short sword. Thus equipped, the troops usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in an uniform phalanx of about four spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the common-place tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of an uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying, if broken, and on strengthening his wings so as to insure advantage at those points; and he trusted to his own skill, and to his soldiers' discipline, for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory. In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the fifteen thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in

the struggle between the European and the Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation, which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells us was afterwards heard over the waves of Salamis,—“On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country,—strike for the freedom of your children, your wives,—for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires. All—all are now staked upon the strife.”

Ω παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἵτε  
Ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ  
Παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρῶων ἐδῆ,  
Θήκας τε προγόνων. Νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.\*

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercises of the *palaestra*, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and manœuvre against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

“When the Persians,” says Herodotus, “saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction.” They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them, except the division of

\* Persæ.



native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general; they were familiarized with victory, and in contemptuous confidence their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of levelled spears, against which the light armor, the short lances and sabres of the Orientals offered weak defence. Their front rank must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry, and by the weight of numbers, to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley towards the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle: and, meanwhile, the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them, and the Athenian officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and wheeling round, assailed on each flank the hitherto victorious Persian centre. Aristides and Themistocles charged it again in front with their re-organized troops. The Persians strove hard to keep their ground. Evening came on, and the rays of the setting sun darted full into the eyes of the Asiatic combatants, while the Greeks fought with increasing advantage with the light at their backs. At last the hitherto unvanquished lords of Asia broke and fled, and the Greeks followed, striking them down, to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to re-embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave War-Ruler, Callimachus, the general Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired; but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even

here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find the city unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of Hippias' partizans. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manœuvre. Leaving Aristides, and the troops of his tribe, to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

It was not by one defeat, however signal, that the pride of Persia could be broken, and her dreams of universal empire dispelled. Ten years afterwards she renewed her attempts upon Europe on a grander scale of enterprise, and was repulsed by Greece with greater and reiterated loss. Larger forces and heavier slaughter than had been seen at Marathon, signalized the conflicts of Greeks and Persians at Artemisium, Salamis, Plataea, and the Eurymedon, and the after-triumph of the Macedonian King at the Granicus, at Issus, and Arbela. But mighty and momentous as these battles were, they rank not with Marathon in importance. They originated no new impulse. They turned back no current of fate. They were merely confirmatory of the already existing bias which Marathon had created. The day of Marathon is the critical epoch in the history of the two nations. It broke for ever the spell of Persian invincibility, which had previously paralyzed men's minds. It generated among the Greeks the spirit which beat back Xerxes, and afterwards led on Xenophon, Agesilaus, and Alexander, in terrible retaliation through their Asiatic campaigns. It secured for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, the growth of free institutions, the liberal enlightenment of the western world, and the gradual ascendancy for many ages of the great principles of European civilization.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE LITERARY CIRCLES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

MRS. MONTAGU AND HER FRIENDS.

THE pursuits of literature had become, until within the last ten years, a trade among us; they constituted a refuge for the aristocratic poor, a manual employment for the intellectual plebeian. The days when *not* to shine in the wide field of letters was to want one qualification of the highest fashion, were clean gone—obscured at all events—and the disinterested reapers in that glorious glebe seemed to be extinct.

A new era has, however, arrived; and, by a general impulse, society has practically acknowledged, that, whilst to some the profession of literary tastes may be convenient, to all it is graceful. Our weekly journals are spangled with noble names; our lowest circulating libraries dignify their sign-boards with "Honourables," obtained at the rate of three-pence a volume; smart broughams, garnished with coronets, stand at the doors of publishers, patient at the *dictum* of some invisible "reader;" impassioned verses, penned by fair hands, which grasped last night the jewelled finger of a peer in the gay quadrille, find entrance to-day in periodicals. The list of noble, if not of royal authors, is swelled daily; and a new edition of Horace Walpole's savage, partial, but delightful book—his *Royal and Noble Authors*,—is now a desideratum, to bring it down to the last effort of Lady Dalmeny's skill, or the last effusion of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's genius. I know not how this may tell upon our literary reputation as a nation; but that it will raise and refine the tone of society, there can be little doubt. Yet, still something is wanting—a rallying point, a leader, a polar star; such as, perhaps, may never shine again. We want a Queen of Literature—a lady of condition, of some talent, some acquirement, of high reputation, and graceful manners, who may draw around her the cultured and the gifted, and secure to literature the place in social life to which it so eminently deserves to attain.

Peculiarly fitted by birth, disposition, and education, to hold the post which she occupied for more than half a century, Elizabeth Montagu recurs to remembrance, as embodying that vision of an influential and benignant spirit, effecting within its

congenial sphere all that was most suited to enlighten social life. Or, to borrow Cowper's elegant praise, in his verses on Mrs. Montagu's celebrated feather hangings:

"There genius, learning, fancy, wit,  
Their ruffled plumage calm refit  
(For stormy troubles loudest roar  
Around their flight who highest soar),  
And in her eye, and by her aid.  
Shine safe, without a fear to fade."

Mrs. Montagu is one of the best specimens on record of that most comprehensive character—a woman of the world, for she was *of* the world, yet not corrupted by it. Her wit, displayed in the girlish effusions of a satire, rather the result of high spirits than of a sarcastic tone, improved as age advanced. Passionately fond of society, a lover of the great, she displayed, nevertheless, a perfect contentment when deprived of excitement by any accident; and, whilst she courted the great, she was courteous and bountiful to the small.

In her youth, tainted by the opinions of Dr. Conyers Middleton, she is said to have been sceptical—probably, only unthinking; but in her maturer years she lost that revolting attribute of the *esprit fort*, which confounds presumption with philosophy. She became earnestly, but cheerfully and practically, pious. Reared herself in prosperity her sympathy with suffering was one of the most beautiful traits of her generous nature. Upon this superstructure, one of the fairest specimens of womankind was framed. To a ready but good-tempered wit, Mrs. Montagu united great charms of person; and the gentleness and loveliness of her appearance and manners disarmed the admiration which might otherwise have been tinctured with fear. Her features were strongly marked, yet delicate, expressing an elevation of sentiment befitting the most exalted condition. Her deep blue eyes were set off by a most brilliant complexion, and were full of animation. Her eyebrows were high and arched; but the bright physiognomy was softened by its feminine delicacy, and the spirit and dash of her deportment were subdued by a stature not above the middle height, and by a



slight stoop. In after life, that peculiar and undefinable charm which we call high-breeding—an expression, thoughtful and yet lively, kept up, though in a different manner, the attractions of her appearance. It was not a matter of wonder that the scholar and the statesman delighted in her conversation; for her mind was continually progressing, not only from her own efforts to improve it, but from the insensible collision with superior understandings.

Her letters present the best views of her character, and form, in truth, her history. We find her the blythe country damsel, the daughter of a Yorkshire squire, by name Matthew Robinson. Her mother was a Miss Drake, and, amongst other property, heiress to the estate of Coveney, in Cambridgeshire,—a circumstance which drew the family much into that county, and influenced greatly the intellectual progress of the young Elizabeth. For she became almost the pupil of the celebrated Conyers Middleton, who had married her grandmother, Mrs. Drake; and, during a considerable period of her childhood, she was to be seen sitting among grave professors, listening—her fair young face turned to them—to their disquisitions, of which she was required to give an account to Dr. Middleton, who thus exercised her mind, and the powers of her attention when they retired.

Next she appears, a girl of fourteen, as a correspondent of the great Duchess of Portland, the daughter of the minister Harley; a lady, her intimacy with whom never broke through the forms of ceremony usual in those times, and whom, in the hey-day of their friendship, Mrs. Montagu never addressed otherwise than as “*Madam*.” And now shines forth the incipient *belle* and woman of the world, impatient under the dulness of a country life, and lamenting that she had nothing wherewith to entertain her grace. “If I should preach a sermon on an old woman who died yesterday, you would think it a dry subject; or, if I should tell you my papa’s dogs have devoured my young turkeys, you would rather laugh than pity me;” but, even in the midst of this trifling, the literary propensities are alluded to, though not in the most hopeful manner. “Your grace desired me,” she says, “to send you some verses. I have not heard so much as a rhyme lately; and I believe the muses have all got agues in this country.” We trace the gay damsel through all her snatches

at country pleasure, dearer, perhaps, in after times to her memory, than the subsequent splendor of her town dinners and routs; we follow her going eight miles “to dance to the music of a blind fiddler, and returning at two o’clock in the morning mightily well pleased.” Next we find her, at the grand epoch of a woman’s life, though scarcely eighteen, thinking of matrimony, with very liberal notions on the subject of love; liking, generally, six or eight men at a time, yet never loving one; and expecting in her future helpmate only that he should have “constancy to like her as long as other people do; that is, till her face was wrinkled by age, or scarred with the small-pox; after which, she should expect civility in the room of love.”

All I can hope of mortal man,  
Is to love me while he can.

And so she goes on, thinking, as she merrily says, “that Solomon was in the wrong when he said, ‘all was vanity or vexation of spirit;’ he ought to have said, ‘all was vanity or vexation of spirit;’ and been very willing to take the vexation, if allowed the previous vanity.”

After an uneventful girlhood, varied by fears of the small-pox, which drove her to retreat to an old manor-house, where a “grave society of rooks” cawed over her head, the young wit and beauty was married, at the age of twenty-one, to the highly respectable, well-born, and very dull Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and cousin of the Lady Mary Wortley’s ill-mated Mr. Montagu. It is probable that Mrs. Montagu had not left a very peaceful home to enter upon her new career; her sister, indeed, afterwards Mrs. Scott, but called by Mrs. Montagu, from her resemblance to herself, “*Pea*,” formed a fond tie; but her brothers, though clever, were eccentric; their unbridled wit came into collision with their father’s sarcastic vein; and the intervention of their mother, called on that account, by the family, “the Speaker,” was often necessary to maintain a calm around the stately dinner, or the less dangerous period of tea. Mr. Robinson, a man framed for the world, and sighing for its gayest circles, but chained to dull Yorkshire by the burden of a large, expensive family, was subject to the “hyp,” and, occasionally, as fathers are prone to be, “grievously out of tune.” In giving her hand, therefore, to the opulent and erudite Mr. Montagu, then in parliament, Elizabeth Robinson may have hoped

for, what her heart dearly loved, free and frolicsome intercourse with the flower of that gay crew, above which she soon rose in intellectual eminence.

Her marriage appears, indeed, to have been no interregnum to her sunny passage through life. She was no friend to celibacy, "old virginity-ship being," in her opinion, "certainly Milton's hell." With this conviction, no wonder that she accepted the hand of the proprietor of two very large estates—Sandleford Abbey in Berkshire, and Denton in Northumberland. And there appears to have existed between her and her husband—devoted as he was to severe studies, especially to mathematics—the most perfect *friendship*; a dutiful concession to his tastes on her part, and liberality and kindness on his side. Yet their correspondence is rather that of a respected tutor with a favorite pupil, or of a father and child, than of two beings whose hearts were fondly intertwined, and whose tastes accorded.

Mr. Montagu was many years older than his wife; he was absorbed in mathematical pursuits, and, although a man of strict honor and integrity, had his doubts on religious subjects: one can hardly suppose a character more opposed to that of the gay Elizabeth Robinson, whose heart was, as she herself avows, set on the fascinating career of London pleasures. She who doated upon a "pink satin *negligée* trimmed *fort galamment*," was now pinned to the society of problems and decimal fractions. That she loved Mr. Montagu, appears to be very doubtful; that, in the midst of the highest society in London,—beautiful, the fashion, a wit, she never lost for an instant her own respect or that of others, shows how great is the mistake which attributes to the gay and light-hearted want of prudence. They are always safer than the gloomy and reserved.

Mr. Montagu died in extreme old age in 1775. His want of belief was then a great sorrow to his wife; "he set too much value on mathematics," so writes Dr. Beattie, "and piqued himself too much on his knowledge of that science." And in vain did that excellent man, at the request of Mrs. Montagu, confer with the expiring philosopher on the truths of Christianity. One child, a son, was the result of this union. His death in infancy contributed to sober down the exuberant spirits of his afflicted mother. She bore that sorrow heroically, but her heart was touched; and henceforth

her character appears in a loftier point of view. "She was," observes Dr. Beattie, "a sincere Christian, both in faith and practice and took every opportunity to show it." Let us behold her also as the friend and patroness of letters,—the matron whose hospitality was proverbial,—the moralist and benefactress,—and the centre of a band of wits, poets, statesmen, and churchmen.

At a certain extremity of Portman Square still stands the scene of her truest enjoyments. There, in that suite of saloons, were assembled all that the metropolis contained of learning, wit, fashion:—politicians, divines, novelists, poets, dramatists, and blues,—the sage and dignified Mrs. Elizabeth Carter by the side of the leader of the *ton*, Lady Townshend; bishops and archbishops mingling in easy parlance with Mrs. Chapone, or with Fanny Burney,—and prime ministers trifling with Mrs. Delaney, or with Mrs. Boscawen. Portman Square was, in truth, the scene of all that motley collection; for at Sandleford,—a place which has passed out of the Montagu family, having been sold by the late Lord Rokeby to Mr. Chatteris,—she held a different course. There, writing to her sister, she thanks her for a letter which had refreshed her mind, which, whilst deep in accounts, had been "travelling from tubs of soap to firkins of butter, and from thence to chaldrons of coals." But in Portman Square she was herself again.

In 1775, the death of her husband left her a widow, at the age of fifty-five. We may suppose that her tea-table was not the less cheerful for the one place occupied by a grave mathematician being left vacant; but the nucleus of that unparalleled society, of which the fame still lingers among the lettered, must have been formed in Mr. Montagu's lifetime. Some of its brightest ornaments were, indeed, even at that period, extinct in death. Pulteney, earl of Bath, between whom and Mrs. Montagu the stupid scribblers of the day (mistaking the raillery of an old gallant on the one hand, and the sallies of a fair and flattered wit on the other, for a *sentiment*), ascribed an attachment only governed by circumstances. He was one of the widow's most ardent votaries. He had found it impossible, thus he wrote, to comply with Mrs. Montagu's conditions of their mutual happiness, namely, to wait for her until the millennium arrived; but had yielded up his spirit at an advanced age, after his busy part on the stage of life was played out.



But among the most favored of Mrs. Montagu's friends there were not wanting others, whose admiration of her accomplishments of mind and person were construed into an attachment, elevated indeed by respect, yet partaking of the tenderest feelings of friendship.

But let us take a survey of her tea-table, and offer a brief sketch of those who courted her smiles and enhanced her fame.

First, as in gallantry due, for the ladies: Entering at an early hour,—for she had risen at five,—her powdered locks turned back under a stately cap of fine lace, adorned with puckered riband; her shoulders covered with a black lace mode; her snuff-box in one hand, and a poem, sent by some stripling author for approval (and neither hands very clean) in another, steps Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. Three years was she Mrs. Montagu's senior, and the gravest respect subsisted between them. Yet the time was when Mrs. Carter, learned almost from her cradle, and the daughter of a clergyman at Deal, had been as frolicsome as ever muse or maiden could be; the days had been, when the grave and classical lady had written to a friend for "all the tinsel things she might rummage up," "for all the gold and silver lace that could be found," to enact some part in a play; and her rage for dancing was acknowledged by herself. It is not easy to picture to one's self Mrs. Carter walking three miles to an assembly,—dancing nine hours, and then walking back again; nor to credit her subscribing to the Sandwich balls: but so it was: and one can conceive that the same energy that procured her from Dr. Johnson the praise of being the best Greek scholar that he knew, may have gone with her into her diversions, characterizing the enthusiastic mind as well in the ball-room as in the closet.

Early in life, Elizabeth Carter is said to have formed a resolution never to marry, and at an advanced period she received the questionable honor of having Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper* dedicated to her, in "her triple character of poet, philosopher, and old maid." For the benefit of all who may be disposed to form resolutions equally rash, it must, however, be stated, that an early disappointment in the character of a gentleman, to whom she was partly engaged, may have influenced her decision. Living from the age of eighteen in London, amid the best society, Mrs. Carter united to an earnest, but somewhat stilted piety, a sweet-

ness of manner, sufficient to disarm even Johnson, whom she knew in his earliest dawn of fame, of his rudeness. His forbearance to her was repaid by esteem and confidence on her part:—when, in his decline of health, she expressed her conviction of the soundness of his religious principles to himself, he took her by the hand, exclaiming earnestly, "You know this to be true, and testify it to the world when I am gone." A fine tribute at once to her friendship to himself, and her influence over others.

Her literary fame was chiefly founded upon her translation of Epictetus, and this one work sufficed, as it well may do, for a lifetime. For of all her other literary efforts,—her translations from the French, and the Italian,—her contributions as "Eliza" to *The Gentleman's Magazine*,—her odes and elegies, the fame thereof has long since been entombed with her bones. But she acquired, and maintained, a high position as a woman of learning and piety. She headed the great band of modern saints, and her mantle descended upon Mrs. Hannah More. Herself an ardent admirer of Mrs. Rowe,—whose tomb she visited as a votary, forty years after her death,—she has, in her turn, become the model and saint especial of all godly spinsters who flourished a generation or two back.

She presented, in truth, one of the fairest instances of the respect, influence, and consideration which may be acquired by a woman of the middle ranks (her grandfather having been a farmer), without the gifts of genius. She showed how much industry, good sense, and a conciliatory disposition, dignify the position of literary women, who, it must be avowed, are apt to disregard these sober attributes, forming, as they do, the character distinctively termed "respectable." She proved how much it is in the power of women to raise themselves in society, and to obliterate those barriers of rank, of which we justly complain, when they keep out not only the idle and the vulgar, but the refined and cultured portion of the middle ranks.

Between Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter a close alliance of friendship was formed. They travelled together, they read the same works, they admired the same public characters. Their correspondence turned chiefly upon erudite themes; and when the gay widow mended her pen to write to Mrs. Carter, she put aside her satire and her mirth, and poured forth disquisitions upon

Cowley, or exchanged opinions upon Thucydides; and such and so similar became their tastes, that their associates soon became the same. Mrs. Carter, it is true, did not particularly affect the society of men of letters; she made character one of the indispensable requisites to her acquaintance; and although Mrs. Montagu was, in this respect, less rigid, the general atmosphere in which both breathed freely was that of virtue: and indeed, the lax practice which has prevailed during late years, of permitting genius to atone for vice, was unknown equally in the choice regions of Portman Square, and in the small drawing room in Clarges Street, where Mrs. Carter held her court.

Among the lettered crew,—with Lord Lyttleton on one side, Beattie on the other, Horace Walpole occasionally, and, almost always, the accomplished Mrs. Vesey, whose husband had been the friend of Swift;—whilst Mrs. Montagu was delighting the circle with her wit, greater, according to Dr. Beattie, than he had ever known in woman; whilst Mrs. Carter strove to introduce into the discourse subjects of improvement, and Mrs. Vesey lent the charm of a good listener to the whole,—behold! there steps in an absent scholar in grey stockings,—Mr. Stillingfleet, an author now long forgotten, or only remembered by the frequenters of old book-stalls, where the student, greedy of their contents, turns over Dodsley's *Collection*. There he may find some original pieces by Benjamin Stillingfleet. Old Admiral Boscawen looked on and laughed, and, in his sailor-like way, gave the animated circle the name of the Blue-stocking Society; declaring, that when they met, "it was evidently not for the purpose of a dressed assembly." A foreigner of distinction, taking the joke literally, the epithet *bas bleu* became proverbial, and it is one of the few traces of that agreeable and refined society which has descended to our own times. For the circles of Portman Square had the requisites of ease, simplicity,—above all, of early hours. Mrs. Montagu, indeed, entertained her friends with splendid hospitality when they met at dinner; but it was understood that there was, on the blue-stocking evenings, to be no supper. The assembly broke up into little groups; there was no display either of dress, or, what is far more offensive, of intellectual superiority. Authors were not called upon to read their works. Fashion had her share

in the evening, and even nonsense was received with leniency. That which, according to Pythagoras, is the mark of a good education,—the power of bearing with the unlettered,—was there possessed in perfection.

Among the many lettered and elegant persons who lounged about the spacious saloons, one is received with peculiar attention, and with an homage from Mrs. Carter almost reverential. But, whilst he bows low to her, addressing to her all the respects that the old school could so well express, his eyes and ears are absorbed in listening to, looking at, Mrs. Montagu, whom he addresses as the "Madonna." It is Lord Lyttleton. At the period when the Blue-Stocking Society was in its prime, he was an unhappy, enthralled man. He had been unwise enough to seek a successor to his "Lucy;" and had married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Robert Rich. The union was infelicitous; and the world thought that, had not its bonds prevented, Lord Lyttleton would have sought the hand of the widow of Portman Square. Mrs. Montagu seems to have been virtually the mother of his children,—the children of "Lucy," for the second wife left none. "Your boy, and his governor," writes his lordship, referring to his son, the afterwards infamous Thomas, lord Lyttleton, "are perfectly well." "Your lordship's commendations on Mr. Lyttleton," reciprocates Mrs. Montagu, "not only make me happy, but make me vain. He is every day going on to complete all I have wished and predicted on this subject." Her letters to the young man are filled with excellent advice, and characterized a kindness truly maternal. What was the result of so much counsel and of such fond expectations, is well known in the career of the "bad Lord Lyttleton."

The first Lord Lyttleton was seven years Mrs. Montagu's senior. His life was devoted to his chief work, *The Reign of Henry II.*, and on that he built his claims to fame. The friend of Bolingbroke, Lord Lyttleton had known the perils of religious doubt; he had escaped them, and his historical work teems with proofs that revelation was, in the matured period of his life, no source of idle speculation to him. His great accuracy, both in the materials and the style of his history, caused it to be the labor of many years, and the corrections of his work are said to have cost a thousand pounds. The work, one of standard value,



received its meed of praise at its publication. Dr. Warton commended the disquisitions on laws, manners, arts, learning; Horace Walpole declared that it was a book to learn by heart, and termed it "the history of our constitution," which he predicted would last much longer than the constitution itself; Lord Chesterfield begged the author to finish his third volume, which "he hungered after;" and Bishop Warburton styled it "a noble morsel." But the highest compliment to it is, perhaps, the disinterested tribute of Mr. Hallam, who, in his chapter on the "Constitution of England" in his own work on the *Middle Ages*, refers frequently to Lyttleton's *Henry II.*

The *Monody to Lucy* had won this accomplished and excellent man a place in all female hearts. With Mrs. Carter he became acquainted at Lambeth Palace, where Archbishop Secker threw open his doors to all men of character and letters; and, in their literary undertakings, Mrs. Carter and Lord Lyttleton were frequently conjoined; and Mrs. Carter lamented his death and honored his memory more than that of any of her lordly friends.

Mrs. Montagu was still more zealous. Upon the publication of Johnson's malignant life of Lyttleton after his death, she took a very decided part against the formidable doctor, and publicly declared that she would never speak to him again. Johnson called her "the Queen of the Blues," and designated Mr. Pepys her "prime minister." Party-spirit ran high. At Streatham, Johnson called out before a large company, to Mr. Pepys, "Come forth, man! What have you to say against my life of Lord Lyttleton? Come forth, man, when I call you!" And then, to use the terms employed by Mrs. Vesey, according to Miss Burney's testimony, "he bullied him into a quarrel" on the subject.

One morning, it was Mrs. Montagu's lot to encounter the lettered savage at Streatham; but Dr. Johnson had then made a promise to Mrs. Thrale to have no more quarrels in her house. He acknowledged that he had been wrong; and the candor of his fierce, but not petty nature, prevailed over his passions. The scene that ensued was truly diverting. Mrs. Montagu was very stately; she turned away from Johnson, and would scarcely speak to him; whilst Johnson surveyed her like a setter, longing for the attack. At length he made up to her, with the pacifying address,

"Well, madam, what's become of your fine new house? I hear no more of it." Mrs. Montagu was obliged to answer him, and soon grew frightened, and "became as civil as ever." Dr. Johnson afterwards expressed his feelings towards Mrs. Montagu on this occasion to a mutual friend, by saying, "I never did her any serious harm," nor would I, though I could give her a bite; though she must provoke me much first." The fact was, that Johnson could not tolerate Mrs. Montagu's wit. "Mrs. Montagu," said Dr. Beattie, "was very kind to him; but Mrs. Montagu had more wit than any lady, and Johnson could not bear that any one should be thought to have wit but himself."

At the tea-table of the "Queen of the Blues" there sat one who coolly, sneeringly, without the heat of Johnson, but with infinitely a deeper taint of malevolence, regarded Lord Lyttleton with envy or contempt—it is difficult to say which. This was Horace Walpole, who, in spite of his praise of Lyttleton's history, called his lordship's *Dialogues on the Dead* his "Dead Dialogues;" and deemed them paltry enough, the style a mixture of bombast, poetry, and vulgarism; nothing new, except making people talk so out of character is so." And, in honest truth, the judgment of posterity has rather confirmed this opinion, whilst it has passed a high tribute on Lord Lyttleton's historical work. Another truth must be acknowledged, that the way to make a man unpopular with his compeers is for the women to adore him.

Among the best of Lyttleton's qualities was his patronage of merit, that office which seems peculiarly to belong to the British nobleman. His first act, on being elevated to the peerage, was to offer to the learned Joseph Warton his chaplaincy. "I shall think it an honor to my scarf if you will wear it." Thus he wrote. His seeking the acquaintance of Lardner, the celebrated author of the work on *The Credibility of Gospel History*, proceeded from his admiration of his talents; and, as Lardner was stone deaf, their conversation was carried on in writing. The friendship between Lyttleton and Thomson did honor to both, and the kindness shown to Beattie was equally creditable to Lyttleton.

It was in the brilliant sphere of the 'Queen of the Blues' that Lord Lyttleton first encountered the then pale and thought-poet, whose native elegance of mind gave to a person not graceful, to a "slouching

gait," a certain refinement. A schoolmaster from the obscure hamlet of Laurencekirk in Kincardine, the son of a small retail shop-keeper, Beattie was not only Nature's poet, but Nature's gentleman; no vices, no imprudences, disfigured his beautiful but infelicitous career. In the ivy-covered cottage in which his youth was reared, he had imbibed early lessons of a piety which strengthened with his years; and of a courtesy which at once gladdened his humble home, and accorded well with the refined society of the starry hemisphere of "the Blues." By the banks of the rivulet, or *burn*, fringed with wild roses, which dashed by his humble home, was matured that poetic temperament which was singularly rewarded by admiring contemporaries. In the parish-school of Laurencekirk was his first love for the classics awakened; and here he acquired, among his young companions, the name of "the Poet." But his storehouse lay in that lovely scenery of his fatherland,—there, writes his friend and biographer, Sir William Forbes, "he had a never-failing resource;" and in the seclusion of a deeply wooded glen were his first essays in poetry conceived and written.

It is not easy to imagine the violence of the transition to the polished circles of London; Beattie had, indeed, when he first entered these tabooed precincts, attained something like a position in society. He began life as a village schoolmaster in the obscure village of Fordoun, at the foot of the Grampians; and here he also fulfilled the office of precentor, or parish-clerk. Around him there was no society, excepting that of an honest, and, in Scotland, not illiterate peasantry; and of the parish clergyman, where he found a more congenial converse: but he communed there with nature, and was happy. In after-times his heart revealed those simple scenes and haunts:—

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
With here and there a violet bestrown,  
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave.

By an accident, however, he was drawn from his obscurity. One day, Mr. Garden, afterwards Lord Ganestoun, who happened to be living in that neighborhood, discovered the poet in his favorite glen, writing. Mr. Garden was a man of discernment and kindness; he took the young schoolmaster under his protection, and the subsequent fate of Beattie was determined.

At Fordoun, Beattie enjoyed the society of the singular Lord Monboddo, author of the forgotten work entitled *Ancient Metaphysics*. From that retired village Beattie was eventually transplanted to Aberdeen, and raised from his occupation as a schoolmaster to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy,—a rare transition, but one which the result proved to have been justified by the great merits of the humble poet and schoolmaster.

It was owing to the introduction of a friend, whose acquaintance he formed at Aberdeen, that Beattie first knew Mrs. Montagu. One can hardly picture her to one's mind in the cultivated but frigid atmosphere of an Edinburgh coterie, surrounded by philosophers speaking broad Scotch,—discoursing with Presbyterian ministers; but so it was, for the name of Gregory stood high in the list of her honored friends, and in his delightful society she first learned to estimate the modest worth of Beattie. No personal acquaintance took place, however, until the poet visited the metropolis. He was in his thirty-seventh year in 1771, and, it seems, strange to say, was, even at that mature age, wholly ignorant of those charms and splendors which our capital affords. He was soon initiated into some of its most agreeable resources, passed several days with Johnson, visited Garrick and Armstrong, and formed with Lyttleton a friendship that only ceased with their lives.

Beattie must have been, at this period of his life, a most interesting, not to say captivating, personage. We have talked of his "slouching gait," and we may conceive, with little difficulty, the effect of his Scottish accent and idiom. But let us remember those features as depicted by the pencil of Reynolds,—sharp and expressive, and imparting that undefinable idea of refinement which many handsomer faces want! Let us recall his black and piercing eyes, "with an expression of sensibility bordering on melancholy" when in repose, but brightening into animation when he addressed those whom he loved. He afterwards—I grieve to say it of any poet—grew corpulent; but at this time he carried with him to those levées of talent a spare person, and the rare qualities of a mind which I shall briefly characterize.

His imagination was, perhaps, subservient to his taste. The cultivation of his mind had been carried almost to what human nature can conceive of perfection, his chief acquirements being in moral science.



As a professor, he was revered; as a friend and companion, fondly cherished. In literature he held an eminent place. The deepest piety, a true sensibility and gentleness, and a humility sincere as it was rare, softened and elevated all his mental attributes.

As the poet joined in the chequered society of those gay saloons, all, but especially the sympathetic fair, might remark that he was not happy. A cankering care pursued him. His wife—erst Miss Mary Dun, whom he had married for love—was deranged; indeed, so wayward had been her temper, that the open outbreak of her disorder was almost a relief to her sorrowing husband. He had watched her in every stage of that harrowing malady, and then, finding all remedies hopeless, he endeavored to procure her every alleviation. Their union was not childless, but two sons, perhaps mercifully, died long before their father.

Suffering under this silent sorrow, Beattie first visited London, where all home troubles seem, in the busy haunts of men, so impertinent,—where few, perhaps, knew, fewer cared to know, that he had a wife,—and where any loss that does not affect the maintenance of an establishment is talked of so lightly. At all events, people should put off their sorrows till the end of the season; grief is quite out of place while the opera lasts. So think people now, and so, in all probability, thought they then.

But whilst the minstrel, courted and invited, sits at Mrs. Montagu's dinner-table, or wanders amid the less exclusive evening meetings of "the Blues," there enters a lady, before whom the doors are thrown wide open, and the lofty name resounds from mouth to mouth, and the hostess advances even to the very vestibule to welcome her guest, and the exclamation, "My dear madam, you do me much honor!" falls from the lips even of the Queen of the Blues. The flattered stranger is "the great Duchess of Portland," as she was called,—the female *Mæcenas* of her day. Inheriting from her father, the son of the minister Harley, a noble estate, that of Bulstrode in Buckinghamshire,—from her mother, Lady Henrietta Cavendish, the only daughter and heiress of John Holles, duke of Newcastle, a princely fortune,—married, in early life, to the Duke of Portland, this lady devoted her days to literature and *virtù*. Her house was the resort of the really great: she spared neither time nor money in forming her celebrated collections; whilst to the public she

discharged a sacred duty in securing to them the Harleian Manuscripts bequeathed to her by her father and grandfather, and placing them in the British Museum. Her temper was cheerful, her disposition liberal: let one little anecdote, the best tribute to her memory, be given. When Dr. Beattie visited her at Bulstrode, he was surprised, one day, at being summoned to speak with the duchess in private: he obeyed. The duchess then, with infinite delicacy, regretted the great expense to which he must have been put in visiting England, and requested that he would accept what she called a "trifle,"—a note for a hundred pounds. Beattie declined her proposal, but was gratified, and not, as a weaker man would have been, pained, by the well-meant and munificent offering. And few persons could, perhaps, have performed the delicate part of a benefactress so well as the Duchess of Portland. Her countenance is described as being full of sweetness and intelligence; her person, of dignity. "I found her," says Miss Burney, "very charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spiritual; not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy."

Long lingered many of these famed guests in the saloons of Montagu House, but, by degrees, death thinned their ranks. First, in 1773, we hear of Mrs. Montagu's "state of health being very indifferent; she complains of a feverish attack, which had haunted her the greatest part of the summer." Is, then, the empress of all hearts—the star of the west—the good, the erudite, the still gay, still blessed one, hastening to her last home? No, she is only heart-sick for the death of her friend, Lord Lyttleton. Next—it is true, many years afterwards, in 1785—we find Dr. Beattie recording the virtues of the great duchess. She, too, is gone. The splendors of Bulstrode are centred in her funeral. Her cabinet of curiosities beholds her no more. "I had flattered myself," writes Beattie, "that great ornament of her sex would have lived for many years;" but he was mistaken. He lived to mourn over the death of Mrs. Montagu at a good old age—fourscore. For years before a failure in eyesight had made writing very painful to her, but her vivacity, and a singular charm of manner, are said to have been retained to the last. Her long and one might suppose, happy life, ended with the century. The year 1800 saw her not. She expired in 1799, having lived to see many flourishing and younger trees felled

by death before her. In March, Dr. Beattie sorrowed for her; in April, a stroke of palsy took away his speech for eight days. Death hovered over his couch long, but forbore to strike the final blow until the month of June, 1803; for a year previously he had been altogether deprived of the use of his limbs. This was not all: that sensitive and delicate mind had been broken down by domestic sorrow: and it is believed, not being denied by Sir William Forbes, that the pious, the gentle, the heaven-aspiring minstrel, solaced, or strove to solace, those inward cares with wine. "I never," says his biographer, "saw him so much affected by it as to be unfitted for business or conversation,"—a sad admission.

Mrs. Carter still existed: most of her contemporaries were gone. Mrs. Montagu, during her own decline, had touchingly written to her old friend that "her sight was now almost entirely gone, but that one of its latest uses would be to write to her." But now this communication was silent, that hand was cold. Surrounded, however, by friends who loved her, Elizabeth Carter

closed her cloudless career. Her intellects remained unimpaired, and deafness seemed the sole inconvenience which old age brought to her. There are those who remember still chatting with her in her room in Clarges Street, all around her in much disorder, and even dirt; but the old, decaying trunk still firm, seemingly. She was not, however, immortal, and the year 1805 closed *her* career. And, perhaps, whilst the ink with which we record that event is not dry, it may be remarked that it is not very probable that we shall see in our days such *women* again. They were beings of a high stamp, indeed, coined with no alloy of littleness or envy. They had none of the perversity nor daringness of the *esprits forts*; and whilst their minds were masculine, their manners were gentle. Long, long will it be before the "Blues" can look for another such a queen; and could she, and would she, arise, where could she look for such subjects as those who thronged at the bidding of Mrs. Montagu to Portman Square?

---

From the Edinburgh Review.

### LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDINS.

*Histoire des Girondins.* Par M. A. DE LAMARTINE: Paris, 1847. 8 vols. 8vo.

PUBLIC expectation could not fail to be greatly raised, when it was announced that M. de Lamartine was employed in writing the history of some of the most remarkable men, by whom one of the most remarkable periods and parties of the French Revolution was most distinguished. Little doubt could exist that the labors of such a writer would produce a striking and attractive work. But there were some who expected that M. de Lamartine's history would still more interest, and possibly instruct his countrymen, by offering a view of the Revolution very different in its political bearing from that, in which it has been the tendency of recent writers to represent, and of the French public in general to regard it. Though an adherent of the existing dynasty and institutions, though in fact at present a member of a liberal opposition, yet M. de Lamartine's attachment to the Church of Rome and the romantic character of his

writings, together with the personal associations which belong to religious and literary sympathies, have throughout the vicissitudes of politics enabled him to continue in friendly relations with the party most opposed to the Revolution and its results. The Faubourg St. Germain regarded him as a man whose conclusions and votes were mischievous: but whose writings and speeches were calculated to serve their cause, by fostering a spirit opposed to the democratic tendencies of modern France. They trusted that, even if he did not venture openly to assail the principles of the Revolution, and defend the *ancien régime*, a sentimental and imaginative writer could not tell the tale of those times without exciting sympathy in behalf of those who had fallen victims to their devotion to the altar and the throne, and arousing indignation against the cause that was soiled by the irreligion and atrocities of the Commune



and the Jacobins. They hoped that while the massacres of September, the various horrors of the Reign of Terror, and the enormities of Lyons and Nantes, would be portrayed with fearful distinctness, the poetical historian would depict in the most brilliant colors the chivalrous constancy of the aristocracy, would exert his tragic powers in describing the sufferings and courage of the Royal Family, and immortalize in glowing narrative the heroic deeds done in La Vendée.

The opposite party agreed in expecting very much the same results from the pencil of M. de Lamartine. Never were general anticipations more signally disappointed. The tale of the victims of the Revolution is told with pathetic splendor by M. de Lamartine: every incident of suffering, every act of courage, elicits his generous sympathy. But his heart is with the Revolution throughout all its phases. While he marks and condemns its crimes and excesses with strict justice, his master feelings are a deep conviction of its paramount necessity and rectitude, and a patriotic pride in its triumph over domestic as well as foreign foes. He has no regrets for the ancient institutions of France, but sees in their downfall the triumph of the first principles of justice and reason. His imagination, instead of lingering amid the ruins of monarchy and feudality, contemplates with evident predilection of the visions of the republic. Far from branding the Revolution with a general character of irreligion, on account of the excesses of the mob or of some few crazy fanatics of infidelity, he is rather disposed to regard the whole movement as one of a religious nature, having its origin in a deep, dim, but sincere determination to realize the spirit of Christianity in the arrangements of society and the institutions of government. The opponents of the Revolution he judges with mild forbearance; but he still judges them, in order to condemn them as men who withstood the right. The very sympathy which he expresses and excites in behalf of the Royal Family by the minute description of their sufferings, their affection, and their patience, renders more damaging to the royal cause the stern impartiality with which he criticises their acts, delineates their characters, and denounces their misconduct, as the main cause of the calamities in which both themselves and their country became so fatally involved. The real heroes of his story are the individuals who promoted the

Revolution with the greatest vigor, and followed out its principles with the sternest determination to their most extreme consequences. Even the party whose fortunes he has made the nominal subject of his narrative are too pale a type of republican enthusiasm and energy to satisfy his daring fancy. From first to last, the principal personage of the drama is Robespierre. On him the reader's attention is gradually concentrated more and more, as on the living emblem of the Revolution, of its principle, of its energy, of its moral grandeur, and of the excesses by which that grandeur was chequered; and with his fall the narrative ends as with the cessation of all that could give an interest in its story.

The appearance of a work of a character and tendency so absolutely the reverse of all that had been anticipated from the author, while its literary merits surpassed even the most favorable expectations, could not fail to create an extraordinary sensation in France. No work that has appeared in our day seems to have created such a ferment in Paris. The Royalists, and all who, without being actually supporters of the ancient dynasty and order of things, are more or less opposed to the spirit of the Revolution, shrank at the deadly wound inflicted on their feelings and their cause by what they had deemed a friendly hand. The Christian poet seemed to carry away religion and sentiment from their ranks into those of their opponents. The adherents of the Revolution hailed with joy and gratitude the unexpected accession of a new and potent ally. Discountenanced by Conservative opinion, and denounced by his old friends of the Faubourg, M. de Lamartine has been rewarded by the general acknowledgments with which his countrymen have received his vindication of the national character, and his justification of the spirit which the Revolution has made the spirit of the French people.

Independently, however, of these adventitious causes of a momentary notoriety, the History of the Girondins is a work that possesses solid claims to a more durable and extensive reputation. We cannot receive it as a satisfactory history of the period of which it treats. In fact the author, though he has given it the name of a "history," is content that it should be classed in a humbler category. "As for the title of this book," he says in his preface, "we have only adopted it for want of

any other word to designate a narrative. This book has none of the pretensions of history, and must not assume its dignity. It is an intermediate work between history and memoirs. Events occupy in it a subordinate place to men and ideas. It is full of personal details. These details are the physiognomy of characters: it is through them that the latter impress themselves on the imagination. Great writers have already written the chronicles of this memorable epoch. Others will ere long write them. It will be doing us injustice to compare us with them. They have produced, or will produce, the history of an age: we have produced nothing but a *study* of a group of men, and of some months of the Revolution."

With this scheme of his work before him, M. de Lamartine has not thought it necessary to give a detailed record of all the events of the period. He assumes that his reader has already acquired this knowledge from other sources. Relying on this he has not, as he tells us, scrupled in some instances to heighten the effect by neglecting the exact order of time. It is much to be regretted, however, that such omissions and inversions are accompanied by more serious defects, which impair our confidence in the accuracy of the narrative, and consequently in the justice of the views based upon it. The intermediate position between history and memoirs which the author would assume for his work is one which, unfortunately, possesses the claims of neither, as an authority concerning matters of fact. Its statements are not given, as in memoirs, on the author's personal knowledge; nor are they drawn, as in a trustworthy history, from original accounts of a known and authentic character. Incidents, which give an entirely new aspect to some of the principal persons, and to some even of the most important events of the period, are stated on the authority of no published work, or accessible record (in which case the authenticity or value of the statement could have been tested), but simply on that of private documents, which the reader has no means of examining for himself,—of conversations with unnamed individuals, the trustworthiness as well as the effect of whose evidence we are obliged to take entirely on credit from our author. We have not the slightest distrust of M. de Lamartine's assurance that he has made a most scrupulous investigation into the statements from which his narrative has been prepared. "Al-

though," he says, "we have not encumbered the narrative with notes, with references, and with *pièces justificatives*, there is not one of our statements which is not authorized either by authentic memoirs, or by unpublished memoirs, or by autograph correspondence, which the families of the principal personages have been pleased to confide to us, or by oral and trustworthy information collected from the lips of the last survivors of this great epoch." The consequence of this indisposition to encumber the story with the ordinary proofs of historical accuracy is, that when we get beyond the most familiar incidents, we never know the value of a single statement that is made; for instance, whether it is derived from most intelligent and impartial witnesses, or from the most discredited and heated partisans; whether it is capable of being supported by a reference to some indisputable and acknowledged authority, or rests entirely on the private conversation or letter of some survivor of the Revolution, whose good faith or judgment it is possible that particular circumstances may have led M. de Lamartine to over-estimate. This is a fault peculiarly to be regretted in an author, whose poetical reputation lays him open to the imputation of not being much in the habit of investigating closely, or weighing accurately, the evidences of historical facts: and the very character of whose work suggests the suspicion that he may have been ready to take on insufficient evidence any striking statement that would heighten the effect of his narrative, or bear out the view which he has formed of the character of some remarkable individual. M. de Lamartine promises that, after a while, in case any of his statements should be assailed, he will support them by a mass of proof. We would impress on him that this is a duty, which, even without any call of self-defence, it is incumbent on him to discharge, in order to stamp on the very face of his history those outward and visible signs of conscientious and laborious truthfulness, which can alone invest it with permanent utility and reputation.

But accuracy, unfortunately, is not one of M. de Lamartine's qualifications for writing history. Those who are most conversant with the events of the Revolution accuse him of frequent exaggeration. Imitating a habit of the ancient historians, which is not permitted by the present canons of historical propriety, he does not scruple to embody his own conception of the feel-



ings of the various personages of his narrative in imaginary speeches, which he puts into their mouths. In some instances an ordinary acquaintance with the history of the Revolution exposes inaccuracies which are not to be attributed to any bias or misconception, but to sheer carelessness. But even with these very serious defects, this work remains a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Revolution. Imperfect as a history, it is a striking and instructive historical study. It brings before us that most stirring and important period with a clearness and vividness that all previous descriptions, except some of Carlyle's, have failed to realize: it presents us on the same page with distinct, highly-finished sketches of the principal actors, and with a careful and deliberate judgment on the causes, the nature, and consequences of the events. These are the objects at which the author has evidently aimed; and he has, in our opinion, attained them with greater success than any other writer on the Revolution. Skill and power in the representation of remarkable scenes and incidents was an excellence which M. de Lamartine's descriptive powers gave us reason to anticipate: and, he has combined this excellence with more discrimination and justice in his estimate of characters and events than we were prepared for. Though occasionally too apt to judge one man somewhat too harshly, or to elevate another into a species of imaginary hero—though often bewildered by the vastness of the subject, or misled by his own ardent temperament—M. de Lamartine seems to us on the whole to have brought to the consideration of the Revolution a more candid spirit and more wholesome sympathies, than any preceding writer. It is a great and rare merit in a Frenchman writing on that subject in the present day, to be able on the one hand to appreciate the grandeur and justice of the Revolution without silencing the suggestions of human feeling and the simple dictates of morality: and on the other to give full scope to pity and justice towards individuals without allowing those sentiments to abate the ardor of his sympathy with that succession of efforts by which, at an immense cost of personal suffering and wrong, the safety and happiness of a great people were secured.

The period comprised in these eight volumes is the most eventful period of the Revolution. The author selected an incorrect designation when he called his work a

"History of the Girondins." The characters and fortunes of the particular body of men known by that appellation in no respect form the sole or even principal subject of the work. No especial pains are devoted to the elucidation of their policy and position. Instead of being brought into a more prominent position from that which they have occupied in previous histories, or being invested with any peculiar interest, they are thrown rather more into the back-ground, and, if anything, deprived of their real importance and consideration. The existence of their party does not even mark the chronological limits of the work. The narrative commences before their rise, and is continued long after their disappearance. It might with much more propriety be called a History of Robespierre than of the Girondins; but it would most accurately be described as the "History of the Rise of the French Republic." It comprises the period commencing with the establishment of the Constitution of 1791; continuing through the various occurrences that led to the downfall of that Constitution, the foundation of a Republic in its place, the struggles of factions in the Convention, the gradual consolidation of power in the hands of the Committee of Public Safety; and closing with the fall of Robespierre. After this begins the second period: which may properly be designated as that of the Decline and Fall of the Republic.

The narrative of this period is prefaced by a review of the state of affairs at its commencement, and an account of some events which immediately preceded the adoption of the Constitution of 1791, and determined its fate, even before it came into being. The death of Mirabeau in the April of that year deprived France of the only statesman who possessed the capacity to guide his country through the Revolution, and enjoyed the amount of public confidence, which is an equally necessary condition for success. We cannot concur with M. de Lamartine, that the energies and utility of Mirabeau were exhausted: and that his efforts to give stability to the new institutions of his country must have failed. Whatever may be said of popular fickleness and of the ephemeral nature of revolutionary reputations, the first want of the public is a leader: and, when a man of Mirabeau's genius had actually been accepted by the people as its habitual leader, a moral power had been created which might, perhaps, have arrested or diverted

even the movement of the French Revolution. His death left the Assembly in a state of disorganization, which continued during the remaining months of its existence. Among the various subordinate orators to whom the removal of their chief gave a momentary superiority, the foremost place fell to the amiable and pure-minded Barnave, who, without any of the qualities of a statesman, possessed the merit of a clear and effective style of speaking.

"Still in the shade and in the rear of the leaders of the National Assembly, a man almost unknown began to bestir himself, moved by unquiet thoughts that seemed to forbid him silence and repose: on every occasion he tried to speak, and attacked every speaker indifferently, even Mirabeau. Hurling from the tribune, he mounted it again the next day: humbled by sarcasms, stifled by murmurs, disavowed by all parties, lost to sight amid the great athletes who fixed the public attention, he was ever beaten, never wearied. You might have said that some secret and prophetic genius revealed to him beforehand the vanity of all these talents, the omnipotence of will and patience, and that a voice heard by him alone whispered to him in his soul, 'These men who despise thee are thine; all the windings of this Revolution, which does not choose to look at thee, will end in thee; for thou art placed in its path as the inevitable extreme in which every impulse ends.' That man was Robespierre."

Nothing in Robespierre's exterior gave any indication of the superiority which he was destined to command; there was nothing even to attract the attention of the observer. His appearance is described as that of a short, slight, ill-made man, with awkward and affected gestures,—a harsh, mouthy, monotonous tone of voice,—a small, rather handsome forehead, swelling out above the temples, as if pressed out by force of eager thought,—deep-set blue eyes, of a somewhat gentle but unsteady expression, half hidden under his eyelids,—a small nose and open nostrils,—a large mouth, with thin contracted lips,—and an unhealthy yellow complexion. The expression of his face was mild, with something of a serious calmness, and a sarcastic smile. But the predominant characteristic of his countenance was the constant eager tension of his features, as if all the energies of his whole soul and frame were always vehemently bent on some one object. And this was the fact. For, passionately devoted to the system of Rousseau, Robespierre had ever before him, from the outset

to the end of his career, one constant purpose,—the resolution of realizing the ideas of social and political change, which that daring speculator had shadowed forth. To this the ultimate limit of the Revolution, and of the then thoughts of men, he steadily looked, and steadily advanced without ever swerving, pausing, or faltering. His character was not of the kind that enabled him actively to propel the movement in any of its various stages: still, no step was taken in advance, but he was seen moving yet further onwards, and urging the public mind to some more distant point. At the period of which we now speak, he was only beginning to be of importance. He and Petion, another disciple of the "Contrat Social," an unsuccessful lawyer, but vigorous, sincere, and of a handsome exterior, and fitted to play the part of a popular leader, were at the head of a small group of extreme politicians: though without influence in the Assembly, they were already in possession of considerable strength from their credit with the Jacobins and the mob.

The flight of the Royal Family to Varennes followed the death of Mirabeau, and was probably occasioned, or at any rate accelerated by it. The various details of this interesting story are narrated with exciting circumstantiality: and the attention of the reader is not unwisely riveted on an incident second in importance to none of the strange events by which it is surrounded. The flight to Varennes exercised the most direct and serious influence on the subsequent course of the Revolution. The attempt, its failure, and the mistaken course adopted with respect to it by the Assembly, were fatal alike to constitutional monarchy, and to the peaceful establishment of republican institutions. As regarded the King personally, the whole transaction was justly destructive of all further trust in him. How far the precariousness of the position, in which his family were placed, excuses the step on private grounds, it is unnecessary to inquire. These were not points which the people of France could appreciate. They saw the King, in the midst of professions of attachment to the new order of things, suddenly quit his capital, and endeavor to place himself at the head of that portion of his army which was least well-affected to the Revolution, and in the position in which he could most easily avail himself of the support of the foreign powers and emigrants. In all this they naturally saw proofs of his irreconcilable



able repugnance to the changes which were taking place, and a readiness to resist them, even at the cost of civil war and foreign intervention. Thenceforth the avenues to public confidence were closed on him: and he became by inevitable consequence incapable of retaining to any useful end the position of a constitutional monarch.

Happy had it been for both King and people, had the former accomplished his purpose, and succeeded in reaching the camp of Bouillé. The spirit of the French army at that period negatives the supposition that the King could have detached any considerable portion of it from the national cause, or maintained his ground in any part of France. He would have been compelled to quit his dominions; and when once a fugitive, the forfeiture of his crown would have been admitted by all the world to be a matter of obvious necessity; the Duke of Brunswick's army, instead of deriving strength from his presence, would have had in his weakness merely an additional element of confusion in councils, not very vigorous at their best; while the new executive government of France would have been relieved from all trammels and all suspicions. The jealousies and conflicts of the following year would, in this case, have had no existence. The populace would never have been unloosed and organized for successful revolt. At any rate, its barbarous vengeance would not have been infuriated by the blood of royal victims, and France would have been spared all the disgrace and all the disorder that flowed from the fountain of that useless crime.

Unfortunately, the adverse fates—the unlucky blunders of the Duc de Choiseul, and the perverse acuteness and energy of Drouet, frustrated these desirable results. All might have been well if the royal carriage had completed two more stages in security. Indeed the Constituent Assembly, had it then been equal to the crisis, would have deliberately secured the results which had been missed by chance. Instead of bringing back the King to Paris, and disguising the real character of his flight, by pretending to consider it as an *abduction*, they should have preferred the fiction, which was consecrated by the example of the English Revolution on the absconding of James the Second—they should have treated the flight as an *abdication*—compelled the royal family to leave the country

—and proceeded to provide for the vacancy of the throne. They might, as M. de Lamartine thinks they should have done, have established the Republic at once:

“The Republic, had it then been legally established by the Assembly acting in the exercise of its rights, and in full possession of power, would have been quite other than the Republic which nine months afterwards was the perfidious and atrocious conquest of the insurrection of the 10th of August. It would have been exposed, no doubt, to the agitation inseparable from the birth of a new order of things. It would not have escaped the disasters natural to a country in its first movements, when frenzied by the very magnitude of its dangers. But it would have been the child of law, instead of sedition: of right, instead of violence; of deliberation instead of insurrection. This alone would have changed the untoward conditions of its existence and its future. It must have been stirring; but it might have remained pure.

“See what an entire change would have been made by the one fact of its having been legally and deliberately proclaimed. There would have been no 10th of August: the fraud and tyranny of the commune of Paris, the massacre of the guards, the attack on the palace, the king's flight to the Assembly, the outrages with which he was there loaded, and lastly, his imprisonment in the Temple, would all have been avoided. The Republic would not have killed a king, a queen, an innocent child, and a virtuous princess. It would have had no massacres of September, that St. Bartholomew of the people, which forever stains the robe of liberty. It would not have been baptized with the blood of 300,000 victims. It would not have placed the people's axe in the hands of a revolutionary tribunal, to be used by it to immolate an entire generation in order to make room for an idea. The Girondins, coming pure into power, would have had much more strength to combat the demagogues. The Republic, calmly established, would have awed Europe in a very different manner from a riot, authorized by murder and assassination. War might have been avoided; or, if inevitable, would have been more unanimous and triumphant. Our generals would not have been massacred by their soldiers amid cries of treachery. The popular spirit would everywhere have fought on our side, and the horror excited by our days of August, September, and January, would not have repelled from our standards the nations attracted to them by our doctrines: and thus would a single change in the origin of the Republic have changed the fate of the Revolution.”—(Vol. I., p. 320.)

Undoubtedly, if the experiment of a republic were a matter of necessity, it would have been far better that it should have been tried under the circumstances desired by M. de Lamartine. But it seems to us that the Assembly, by boldly declaring the throne vacant on the occasion of the King's flight to Varennes, might have given

the Constitution of 1791 a fair chance of stability. If the young dauphin had been placed on the throne, the popular leaders might have wielded the executive power under the name of a regency, and have gradually fashioned the monarchy to work harmoniously under the new constitution. Or, the crown might have been transferred to the younger branch of the royal family; and in this case the undoubted popular sympathies of the Duke of Orleans would probably have rendered his exercise of the constitutional powers of the monarchy endurable to the people, because compatible with the maintenance of the changes effected by the Revolution.

Which of these courses would have commanded the public assent can now only be matter of speculation. We agree with M. de Lamartine, that the course taken by the Assembly was the very worst of all that lay before it. To confer the royal prerogative on a king who had just declared, by his words and acts, his entire alienation from his people, and his disaffection to free institutions, was simply to render monarchy and the new constitution impossible. The step, though dictated by some surviving respect and regard for Louis, was, in truth, the most cruel act that could have been done towards him. "It crowned him," says our author, "with suspicion and insult—it nailed him to the throne, and made that throne the instrument of his torture, and finally of his death." On the other hand, at this period the King might yet have saved himself. "On his return from Varennes, he should have abdicated. The Revolution would have adopted his son, and brought him up in its own likeness. He did not abdicate—he submitted to receive a pardon from his people—he swore to execute a constitution from which he had run away—he was a pardoned king. Europe looked on him thenceforth only as a fugitive from the throne brought back to his punishment,—the nation as a traitor,—and the Revolution as a puppet."

Brought back a prisoner, amid the execrations of his people, the King, after some weeks of confinement in his palace, and an entire abeyance of his prerogatives, was restored to liberty, in order to enable him to give a free assent to the Constitution. He gave that assent, figured in the ceremony of the inauguration, swore to the Constitution, and was immediately placed in the unrestricted exercise of all the powers it vested in him. Under these circum-

stances, the Constituent Assembly separated; and the Legislative Assembly, composed of an entirely fresh set of men, utterly inexperienced in public affairs, entered, in conjunction with this incapable, discredited, and alienated king, on the management of affairs, and the government of France.

Among the new characters who now appeared on the political stage, there was one particular body of men, which had been preceded by a great, though vague reputation, for ability. These were the deputies of the Department of the Gironde, chiefly young lawyers from the city of Bordeaux, which its commercial wealth, the legal body attached to its parliament, and the influence of its successive eminent writers, had combined to render the centre of considerable refinement, intelligence, and activity. On arriving at Paris, they naturally formed the acquaintance of other deputies of similar opinions, and were eagerly sought out by the public men who aspired to consideration. Buzot, Petion, Brissot, and other ardent advocates of republican doctrines, already constituted a circle, which three or four times in every week collected round Roland and his distinguished wife. To this society the deputies of the Gironde attached themselves; and similarity of opinions and social communication speedily formed out of these materials the nucleus of a political party, to which the eminence of these deputies gave the name of Girondins. Of this party Brissot was the statesman who directed its general policy; while Petion, who had now attained the influential office of Mayor of Paris, was its man of action and practical experience.

M. de Lamartine has evidently no great opinion of Brissot, whom he describes as a needy literary adventurer, who had not passed quite unsoiled through the necessities and intrigues of his early life. But, the vague imputations, which are thus cast on the integrity of Brissot, are repelled by the respect which was felt for him by the purest of his party, and which Madame Roland expresses in her memoirs as the result of an intimate knowledge of him; and by the steadiness and honesty of his conduct throughout the period during which it was most exposed to the public eye. He was well-informed, industrious and bold. Nevertheless, though a respectable member, he was a very weak head of a party. His views were confused, his system ill-considered and incomplete, his conduct



singularly unskilful, and the influence which he undoubtedly possessed in his party was one of the first and surest presages and causes of its ill-success.

Another striking member of the new party was Fauchet, the constitutional Bishop of Calvados. M. de Lamartine is eloquent in his description of the true and generous character and commanding aspect of the Republican, who, in his zeal for his political creed, never swerved from his Christian faith. Isnard, one of the deputies of Provence, was one of the most brilliant of the orators of the new assembly, and certainly one of the least wise. "He had ever in his mind the ideal of a Gracchus: he had the courage of one in his heart, and the tone in his voice. Still very young, his eloquence boiled like his blood: his speech was the fire of passion, colored by the imagination of the South: his words burst out like quick throbbings of impatience. He was the ardor of the Revolution personified. The Assembly followed him out of breath, and reached his excitement before it arrived at his conclusions. His speeches were magnificent odes, which elevated discussion into poetry, and enthusiasm into convulsion; his gestures belonged rather to the tripod than the tribune: he was the Danton, as Vergniaud was the Mirabeau, of the Gironde." (Vol. I., p. 271.)

The famous triumvirate of the Gironde, as they were called, were three young advocates who had been elected deputies of Bordeaux. The least conspicuous and effective, as an orator, was Gensonné, to whose calm, just frame of mind, and patient industry, his party were in the habit of confiding the task of drawing up reports and similar documents. "An unbending logic, a bitter and cutting irony, were the two characteristics of Gensonné's talents." A far more effective speaker was Guadet, who, at a very early age, had acquired a high position in his profession. His vehement eloquence carried away the Assembly; of all his party he was the most dreaded by the Court and the Mountain. But the renown of these competitors was at once eclipsed by the indisputable superiority of Vergniaud, whom the unanimous opinion of his contemporaries recognised as the most brilliant of all the orators of the Revolution. In this respect the admiration of those who belonged to his party is supported by the opinion of Madame de Stael, a most competent judge, whose political opinions were adverse to the Girondins, and is

justified by the reports of his speeches that have reached us.

"Obscure, unknown, modest, without any presentiment of his own greatness, he lodged with three of his colleagues from the South in a little lodging of the Rue des Jeuneurs, and afterwards in a retired house in a suburb surrounded by the gardens of Tivoli. His letters to his family are filled with the humblest details of domestic management. He can scarcely contrive to live. He watches his least expenses with a strict economy. A few louis, which he has asked of his sister, appear a sum sufficient to support him a long time. He writes to have a little linen sent him in the cheapest manner. He never thinks of fortune, not even of glory. He goes to the post to which duty calls him. In his patriotic simplicity, he is terrified by the mission which Bordeaux imposes on him. An antique probity breaks forth in the confidential *épanchements* of this correspondence with his friends. His family have some claims to press on the ministers: he refuses to ask anything for them, for fear that asking justice should appear in his mouth to be extorting a favor. 'I have tied myself down in this respect to the utmost nicety; I have made myself a law,' he says to his brother-in-law, M. Alluaud of Limoges, who had been a second father to him.

"All these private communications between Vergniaud, his sister, and his brother-in-law, breathe simplicity, tenderness of heart, and home. The roots of the public man spring out of a soil of pure morality. No trace of factious feeling, of republican fanaticism, of hatred to the King, discover themselves in the innermost feelings of Vergniaud. He speaks of the Queen with tenderness, of Louis XVI. with pity. 'The equivocal conduct of the King,' he writes in June, 1792, 'increases our danger and his own. They assure me that he comes to-day to the Assembly. If he does not pronounce himself in a decisive manner he is bringing himself to some sad catastrophe. Many an effort will have to be made to plunge in oblivion so many false steps, which are looked on as so many treasons.' And a little further, descending from his pity for the King to his own domestic situation, 'I have no money,' he writes, 'my old creditors in Paris dun me; I pay them a little every month: rents are high; it is impossible for me to pay for everything.' This young man, who with a gesture crushed a throne, scarce knew where to lay his head in the empire which he was shaking."

He had been brought up at a Jesuit college, at the expense of Turgot, who was then Intendant of the Limousin; had been intended for the church, from which he shrank at the last moment, and went to Bordeaux to study the law, at the expense of his brother-in-law and the president Dupaty, who became his zealous patron. His early efforts were crowned with success.

"Scarcely has he made a little by his profession,

when he strips himself of it, and sells the little inheritance which he had got from his mother, to pay the debts of his late father. By the sacrifice of all he possesses he redeems his father's memory: he arrives in Paris almost in indigence. Boyer-Fonfrède and Ducos of Bordeaux, his two friends receive him as a guest at their table, and under their roof. Vergniaud, careless of success, like all men who feel their own power, worked little, and trusted to the moment and to nature. His genius, unfortunately too fond of indolence, loved to slumber and give itself up to the carelessness of his age and disposition. It was necessary to shake him in order to waken him out of his youthful love of ease, and push him to the tribune or into council. With him as with the Orientals, there was no transition between idleness and heroism. Action hurried him away, but soon wearied him. He fell back into a reverie of genius.

"Brissot, Guadet, Gensonné, dragged him to Madame Roland's. She did not find him manly or ambitious enough for her taste. His Southern habits, his literary tastes, his attraction towards a less imperious beauty, continually brought him back into the society of an actress of the Theatre-Français, Madame Simon Candeille. He had written for her, under another name, some scenes of the drama then in vogue, of 'La Belle Fermière.' This young woman, at once a poetess, writer, actress, displayed in this drama all the fascinations of her feelings, her talent, and her beauty. Vergniaud intoxicated himself with this life of art, of music, of declamation, and of pleasure: he was eager to enjoy his youth, as if he had a foreboding that it would be soon cut short. His habits were meditative and idle. He rose in the middle of the day: wrote little, and on loose sheets with his paper on his knee, like a man in a hurry who makes the most of his time: he composed his speeches slowly in his reveries, and kept them in his memory by the help of notes: he polished his eloquence at leisure, as the soldier polishes his weapon when at rest. He wished his blows to be not only mortal, but brilliant: he was as curious about their merits in point of art, as of their political efficiency. The stone launched, he left the recoil to fate, and gave himself up anew to indolence. He was not the man for every hour: he was a man for great days."

Vergniaud was of middle size, and of a strong and vigorous make; his lips were somewhat thick, his eyes black and flashing, his forehead broad and open; and his long brown hair waved, like that of Mirabeau, with the motions of his head. His complexion was pale, and his face marked with the small-pox. "In a state of repose no one would have noticed this man in the crowd. He would have passed with the common herd, without offending or arresting the gaze. But when his soul beamed forth in his features like light on a bust, his countenance as a whole gained by its expression that ideal splendor and beauty

which none of his features had in detail. His eloquence lit him up. The throbbing muscles of his eyebrows, temples, and lips shaped themselves according to the thought, that was in him, and made his countenance the thought itself: it was the transfiguration of genius. The time of Vergniaud was when he spoke: the pedestal of his beauty was the tribune. When he had come down it vanished: the orator was no more than a mere man." (Vol. III., pp. 21—25.)

The picture of the party would be incomplete without that of the beautiful, high-minded, and accomplished woman, who was the social centre of the party, who inspired its most generous resolutions, who was its noblest martyr, whose pen has made it known and honored, and whose life and writings are the truest type of the state of mind in which the party had its origin. We shall not extract any portion of M. de Lamartine's narrative of a life, which the Memoirs of Mde. Roland have made familiar to every reader. We think that in some respects M. de Lamartine does her less than justice. He appears to have some disposition to attribute her republican vehemence to recollections of the mortifications which she had experienced, when insulted by aristocratic condescension, or contemplating from the attic, in which she visited her friend, the splendor of the Court of Versailles. The tone of Madame Roland's writings does not justify this harsh suspicion. She had the opinions and passions of her times: and with the ardor of her character and her sex exaggerated her republican hopes, and her resentment against the imaginary crimes of kings.

Such were the leading persons in the party of the Girondins,—a party destined to play a brief and brilliant part in the drama of the Revolution, to exhibit much of its greatness, to be involved in many of its most grievous errors, and in some of its crimes, to perish by an unjust death, and to suffer after death from the injustice of posterity. The modern historians of the Revolution, under the influence of a kind of superstitious veneration for its energy and vastness, have had a tendency more or less openly to extol those of the actors in it, who seem to have most entered into its spirit and propelled its progress, and who followed its course to its ultimate development with the most unfaltering constancy. The purity of the motives which actuated the Girondins in their struggle against anarchy, their generous sacrifice of power



and life to the cause of their country and humanity, are acknowledged and praised, but at the expense of their intellect and vigor: their unsuccessful efforts are treated as indicating feebleness of will and shallowness of thought; and we are taught to look on them with no less contempt than pity, as a host of declaimers, who were found wholly wanting in capacity to deal with the realities of political life. The general impression produced by M. de Lamartine's history is not at all calculated to raise the Girondins from this unjust depression. For unjust we must consider it. That they failed in the great endeavor to guide the Revolution, that they failed through great and culpable mistakes, their story clearly proves. They have no pretension to belong to that higher class of statesmen, who can comprehend the mind of a people when in a state of revolutionary ferment, can foresee the tendency of ideas and the course of events, and can by their wisdom and energy direct the great movement of mankind to the desired end. The crisis with which they had to deal was too vast for them. But we must not from that conclude, that they were puny men. Rare among the sons of men is the capacity that would have succeeded where they failed! They possessed in a high degree the qualities which give eminence and influence in free governments—an eloquence never surpassed, a soundness and largeness of views which experience would have gradually ripened into statesman-like ability, and the courage, probity, and generosity, that, by commanding respect, and inspiring confidence, raise men to be the leaders of their fellow-citizens. Though not gifted with such energy and genius as could bear them safely through the terrible crisis in which they were placed, we may confidently say, that few men in modern times have exhibited a fairer promise of the qualities which, in the ordinary course of settled government, best fit their possessors for the safe and useful conduct of affairs.

The misfortune of the Girondins was, that, when they arrived in Paris, and suddenly found themselves the leading men in the legislature, which was to conduct twenty-five millions of men through a Revolution, the science of politics was practically unknown to them. What books could teach they had learned; but the institutions of their country had excluded them from all acquaintance with public business; and it unfortunately happened, that hardly

one of them had, by his previous occupations, acquired any knowledge of the art of managing men. They shared that general indignation against the abuses of the old system of things which pervaded the whole heart of France; their minds, like those of most of their generation, were fraught with an enthusiastic reverence for the great men and institutions of the ancient republics; and they hoped so to direct the course of government and legislation, as, either under the newly established Constitution, or under openly republican forms, to secure to their countrymen the imagined blessings of democracy. They found no leaders to whom they could attach themselves. The prominent men of the late Assembly had almost disappeared from public life; nor were either Barnave or Lafayette, who were recognised as the founders and principal supporters of the new Constitution, competent to mould and inspire a party. The Girondins were left to their own guidance. New to public life, they had to bring new institutions into safe and steady operation, in a society torn to pieces by the violence of the changes already effected, and by the passions which the convulsion had excited.

M. de Lamartine thinks that the original error of the Girondins was in not at once proclaiming the Republic on the meeting of the Legislative Assembly. It is only as the next best course to that, that he thinks they should have made a more determined and sincere effort to uphold the Constitution of 1791. The course suggested by M. de Lamartine would have been infinitely preferable to that actually taken by the Girondins. But we think that their first duty was, to make every effort to maintain the Constitution, which they found established; and that their great error was, in ever resorting to insurrectionary force to effect the subversion of the institutions to which the nation had given its assent.

For we cannot think that the Constitution of 1791 was so utterly impracticable, but that prudence and vigor might have upheld it for some little time until the public mind should cool, and the amendments which experience might prove necessary could be calmly and safely applied. A single Chamber passing laws by a single vote, under the influence of any momentary influence, was not calculated to continue for any length of time the legislative institution of a great and civilized nation. While it lasted, it must have been turbu-

lent and democratic: but, the instant collision into which it was brought with the royal authority, recognised by the Constitution, might, it would seem, have been avoided, had the right use of the prerogatives vested in the Crown been understood and enforced. M. de Lamartine thinks rightly that the direct cause of difficulty in the Constitution of 1791, lay not in the want of power in the Crown, but in the King's possessing an amount of authority incompatible with the other provisions of the Constitution. The legal independence of the other branches of the legislature, which is secured to the Executive by the letter of the British Constitution, would, if asserted in fact, be fatal to the stability of any mixed form of government. Since the establishment of parliamentary government in England, its compatibility with an hereditary monarchy has been maintained by the recognition of the principle, that the ministers of the Executive must always be taken from the party possessing the actual parliamentary majority. The power of the Crown is really upheld, not by its legal authority of counteracting, but by all the influences which enable it to modify, the will of parliament. Of that will, resulting from the conflict of all the various influences that determine its character, the executive government is and must be the passive instrument. The democratic elements of the Constitution of 1791 would have allowed the Crown to exercise but little influence in the legislature; and the executive authority would necessarily have been the instrument of a very democratic government. But it would have been better that such should be the case than that anarchy should be inevitably produced by the conflict between the two independent wills of the Executive and the Legislature.

The powers which the Constitution of 1791 vested in the King were quite sufficient to prove formidable obstacles to the power of the legislature. He possessed a suspensive *veto* on all its acts, which in the emergencies of a revolution and a war, was quite as effectual as a more complete authority. He was entrusted with the uncontrolled nomination of all the ministers, and of every officer of the civil and military service of the kingdom. He enjoyed a civil list of a million sterling, of which the disposal rested wholly in his pleasure. It was impossible that a free people and a sovereign legislature could long leave such powers in hostile, or even suspected hands.

The only chance for the maintenance of the royal authority lay in placing it entirely at the disposal of the nation. The King should at once have waived the independent exercise of prerogatives, which he could not exert in opposition to the national will, without the downfall of the whole system. He should have taken the ministers pointed out by the dominant party in the Assembly; abstained, in conformity with the invariable practice of the English Constitution, from exercising the *veto* placed in his hands; and laid the accounts of his civil list before the Assembly. The just judgment of mankind would have relieved him of all moral responsibility, for the formal acts done in pursuance of a deliberate renunciation of powers, which could not be freely exercised without compromising the public tranquillity. The whole present, as well as future, responsibility of government and legislation, would have been thrown on the Assembly; and the executive authority, avowedly the prize of the conflict, and the instrument of the successful party, would have been removed beyond the possibility of collision with the people. Free from reproach for all the ills that might result from the mistakes or violence of factions, the King might have preserved the existence of the monarchy; and when all parties had ultimately weakened and discredited each other, or any one of them had succeeded in establishing itself in power, might, in either event, have availed himself of the exhaustion of the nation, or of the restoration of order, to re-assert the rights and consolidate the power of the Crown.

Unfortunately, the disposition of the Court induced the deposed monarch rather to avail himself of any fragment left him out of the wreck of his former authority, than, by wise concessions, to prepare for a future recovery of the whole. The picture which M. de Lamartine gives of the character, and his narrative of the conduct of this unhappy prince, leave such an impression of his extraordinary weakness, that, fearful as were the necessary perils of the Revolution, we cannot but feel that their fatal result was mainly to be ascribed to the incapacity of Louis. Meaning well, without a thought of vengeance or triumph, and sincerely desirous of the public good, his mere weakness produced the appearance, and even the actual effect, of the worst designs, and the deepest perfidy. With no notion of the state of affairs—no conception



of the course which he ought to adopt—he depended entirely on the suggestions of others. He took every body's advice: the worst parasites, the most open opponents, were in turn resorted to by him. Unable to discriminate between good and bad counsels, he followed one man's advice to-day, and held language in conformity with it; and the next day took the directly opposite course, and used language which gave a character of falsehood to the words which he had uttered the day before. No one could trust, no one could fix, and, consequently, no one could effectually guide or serve him. Among all those who principally directed him, there was not, as M. de Lamartine says, one man who could understand, much less one who was capable of resisting, the Revolution. He was chiefly under the influence of the Queen; and he could hardly have been under worse. M. de Lamartine's pity for the sufferings of Marie Antoinette—his admiration of her beauty and courage, do not blind him to her faults. She had the tact that could conciliate individuals, and the intrepidity which bore her nobly through personal emergencies; but she had none of the political knowledge or genius—none of the patient courage, which would have enabled her to give a wise direction to the feeble mind of her husband. Personal resentments and predilections for ever outweighed the dictates of policy; and the vehemence and quickness of her impulses rendered her energy as fickle as the King's weakness.

“Measures of vigor, corruption of the Assembly, sincere adoption of the Constitution, attempts at resistance, an attitude of royal dignity, repentance, weakness, terror, and flight, all were conceived, tried, prepared, determined upon, abandoned the same day. Women, so sublime in their self-devotion, are rarely capable of the steadiness of purpose and the coolness necessary to a plan of policy. Their policy is in their heart; their feelings act too closely on their reason. Of all the royal virtues, they have none but courage: they rise often to heroes, never to statesmen. The Queen was an additional example of this. She did the King much mischief: gifted with more ability, more soul, more character, her superiority served only to inspire him with confidence in fatal counsels. She was at once the charm of his misfortunes, and the genius of his ruin. She led him step by step to the scaffold, but she mounted it with him.”

Every act of the Court during the year that passed between the acceptance of the Constitution and the 10th of August, 1792,

aided and precipitated the catastrophe. It is not too much to say, that they formed one long treason against the Constitution to which the King had sworn. Throughout, the King had two ministries, the one avowed and responsible to the nation; the other consisting of such men as Calonne and the Baron de Breteuil, who were organizing, under the King's auspices, the invasion of France by the emigrants and foreign powers, and thus fomenting the two main causes of the destruction of the monarchy. The emigration was the master evil; it stripped France of the very class, whose presence in their own country would have been the most effectual support to the throne. A small portion even of the 20,000 emigrants, whom our author states to have been at one time in arms on the frontier, might have baffled any of the decisive movements of the Revolution. The course pursued by the emigrants, coupled with the hostile preparations of the foreign powers, excited to the utmost pitch the alarm and anger of the French people. The Court, though their safety depended on the removal of all causes of excitement, could not abstain from encouraging the invaders. They did it unsteadily, it is true. A favorable vote, or any mark of confidence on the part of the Assembly, or any demonstration of popular favor, would at any time raise the King's hopes, and make him write off to his agents at Coblenz to discontinue their hostile preparations. The next day came some encroachment by the Assembly, or some insult from the mob around his palace, and he had no hope but in the success of the invasion. His acts too constantly justified the suspicions of the people. The ministers of his choice were enemies of the Revolution; and those whom the popular feeling for awhile forced on him, were speedily dismissed from his councils. The strong measures to which the Assembly had recourse for what we cannot but regard as justifiable purposes of self-defence, were obstructed by his unwise exercise of his *veto*. His large revenue was undoubtedly applied to purposes inconsistent with good faith and the public interest; and the mystery in which the expenditure of the civil list was kept, of course led to suspicions which went far beyond the truth.

It would, no doubt, have been a task of great difficulty for the leaders of a popular party to uphold the Constitution in despite of the public excitement, and of the impulse given to it by the suicidal conduct of the

Court. But the Girondins cannot be relieved from the charge of having aggravated the intrinsic difficulties of the state of affairs by their own errors. They commenced the session of the Assembly by petty encroachments on the royal dignity, which lowered the authority, and irritated the feelings of the King. They then committed the far graver fault of encouraging the warlike feeling of the country, and of forcing on the war with Austria, which prudence might have averted, or, at any rate, postponed. To avoid or postpone it was the obvious interest, not merely of their party, but of their principles. They looked, however, only to their immediate object—the coercion of the court; and by bringing on a war for that purpose, they swelled and prolonged an excitement, which was sure to frustrate all their ulterior schemes of tranquil government. The bright period of Robespierre's history is that of his determined opposition to this war. His popularity, and his exertions in the Jacobin Club, for a month counterbalanced the public feeling, the efforts of the Girondins, and the violence of the popular agitators. It was in the long and angry discussion of this subject, that he was for the first time brought into violent collision with the Girondins, especially with Brissot; and it is a remarkable proof of his extraordinary ability, that while asserting the unpopular cause, he greatly augmented his own popularity, and weakened that of his rivals, who were lending themselves to the passions of the people.

But the capital error of the Girondins was their rupture with Dumouriez. The only chance of maintaining the Constitution lay in strengthening a popular minister, and enabling him to keep the executive in harmony with the Assembly. Narbonne was the first of the ministers of Louis who thought of establishing his ministry on the confidence of the Assembly. His ill-success resulted not so much from his own acts, as from his inability to disarm the suspicions excited against him by his aristocratic birth, and from the unpopularity of the party to which he was supposed to owe his elevation. Unsupported by the Assembly, he was dismissed by the King, who, in his turn, distrusted him on account of his popular professions. Dumouriez sought to attain the same object as Narbonne, under more favorable circumstances, and with far greater qualifications. Elevated to office by the influence of the Girondins, he had

the sagacity to take the only course that would have enabled them to consolidate their power; and their misfortune was, that in the man whom they had taken as an instrument, they did not discern, or would not recognise the qualities that they wanted in a leader.

Dumouriez had described the true policy to be pursued by the King, in a phrase which he used a short time before his accession to office. "If I were king of France, I would baffle all these parties by putting myself at the head of the Revolution." And on this principle he acted for a time most successfully, winning the confidence of the King and Queen in spite of their strong prepossessions against him; humoring the Jacobins by going at once to their sittings, and, with the cap of liberty on his head, explaining to them the principles on which he intended to govern; taking, in all his measures, a strong popular and national line; executing his plans with energy and skill; and using his influence with the King and Queen to obtain the withdrawal of the *veto* from decrees which had passed the Assembly. No policy could have been better adapted to promote the interests of the Girondins, as well as those of the country. Personal differences seem to have occasioned the breach between them and Dumouriez. Madame Roland detected his ambition, and inspired suspicions of him, which Dumouriez unfortunately confirmed by manners and morality savoring so much of the old *régime* as to shock the republican puritanism of the Girondins. His commanding tone and superior abilities gave umbrage to his colleagues; while he, on the other hand, grew impatient of their narrow views and want of practical skill. In the vehement dissensions which at this time broke out between the Girondins and the yet more extreme section of the Revolutionists, he thought he saw the means of obtaining support for his policy in the event of a rupture with his old supporters. He accordingly entered into close communication with Danton, in whom he found a sagacity and vigor congenial to his own. Emboldened by the prospect of assistance from the Jacobins, he encouraged the King to dismiss the three Girondin ministers, Roland, Clavières, and Servan; and was prepared, by giving effect to a thoroughly popular policy, to defy the anger of the majority who supported the dismissed ministers. In this attempt he was baffled by the King's refusal to sanction the



decree against the refractory priests, and resigned. With his retirement from office vanished the last hope of a popular ministry. The King was driven to take his ministers from the known opponents of the Revolution; and the Girondins, inflamed by personal mortification, and giving way to a boundless distrust of the Court, directed their attacks against the existence of the monarchy.

The dismissal of the Girondin ministers was followed in a few days, by the outrages of the 20th of June, 1792, the guilt of which principally rests with Petion. The momentary reaction which these outrages provoked, was neutralized by Lafayette's imprudent manifestation, and by the advance of the Allies on Paris. The Girondins and Jacobins suspended their disputes for a time, in order to unite against the refractory general and the invading enemy. The leaders of the Assembly threw off all disguise of attachment to the Constitution; and Vergniaud, in his memorable speech on the "Dangers of the Country," openly broached the deposition of the King. The levy of troops to serve against the invading armies was made the pretext for filling Paris with a revolutionary force. Barbaroux brought up the Marseillais. On the other hand, the Court prepared their means of defence. The excitement grew, as the two parties found themselves face to face. The popular fury broke forth into multiplied and ferocious outrages on the real or supposed adherents of the Court. Suddenly the insane proclamation signed by the Duke of Brunswick, as general of the invading army, made its appearance in Paris. Not a moment was to be lost in taking the powers of government out of the hands of a Court who were, in reality, counting every stage of the Prussian march as a day nearer to their deliverance. The insurrection of the 10th of August took place. The Court had considerable means of resistance at their disposal; but by a succession of mistakes and mischances, they allowed the well-directed resources of the mob to obtain an easy triumph. The King left his palace, and the monarchy was abolished.

Of all these remarkable incidents M. de Lamartine has given graphic and stirring descriptions. The wild elements of the insurrectionary force of Paris are brought before our eyes. We have the various picturesque biographies of Santerre, Saint-Huruge, Theroigne de Mericourt, and the

other strange leaders of that terrible host. It was in a lone house at Charenton that all these movements were planned. There the details of the 10th of August were concerted on the night of the arrival of the Marseillais, amid the terrors of a memorable thunder-storm. The electric fluid was every where attracted by the crosses which occupied the highest pinnacles, or stood isolated on the road sides; and the next morning the ground in the neighborhood of Paris was found ominously strewn with the prostrated emblems of religion.

Of the 10th of August itself, we have a very minute narrative. The first sketch is taken from an account given by Lucile, the young wife of Camille Desmoulins, who describes the evening and night of the 9th, and morning of the 10th, which she passed at Danton's house, in company with his wife. Here we have the insurrection as it came home to the families of those who had conspired the movement: the reckless excitement produced by the anticipation; the fears that gradually thickened as the reality began to exhibit itself, and armed bands began to pass; as, one by one, friend and husband armed himself to take part in the fray, and as the appalling clang of the tocsin surmounted the din; the night of agony watched through by the women, crouching, listening, and wailing, until they fainted at the sound of the cannon. Danton alone is calm: after having set the whole in motion, he leaves its details to take their chance in the hands of the subordinate but more immediate agents, and goes quietly to bed.

Then we are taken through the same awful night as it was passed by the Royal Family in the Tuileries, with the dreaded morning breaking on them amid the first notes of assault and the preparations for defence. The King makes his appearance, worn and haggard, with his dress disordered, and his manner exhibiting the confusion, not of fear, but of shyness. The Queen preserves her haughty air, and intrepid spirit; which is only broken by the fruitlessness of her efforts to inspire her husband with the energy required by the crisis. She sees him commence his review of the troops; her hopes rise with the shouts of "Vive le Roi!" raised by the gentlemen who fill the palace, and by the loyal battalions in the courts; they are dashed when the King, instead of assuming the bearing and uttering the few bold words that would have stimulated his defenders, stammers forth one or two disjointed pur-

poseless phrases, which only communicate to others his own irresolution; and they are finally extinguished as she sees him return amid hisses from his luckless circuit of the gardens, while band after band of the National Guards march over and range themselves with the assailants. We accompany the family in their mournful passage to the Assembly, and during the mortal agony of those sixteen hours passed in the narrow heated box of the *logographe*. The King eats, drinks, and chats with the deputies: the Queen sits silent, exhausted, vanquished; her countenance flushed with the mortification of defeat, but still lit up with unyielding pride and resentment. The cannon sounds close: the Swiss are said to be victorious: the deputies swear to die at their posts. This hope, too, passes away: the victorious mob enters to announce its triumph, and parade its trophies. The royal captives are doomed to sit through the long debate in which they hear their fate discussed, and their downfall decided; and are then finally dismissed to prison. We give but a faint outline of the startling picture drawn by M. de Lamartine: the reader who would receive the full impression of its effects must read the work itself.

The Girondins, when they had triumphed over the Monarchy, seemed at first scared by their own success. They scrupled at once to proclaim the Republic: and not only left the responsibility of doing so to a Convention to be immediately summoned, but excited in the mean time the distrust of the victorious people by votes, which seemed to indicate an intention of maintaining the institution of royalty. The dismissed ministers were replaced in office—the real power, however, was at once engrossed by Danton; who now stood forward for the first time in a prominent position, as Minister of Justice, and immediately asserted his incontestible superiority over his colleagues. In truth he wielded the whole executive authority, because he had organized it, and called it into action. When the Girondins, after the 10th of August, found that the result of their efforts had been to make Danton and the Commune rulers over them, they were taught too late how grievously they had erred, with respect to the course which they had pursued for the subversion of the Monarchy. They had originally assailed that institution, in the vain imagination that a government might be pulled down

and built up again by the mere power, with which oratory sways an assembly and excites a people. They understood nothing of the process, by which the popular force was to be organized and directed; and when they at last determined on an insurrection, they had recourse to Danton and the Commune to furnish its means. The insurrection over, the means remained at the disposal of those who had created them. The Commune, led by Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, and embodied in the force which had been organized under Santerre, governed Paris, and, through Paris, France. Happy had it been for the Girondins, had this lesson taught them, that, before they could hope to establish an orderly republic, in place of the monarchy which they had destroyed, they must themselves, not only re-construct the machinery of executive government, but provide, and keep in their own hands, the physical means by which its existence was to be maintained, and its authority enforced. Unfortunately, to the end of their career, they seemed to conceive that they were administering an established government, instead of working out a revolution; and that the votes of an assembly were the end, and speeches the means of governing. Too late they learned on the scaffold that the controversies in which they had engaged, were only to be settled by "pike and gun."

The reign of the Commune, between the 10th of August and the meeting of the Convention, derives a horrible celebrity from the massacres of September. M. de Lamartine has been at some pains to collect various proofs of the deliberation, with which the details of this horrible butchery were concerted. He condemns Marat as having instigated, Danton as having sanctioned, and the Commune as having perpetrated it. Excuses which have been offered for it, he rejects with scorn.

"History," he says, "should represent the conscience of mankind. The voice of that conscience will ever condemn Danton. It has been said that he saved his country and the Revolution by these measures, and that our victories are their excuse. This is the error into which he fell. A people that has need to intoxicate itself with blood in order to impel it to defend its country, must be a people of scoundrels and not a people of heroes. Heroism is the very reverse of assassination. As for our Revolution, its *prestige* was in its justice and its morality. This massacre went to tarnish it in the eyes of Europe. Europe, it is true, did raise a cry of horror: but horror is not respect. A cause is never served by being dishonored."



And he compares the effect of this massacre on the character of the Revolution to that of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew on the cause of the Church of Rome. Sound policy, as well as the moral sense of mankind, confirm this judgment. The measures originally proposed by Danton for seizing the persons of those who were well known to be disaffected to the Revolution, might be justified by the necessities of the crisis. The commander of a besieged city is authorized to deprive those whom he knows to be plotting against the public safety, of the power of doing harm; and the situation of Paris, expecting the Prussians at its gates, might be sufficient warrant for the imprisonment even of thousands of suspected conspirators. But the cold-blooded slaughter of disarmed prisoners was an act of useless as well as revolting cruelty. The genius of Dumouriez had already saved France. The bloody license given to the assassins only heightened into frenzy the passions of the populace. It maddened them to fresh acts of violence, and deterred all men of justice and moderation from taking any further part in connexion with persons who had made such crimes a part of their policy. The guilt recoiled on Danton and the Revolution. It for ever separated him from the party, by whose support he might have governed France: and it was found to have paralyzed his arm, when the time came in which he wished to put a stop to violence, and restore the rule of humanity and reason.

A curious anecdote is given by M. de Lamartine, on the authority of a surviving friend of Robespierre and St. Just, whose name unfortunately is kept back. We could wish to be able to estimate the degree of foundation for a story which casts a singular light on the strange character of Robespierre. At the period of the massacre he was a member of the Commune; but, seeing the turn affairs were taking, had for some days foreborne to attend its meetings. He had no share in what was done; had no power of preventing it. As in the case of preceding movements, he did nothing, blamed what was being done, but let it go on: and when done, took it as a necessary step in the Revolution, and defended it.

"On the 2d of September, at eleven o'clock at night, Robespierre and St. Just went out together from the Jacobins, exhausted by the mental and bodily fatigue of an entire day passed in tumultuous debates and big with so terrible a night. St.

Just lived in a small lodging in the Rue Ste Anne, not far from the house of the joiner Duplay, where Robespierre resided. Talking over the events of the day, and what was threatened for the morrow, the two friends reached the door of St. Just's house. Robespierre, absorbed in his own thoughts, went up to the young man's room in order to continue the conversation. St. Just flung his clothes on a chair, and prepared to go to sleep. 'What are you doing?' said Robespierre. 'I am going to bed,' answered St. Just. 'What! can you think of sleeping on such a night?' replied Robespierre. 'Do you not hear the tocsin? Do you not know that this night will probably be the last for thousands of our fellow-creatures, who are men at the moment you go to sleep, and will be corpses when you wake?'"

St. Just answered with one of the common-places of the day, and went to sleep. Early the next morning when he woke, he saw Robespierre pacing up and down the room, and every now and then pressing his face close to the window to watch the day-break, and listen to the sounds in the street. St. Just asked him what brought him back so early, and found to his astonishment that he had not left the spot all night.

"Sleep?" said Robespierre; "what! while hundreds of assassins were cutting the throats of thousands of victims, and while blood, whether pure or impure, was running like water in the gutter! O no," he continued, in a deep voice and with a sarcastic smile on his lips, "I have not been to bed, but have watched, like remorse or crime: ay, I have been guilty of the weakness of not sleeping; but Danton, he has slept!"

The instigators of the 10th of August cannot be acquitted of having called into activity that spirit which produced the massacres of September. But we must not deny to the Girondins the honor due to them. As soon as they recovered from the first stupor into which this gigantic crime threw all France, they raised their voice in loud and uncompromising denunciation of it. Roland, while the carnage was going on, exhausted whatever means he could command to stop it; but both he and Petion were utterly powerless. In proclamations, in letters, and in protests, Roland, at the imminent peril of his life, continued his war with the Commune. Indignant at the enormity of the crime itself, at the discredit cast by it on the Republic, and at the predominance given to both the most anarchical doctrines and the most worthless men, the Girondins now perceived the necessity of checking the progress of disorder. From being the leaders of

the movement, and the instigators of insurrection, they came in a few weeks to be regarded by the populace as the counter-revolutionary party, against whom the next efforts of the friends of the Revolution must be directed. From this time the hopes of every friend of order and humanity rested on them as the party who would put an end to the turmoil and carnage of the Revolution.

The aspect of affairs at the first meeting of the Convention on the 20th of September, 1792, was most favorable to the Girondins. Though the elections of Paris, taking place in the very days that followed the massacre, had returned a deputation entirely composed of Jacobins, the representatives of the Departments had been elected under very different feelings. The unanimous choice of Petion as president showed the disposition of the Convention; and the Girondin leaders found themselves at the head of a large and determined majority. Had they been statesmen as well as orators, that majority and the public opinion of France gave them the means of establishing their power. But they entered the Assembly, smarting with mortification at their recent subjection to the Commune; and their first thought, was how they should use their majority to throw off that ignominious yoke. Instead of waiting until they had consolidated an efficient executive, they rushed into the contest, unprovided with any means of combating the physical force of their antagonists. They endeavored at once to bear them down by the weight of public feeling. Nor did they confine themselves to the legitimate weapons with which a good cause furnished them. There were reasons against breaking at once with Danton. They saw in Robespierre their most formidable antagonist, and were probably stimulated by vindictive recollections of their bitter conflicts at the Jacobin Club. They accordingly directed the main force of their attacks against the one public man who had hitherto, less than any other, participated in any of the disorders of the Revolution. On the strength of some frantic declamations of Marat, whom they endeavored most unfairly to associate with him, and of the foolish talk of some insignificant demagogues, they gravely accused Robespierre of aspiring to establish a dictatorship. Such was the substance of the charges brought against him by Barbaroux and Louvet. The accusation gave him an opportunity of vindicating himself, and of

humbling his opponents in one of the most skilful and triumphant of his speeches. These ill-judged attacks imparted to the proceedings of the Girondins a character of petty and malignant rivalry, subjected them to the mortification of defeat in a personal conflict, and weakened their hold on the majority by justly diminishing its confidence in their discretion.

But the trial of the King soon gave a more serious occupation to the contending parties. Actuated by that mistaken notion of equity which in like circumstances brought Charles I. to the block, the voice of the people demanded, as a matter of equal justice, that the deposed monarch should be subjected to the same fate as the laws of treason would infallibly have inflicted on his opponents, had he been successful in the contest. None of the leading men of either party, according to M. de Lamartine, shared this feeling, or desired the death of Louis; yet each consented, each exhibited a rivalry of eagerness to sacrifice the victim, in order to retain its hold over the people. The Girondins therein undoubtedly sinned the most deeply against their own principles and policy. But the conduct of the leaders of that party has been too hastily ascribed to mere cowardice. They did not, in truth, so much abandon their own views, as they made an ill-judged attempt to gain their object by indirect means. When the point came to be discussed in their councils, they found that they were opposed by some of the principal men of their own party—by Fonfrède, Ducos, Barbaroux, and Buzot, whose republican fanaticism required the death of the King. Imagining that, without their support, they would be unable to save the King's life, they adopted a plan of action suggested by Sieyès. They agreed to vote for his death, but to subject the decree of the Convention to ratification by the primary assemblies. The plan, supported by a plausible conformity with democratic principles, was obviously impracticable. It involved the prolonged agitation of a perilous question. It laid the Girondins open to the imputation of wishing to create dissension between the different parts of France. The people regarded it as a trick. The votes of the Gironde decided the judgment of death, which their influence, boldly exerted, would, in all human probability, have averted. And that judgment once pronounced, the expedient, by which its execution was to



have been stayed, was unhesitatingly rejected.

The speeches of Robespierre contain the simple and forcible exposition of the grounds on which the execution of Louis is defensible as an act, not of justice, but of state policy. "Louis must die because the country must live." The noble reply of Vergniaud was contradicted by his vote. M. de Lamartine temperately examines the arguments on both sides, and his conclusions will not be new to any Englishman whom the earlier precedent in our own history shall have ever driven upon a similar re-hearing.

"Exhausted and discredited by four years of unequal struggle with the nation, twenty times placed at the mercy of his people, without credit with the soldiery, with a character of which the timidity and indecision had been repeatedly proved, fallen from humiliation into humiliation, and step by step from the height of his throne into a prison, Louis XVI. was the only prince of his race to whom it was impossible ever again to dream of reigning. Abroad he was discredited by his concessions: at home he would have been the patient and inoffensive hostage of the Republic, the ornament of its triumphs, the living proof of its magnanimity. His death, on the contrary, alienated from the French cause that immense portion of every people which judge human events only through the heart. Human nature is merciful. The Republic forgot that it gave to royalty a character of martyrdom, and to liberty that of vengeance. It thus prepared a re-action against the republican cause, and arrayed on the side of royalty the sensibility, the interest, the tears of a portion of every people. Who can deny that pity for the fate of Louis XVI. and his family, had a great part in the revival of royalty some years after? Unsuccessful causes have returns of favor of which the motives are often to be found only in the blood of the victims cruelly sacrificed by the opposite party. Public feeling, when once moved by a sense of its injustice, is only set at rest when it is, so to speak, absolved by some signal and unexpected reparation. The blood of Louis XVI. was in every treaty which the Powers of Europe contracted for the purpose of branding and stifling the Republic: the blood of Louis XVI. was in the oil which consecrated Napoleon so short a time after all the vows of liberty: the blood of Louis XVI. was in the monarchical enthusiasm which the return of the Bourbons at the Restoration revived in France: it mingled, even in 1830, in that repugnance to the name of Republic which threw the undecided nation into the arms of another dynasty. It is republicans who should most deplore this blood, for it is their cause that it has stained, and it is that blood which has cost them the republic."

The details of this catastrophe afford ample scope for the descriptive powers of

M. de Lamartine. It is much to the credit of his moral judgment, that he has not sought to heighten the effect by investing the sufferers with unreal virtues. The mournful tale of the imprisonment in the Temple, with all its anguish and all the tortures inflicted by the vulgar insolence of the gaolers—the picture of the King, carried along to his trial, pale, unshaved, with his clothes hanging loosely on his attenuated frame—and the last agonies of his separation from his family, sensibly touch our pity. We admire the calm resignation, and the unfailing gentleness which characterized his whole demeanor through these scenes of suffering, and dictated the will which emanated from the solitude of his own thoughts. But the impartial narrative lowers our previous conception of the dignity of the monarch's deportment. His feeble capacity suggested to him the expedients by which an ordinary prisoner endeavors to evade his condemnation, instead of the passive superiority with which a martyr receives his doom; and we cannot help recalling the stately silence with which Charles I. rebuked his judges on the like occasion.

A momentary lull followed the catastrophe: and then the deadly war of the two contending factions broke forth afresh. During the first months of 1793, the Girondins assailed the Commune, and endeavored to discredit the Mountain by continuing to associate them with the frantic ebullitions of Marat, and by reviving the charges of dictatorial designs against Robespierre. The Mountain retorted with accusations of counter-revolutionary projects and federalism. The Girondins, favored by the Plain, possessed a large, and it must be said, a steady majority in the Convention. Even in Paris they commanded the support of the middle classes. Their party occupied all the most important offices in the ministry. The successes of Dumouriez gave glory to their administration of the government; and they relied on the co-operation of his army against their antagonists. Roland had funds at his disposal to keep the newspapers in pay, and circulate the views of his party throughout France. To this party the great majority of the departments adhered most warmly. A little skill in organizing the force of the executive government, and patience until they should have got together the means of acting with effect, would apparently have insured them an easy and certain triumph.

Danton, anxious to clear himself from the guilt of September, and to erect a strong and respectable government, was ready to become the ally of the Girondins, and bring to their aid his sagacity, his courage, and the vast popular force which he wielded. Vergniaud, and other leaders of the party, appreciated the value of his aid, and the wisdom of temporizing with their opponents. Their wisdom was overruled. The younger members of the party, inflamed by the counsels of Madame Roland, would allow of no truce with the advocates of anarchy and massacre. Marat was again assailed; the people of Paris took the part of that furious organ of their passions and prejudices: and the Mountain defended the favorite of the people. By degrees the leaders were involved in the fray; and Robespierre renewing his accusations against the Girondins, exasperated the people against them.

But the Girondins, while thus provoking the conflict, made no preparation for bringing it to a successful issue. They allowed their friends to be successively driven from the chief offices of government, and to be replaced by men indifferent or opposed to them, at the same time that all the lower offices in every department were filled with creatures of the Jacobins. They even permitted the various bodies of *fédérés*, who formed a military force on which they could rely, to be sent out of Paris, until they were left without any means of repressing the mob. While they exhausted the time and patience of the Convention in personal recriminations, Danton was suffered to dictate the policy of the Republic. When the insurrection of La Vendée broke out, the majority began to follow the only leader who seemed to have matured the measures that were required by the crisis; and, in spite of the opposition of the Girondins, at his suggestion the Convention created the revolutionary tribunal, and voted the first laws against the *aristocrates*, and for taxing the rich in order to arm the people.

In the meantime the *Commune* were no ways disposed to resign their power to the Girondins, or leave that party leisure to consolidate a force which might control them. On the 10th of March an insurrectionary movement was attempted with the double object of intimidating the Convention, and of murdering the principal Girondins at their own houses. Timely information enabled the menaced deputies to frustrate the last object; and the energy of

the minister Beurnonville, with a force of *fédérés* from Brest, awed the assailants. Danton, who alone could organize a decisive popular rising, kept aloof, and, indeed, protected the Girondins.

This uncertainty, however, could not long last, in face of the increasing dangers of the Republic. The troubles of La Vendée grew more serious. The French army was defeated and driven out of Belgium; and in the first days of April the public terror rose to its height on intelligence of the defection of Dumouriez. The contending parties sought to cast on each other the odium of connexion with the traitor. The Girondins, Lasource and Biroteau, seized the first occasion of making a detailed charge against Danton, as an accomplice of his treason. Enraged and alarmed at a charge to which his intimate relations with Dumouriez gave some countenance, Danton saw the necessity of throwing himself at once into the arms of the Mountain. He assailed the Girondins with the customary accusations of counter-revolutionary projects, and with furious gestures declared, that from that moment there should be no peace or truce between himself and those who had wished to save the King. He at once placed himself at the head of their assailants, and set about combining the means by which their power might be destroyed.

For six or seven weeks a conflict was kept up between the powerless Assembly and the minority, which was backed by the physical force of Paris. The Girondins, in order to compose an efficient executive within the Convention itself, constituted the famous Committee of Public Safety. They put Marat on his trial before the revolutionary tribunal, where his acquittal gave their enemies a signal and, indeed, fearful triumph. They then struck directly at their principal adversary, and established a Commission of Twelve to examine into the proceedings of the Commune of Paris. That body, thus assailed, lost no time in taking their resolution. The various sections of Paris appeared before the Convention with petitions demanding the abrogation of the Commission and the arrest and accusation of the twenty-two principal deputies of the Girondin party. Tumult and menaces followed. On the interposition of Danton, who wished to avert the last extremities, the Commission was annulled by a vote of the Convention. The next day Lanjuinais, who displayed, in defence of



his party, the same intrepidity which he had shown in endeavoring to save the life of the King, carried a motion to rescind this vote. The mob could be no longer restrained—they declared themselves in a state of permanent insurrection. On the 31st of May they surrounded and entered the Convention. The Girondins protesting against this coercion, quitted their seats; their places were occupied by the mob; and the Commission was again annulled. But the excited populace now required vengeance as well as submission. The cry for the accusation of the Twenty-two was again raised. On the morning of the 2d of June the Convention was surrounded by the armed force of the sections under the command of Henriot; and a hundred pieces of artillery were pointed against the chamber which it occupied in the palace of the Tuileries. Some of the proscribed deputies had already sought safety in flight; others, with Vergniaud at their head, calmly proceeded through the threatening mob to brave the fate which was denounced against them. The Committee of Public Safety endeavored to effect a compromise by inducing the Twenty-two to resign their seats in the Convention. Some did so; others stoutly refused. The menaces of the armed mob increased in violence. As a last expedient to save their colleagues, the Convention, with the president at their head, proceeded in a body to make their way out of the Tuileries. Henriot refused to allow them to pass until they had given up the Twenty-two. At every point they found their passage barred by the insurgent forces; and at length they returned to their chamber, and passed a decree ordering the provisional arrest of the principal leaders of the Girondins.

So closed the political existence of a party which, for nearly two years, had occupied the most conspicuous position in the legislature of their country. Misplaced in a revolution which they were not capable of conducting, they became the victims of those ferocious passions which, after exciting, they had failed in coercing, and with which they scorned to enter into any compromise. A civil war, which at the outset menaced the existence of the Republic, was for some weeks kept alive in Normandy and other parts of France by such members of the party as had escaped from Paris. A majority of the departments joined their cause, and prepared to resist the usurped authority of the Mountain. All of every

denomination who were hostile to those in power, crowded under the banner raised by the Girondins. The natural consequence of this was, that the Royalists, who had long been secretly preparing for resistance, and who possessed leaders of military experience, became everywhere the real masters of the movement, and turned it to their own purposes. No sooner was this apparent, than the insurgents lost confidence in one another. The insurrection subsided as instantaneously as it had broken out, except at one or two points, where it was avowedly continued as a Royalist rebellion. In the course of a few weeks the Committee of Public Safety had almost everywhere re-established its authority; and the only resource, which was left the baffled Girondins, was disguise and flight.

These insurrectionary attempts had fearfully excited the passions of the populace and Convention against those of the Girondin leaders who were in their power; and the assassination of Marat sealed their doom. The early history of Charlotte Corday (whom M. de Lamartine states to have been a descendant of the great Corneille), and all the details of her memorable act and heroic death are carefully narrated. Only one moment of compunction came over her—it was on witnessing the grief of Marat's mistress. She had not conceived it possible that, in destroying a monster, she could be wounding the affections of any human being. Our author gives a striking picture of her as she was conveyed to the scaffold, clothed in the red shirt which was reserved for murderers, and inspiring even the ferocious mob with admiration for her beauty and simple courage. Vergniaud, when he heard the details of her fate, exclaimed, "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die."

From this period commences the Reign of Terror. The perilous condition of society which followed the 31st of May, 1793, had produced a general sense of the necessity of a vigorous executive; and the Committee of Public Safety, taking advantage of the opportunity, succeeded in obtaining complete possession of the administration of affairs. Supported by a disciplined force, under the name of the "Revolutionary Army," it had in its hands the means of crushing opposition and enforcing obedience. For the first time since the meeting of the States General, France possessed a strong government. To suppress rebellion, repel the foreign foe, and terrify the

internal enemies of the Republic, was the first business of that government. For this last purpose the Revolutionary Tribunal was re-organized, and armed with the terrible "Loi des Suspects."

The first sufferer was, perhaps, the one whose fate most revolts us by its injustice—the unfortunate Custine, whose military reverses drew on him the penalty of treason. A nobler victim followed. On the 14th of October the unhappy queen was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Her intrepid protest against the foul charges with which Fouquier garnished his list of calumnies, for one moment rallied the feelings of the audience on her side; but could not avert a doom which was meant to be the penalty both of her former greatness and of her recent hostility to the Revolution. She was conveyed to her fate in an open cart, amid the execrations of the mob, and the savage jests of the infuriated women, whose trade it was to insult the dying. The jolting of the rough vehicle disordered her dress, and added to her sufferings by diminishing the air of personal dignity, which she strove to preserve. Her haughty countenance evinced the mortification and anger which filled her soul; and she died exhibiting to the last her hatred and scorn for her butchers. But the touching narrative does not disarm the justice of its historian. After moving our sympathy by her wrongs, he remains master of himself, and calmly proceeds to review the life and condemn the errors of Marie Antoinette.

The Girondin leaders, who, in conformity with the decree of the second of June, had been watched rather than confined in their own houses, and had refused to avail themselves of many opportunities of flight, had, as the public became exasperated by the proceedings of their adherents, been transferred to the prisons. Seventy-three of the less important deputies of the party were also *décretés*, lodged in prison, but saved from death by the energetic protection of Robespierre. M. de Lamartine, who endeavors, somewhat at the expense of historical truth, to represent Robespierre as having endeavored to save the Queen (for, he had been the first publicly to demand her trial within a few weeks of that of the King), is supported by more authority, when he attributes to him the wish to save the Girondin leaders from the scaffold. Danton undoubtedly had that object at heart. Both were powerless to resist the rage of their party and the populace. On

the 26th of October the trial of the twenty-two Girondins began. Among them were Brissot, Gensonné, Fauchet, Sillery, and several of the most eminent deputies of the party. All eyes, however, were turned on the last who entered the hall. It was Vergniaud, or rather the wreck of that great orator, whose voice had subverted the Monarchy, and disputed the mastery with Robespierre and Danton. His imprisonment had impressed a livid paleness on his cheek, deprived his eye of its fire, and given his person an unhealthy corpulence. He wore the dress in which the spectators recollected to have seen him habitually dressed in the Convention; but the coat, too small for his swollen limbs, had burst in the seams, and completed the picture of physical as well as political decay. Neither eloquence nor innocence could avail with judges, who regarded the whole public life of the accused as one crime. But the government took care to allow no room for either pity or justice. A decree closed the proceedings, without permitting the prisoners to make their defence. They were declared guilty, and sentenced to death.

The famous supper which the prisoners took together that night is minutely described; and M. de Lamartine has apparently converted this part of his history into a romance, for the purpose of clothing in his own eloquent language the sentiments said to have been expressed on that occasion. Then follows the well-known story of the death of the Girondins, as they went to the scaffold, and successfully ascended it, singing the "Marseillaise" in chorus, till the knife had extinguished the last voice that raised the hymn of liberty.

The at once heroic and truly womanly death of Madame Roland followed in a few days. The news of her death reached Roland in Normandy, and was the signal for his own fate. He left the retreat in which he had found safety, and laying himself down by the roadside put an end to himself. Condorcet was concealed by some generous friends in Paris until the following April. There, with his illusions unabated, he composed his work on the "Perfectibility of the Human Race." A bright sunny day proved too irresistible a temptation to the captive: he quitted his hiding place, sallied out into the suburbs, and enjoyed once more the air, and sunshine, and fields. His appearance gave rise to suspicions: he was arrested, and found next



morning dead, with the phial of poison which he had swallowed still by his side.

A detailed account is given of the escape of Guadet, Salles, Louvet, Barbaroux, Buzot, and Petion, after the rout of the Girondin forces in Normandy. Having, amid fearful perils and sufferings, reached Brest, they got a passage to the neighborhood of Bordeaux, where the friends of Guadet provided them with shelter. Eight months were passed by them, at first in an under-ground vault, and subsequently in the house of a courageous lady. The search for them being then renewed, they separated. Guadet and Salles were taken in the house of the former's father, carried to Bordeaux, and executed. Louvet was saved by his boldness in taking refuge in Paris itself. The others lingered about their former asylum for some weeks, and then endeavored to make their way to the Pyrenees. Some peasants in a field heard the sound of a pistol, and found the half-dead body of the once handsome Barbaroux. A few days after, in a forest at a little distance, were found some mangled limbs, which the wolves had half devoured, and which the clothes and papers discovered with them showed to be the remains of Buzot and Petion. M. de Lamartine has omitted the date of their death, not the least painful circumstance connected with it. That date was in July, 1794, only about three weeks before the fall of Robespierre. Had they contrived to baffle their pursuers for that brief period, they would have been saved.

We have thus followed M. de Lamartine through his narrative: endeavoring to convey to our readers, the story as he tells it, of the period of the Revolution which coincides with that of the existence of the party which forms the ostensible subject of his work. This important epoch occupies altogether six of the eight volumes of M. de Lamartine's history: we regret that the length of our review of it precludes our following him through the remaining two, which continue the narrative to the fall of Robespierre, and are, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the work. The different scenes of the Reign of Terror are successfully delineated with wonderful power. The mass of bloodshed and misery,—the batches of from 60 to as many as 150 victims that each day fed the guillotine at Paris,—the courageous resistance of Lyons, and the atrocious butcheries which followed its subjugation, the cruelties of Lebon at Arras, and the

yet more appalling atrocities perpetrated by Carrier at Nantes, are placed vividly before our eyes. Sometimes our attention is directed to the characteristic particulars that distinguish the death of the more remarkable individuals. Now it is Barnave who passes along dejected amid the pity of the people, of whom he was once the idol: now Biron, rising from his wine and oysters to die gaily amid the applauses of the mob: now the wretched Du Barri, screaming "La vie! La vie! pour tous mes repentirs:" now Bailly perishing with undaunted soul in defiance of the outrages and blows of vindictive ruffians: now the venerable Malesherbes laying down his life with not unseemly gaiety: now the saintly sister of the King exercising her charity towards her fellow-sufferers in her last moments. We sicken at the prodigality with which the life of whole classes is taken away at once. One day, the *cortège* bears along twenty-seven merchants of Sedan: on another, the sixty farmers-general of the revenue: and on another, forty-five magistrates of Paris, together with thirty-three members of the parliament of Toulouse. One morning a long line of carts convey all the nuns, young and old, of the Abbey of Montmartre. On another are seen a group of girls, of whom the eldest was not above eighteen. They had all been brought up from their native town of Verdun to die for having danced at a ball given to the Prussians.

The most harrowing tale of all is, the destruction of the whole family of the beautiful Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe. In the last days of terror, this family was sacrificed by the colleagues of Robespierre, in order to wound him by their destruction. They were involved in a pretended plot with Cecile Renault, who was accused of attempting to murder him. Eight carts bore to the scaffold sixty-two prisoners, all clad in the red shirt that denoted the crime of murder. Of this number were the porter of the house where L'Admiral had stabbed Collot d'Herbois, and the porter's wife; the crime alleged against them being that they were both guilty of not having broken out into sufficient joy when the assassin was arrested. The last of this group was M. de Sartines, who had to wait three quarters of an hour on the scaffold, and see all whom he loved on earth butchered before his eyes.

A very touching narrative is given of the long sufferings of a man, whose name will

excite no feelings of sympathy—Egalité, once Duke of Orleans. M. de Lamartine has taken some pains to defend this unhappy prince against the accusations, with which his memory is loaded. It has been his hard fate to be taken for the hidden contriver of all those popular movements, which the imagination of the vulgar loves to attribute to some mysterious plotter. The more light that history throws on the events of the Revolution, the more are all of them accounted for by obvious and sufficient causes; and the more insignificant does the part of the Duke of Orleans appear. He was the victim of constant disfavor and suspicion; and much of his hostility to the Royal Family is to be ascribed rather to their fault than his. His chief, if not only, crime was, the base rather than cruel vote which he gave for the King's death, in the vain hope of saving his own life.

A singular anecdote is told of the Duc de Chartres, now the King of the French, which can hardly have been published without the warranty of that high personage. Some business having brought him from Dumouriez's army to Paris soon after the massacres of September, Danton sent for him, and informed him that he had heard that he ventured in conversation to speak too freely on that subject. He told him he was too young to judge of such matters, and added: "For the future be silent. Return to the army; do your duty; but do not unnecessarily expose your life. You have many years before you. France is not suited for a Republic: it has the habits, the wants, and the weakness of a monarchy. After our storms, it will be brought back to that by its vices or its necessities. You will be King! Adieu, young man. Remember the prediction of Danton."

The fall of Danton is clearly detailed and explained. Throughout the whole course of the history he stands out as (what M. de Lamartine calls him) the great statesman of the Revolution. He is the one who, in spite of his coarse manners, his profligacy, and even his terrible crimes, most powerfully excites our interest. M. de Lamartine, however, bears hard upon him in respect of his death. He treats all his memorable sayings and doings, during the period of his imprisonment and trial, as so much straining after theatrical effect. This is a grievous injustice to the most gallant and skilful fight for life made during the Revolution. Danton differed from the other victims of the Reign of Terror in

this: that, even when within the grasp of the Revolutionary tribunal, his deeply rooted influence with the mob gave him a chance of escape and victory. He had something else to do than merely to fall with dignity. He harangued, he bore down his judges by his loud voice and imperious gestures, with a view of exciting a movement in his favor. He was on the point of succeeding. A single friend to direct the actions of the sympathizing populace—a little less energy than that exhibited by the Committee of Public Safety—would, by our author's own account, have turned the scale in his favor.

As we have said, however, Robespierre is the hero of the work. His conduct and motives at every stage are developed with the greatest pains. The least details of his personal appearance, his dress, his daily habits, have been collected with extraordinary care. The ogre of the Revolution is brought before us in all the simplicity of his private life. We enter into his garret at the joiner Duplay's, and do homage to that honest poverty which, once a necessity, continued to be his choice after the fortunes of France were at his disposal: we follow him from the stormy debates of the Jacobins or the fearful labors of the Committee of Public Safety to his modest supper with his host's family, when he talked with them of the events of the day, or read aloud from Rousseau or Racine. His only other relaxation was his walk on the Champs Elysées, with no companion but his mastiff, Brout. Occasionally, when an opportunity was afforded for a day's holiday, or when some great oratorical effort required unusual thought, he would wander forth to the haunts of Rousseau, and pass whole hours of reverie amid the woods of Meudon, or Ermenonville. Even he, too, had his hopes of domestic happiness in a quiet future, when, after the completion of the Revolution, he might be united to Eleonore Duplay, and pass the obscure remainder of his life on his few paternal acres in the neighborhood of Arras.

It is impossible to rise from the perusal of M. de Lamartine's book without a somewhat changed opinion of Robespierre. There is no vindication of his acts. No attempt is made to mitigate our horror at the crimes of which he is reputed guilty; none to justify massacre on the plea of public necessity or righteous zeal. M. de Lamartine's aim is to analyze the motives that actuated Robespierre, as well as determine what was really his share in the



atrocities which were perpetrated in his name. Perhaps he does this with some partiality. He has conceived an ideal frame-work of Robespierre's character, and fills it up by attributing to him particular acts or intentions of clemency, for which he has often little and sometimes no warranty. Still, on the whole, his explanation of this strange character is satisfactory. Historical truth, and a knowledge of human nature, gain by reducing the distorted and exaggerated traits of the monster into the features of a man actuated by the ordinary passions of humanity, gifted with many noble and even amiable qualities, and plunged into eternal infamy by common human weaknesses, tried in fearful times by most extraordinary emergencies.

In order completely to understand M. de Lamartine's estimate of Robespierre, it would be necessary to read his book; but the following passage, at the close of the fifth volume, seems to us to give the best summary of the author's views on a character which most of his readers will hitherto have seen painted only in the darkest colours:—

"There was something of these three elements in the soul of the Convention: a purpose which was true and practically attainable; chimeras, which vanished at the attempt to apply them; fits of rage, which sought to extort by torture the realization of an order of things not as yet in the nature of man. Holy hopes, vain Utopias, atrocious means,—such were the elements that composed the social politics of this assembly, placed between two civilizations to exterminate the one, and herald in the other. Robespierre personified these tendencies more than any of his colleagues. His plans, religious in their purpose, chimerical in their details, became sanguinary when they came in collision with practical impossibility. A frenzy of benevolence seized the Utopian; this frenzy of benevolence has the same effects as the frenzy of mischief. Robespierre held to his chimeras as to truths. Had he been more enlightened, he would have been more patient. His anger arose from his delusions. He wished to be the constructor of a social regeneration; society resisted: he took the sword and thought it was permitted to man to make himself the executioner of God. He communicated this spirit, half through fanaticism, half through terror, to the Jacobins, to the people, to the Convention. Hence this contrast of an assembly resting one hand on the revolutionary tribunal and the instrument of death, and with the other writing a constitution which recalled the pastoral Republics of Plato or Telemachus, and breathed in every page, God, the people, justice, and humanity. Never was so much blood shed on truth. The task of history

is to wash out these stains, and not to reject social justice because a deluge of blood has been spilled over the doctrines of liberty, of charity, and of reason."

The sincere fanaticism of Robespierre was the mainspring of his virtues, his greatness, and his crimes. One high, steady purpose, pursued at every risk, inspired his integrity, his perseverance, and his cruelty. He was at the head of a government assailed by enemies on every side; and he deemed it his duty to uphold that government by striking terror into his adversaries, and disarming opposition. Like all fanatics, he hated his opponents because he thought that the enemies of his righteous cause must be bad men. Still there was in the acts which he sanctioned a prodigality and brutality of cruelty needless for his purpose, fatal to his own views of policy, revolting to the sensitiveness and refinement of his character. We know that such was his own feeling, that he wished to stay the system of terror; that, during the worst period of it, he absented himself from the Committee of Public Safety, and was at direct variance with the "Comité de Sûreté Générale," and had no communication with the Public Accuser,—the two authorities by whom the trials and executions were, in fact, entirely regulated; that he denounced Tallien, Collot, Carrier, and especially Fouché, for their abominable cruelties, which he described as "persecutions of the patriots." We are the more perplexed to explain how it was that, with despotic power in his hands, he permitted the horrors which he himself regarded as both mischievous and disgraceful.

The explanation seems to be, that he did not in truth possess the power which opinion ascribed to him. He could not in reality direct the government of which he was at the head. To understand his position we must examine the powers and defects of his mind. He was a logical and systematic thinker, whose system led him into a dreamy enthusiasm. His leading qualification for public life was a singular power of public speaking. In close, clear logic, in dextrous debating, he surpassed every speaker of his day: while in lofty eloquence, some of his speeches were hardly surpassed by the greatest of his rivals. But, like the Girondins, he could do no more than prove his point and make his speech. With the details of public affairs he was utterly unable to grapple. Thoroughly impractical, he depended on others—first

on Danton, afterwards on his colleagues in the Committee of Public Safety,—to determine by what steps their purposes should be carried into effect. Without being justly subject to the imputation of cowardice he was timid in action, or rather averse to act at all. Had the great movements of the Revolution waited for him to produce them, they would never have taken place. He shrank from assailing the Monarchy after the adoption of the Constitution of 1791, and had no desire to see a Republic substituted for it. He kept aloof from the 10th of August and the 31st of May. So, when at the head of the government, he had little share in the actual organization of the heroic efforts that saved France. In all cases he left action to others. It was his good fortune that public opinion tended the same way as his, so that the result of its movement, in spite of his inaction, always furthered his purposes. His voyage prospered longer than that of most of his rivals, not from his own good sailing, but because his course happened to lie with the breeze. His ambition was of a patient kind. He loved the applause of his hearers; he took the power which came gradually to him; but he would not precipitate events by grasping it. In his last days the prospect of a Dictatorship did not tempt him. Even the necessities of self-defence could not induce him, on the 9th Thermidor, to ensure a favourable issue to the last movement in his favor, by putting himself at its head. His disposition was to look even then to any but violent means for safety and success; and he easily made up his mind to silent acquiescence in the fate of which a gloomy foreboding had long hung over him.

Such a man was, from his sincerity, his incorruptible character, his great parliamentary powers, the natural head of a republican government, but not its real director and master. There can be little doubt that he wished to restrain the excesses of his colleagues; but he literally knew not how to set about it. He had not the virtue which was exhibited in the conduct and the favorite device of Vergniaud,—*"Potius mori quam fœdari."* He would not peril himself and his cause by inflexibly rejecting the use of atrocious means. He took the system of terror as part of the necessities of the Revolution; and closed his eyes and ears to its excesses just as he closed his shutters in the Rue St. Honoré,

while the carts went by to the guillotine. When, at last, events required the cessation of that system,—when he had achieved the first of his dreams, proclaimed the *"Etre Suprême,"* re-established religion as the basis of his Republic,—when he was hoping to lay the foundation of a peaceful order of things, he faltered before his better purposes, cast vainly about for the materials and instruments of action, and allowed himself to be surprised and butchered by the most vulgar and sanguinary ruffians of the Revolution. He paid the penalty of his weakness by his death, and in leaving his name loaded with execration, for guilt in which he had participated unwillingly, as well as for crimes which his own fanaticism had prompted.

In thus attempting to make our readers acquainted with the general effect and character of M. de Lamartine's work, we have not ventured to give any extracts from those more striking parts of his narrative, which best exhibit the brilliancy and clearness of his descriptive style. The real merit of these large pictures cannot be estimated from particular portions of them; and as they are the parts of the original work, of which the effect depends the most on the author's mastery of the language, they are precisely those to which it is least possible for a translation to do justice. The pictorial power of the narrative constitutes the distinguishing merit of this history. M. de Lamartine has shown that he possesses in an eminent degree one, at least, of the first qualifications of a great historian, namely, the gift of stamping on the reader's mind a living impression both of great transactions and of the men that bore a part in them. Far be it from us to derogate from the merits of those who, by extensive research and correct analysis, ascertain the facts of history and explain the connexion of events. It is only by a long series of such inquiries and speculations that the materials of history are duly matured and brought together. But they are not the histories from which mankind takes its impressions of the past. He who would give the world its historical beliefs, must bring to the task the gifts of the poet as well as of the philosopher; must be able to depict incidents as in an epic, and make each character appear and act with dramatic distinctness and effect. No historian of the Revolution has done this so strikingly as M. de Lamartine; and none, therefore, will in all



probability exercise so extensive an influence on the popular views which will be generally entertained of it.

That influence, no question, will be very much diminished by the want, in M. de Lamartine, of other qualities which are required to complete the character of a historian. His work is wanting, not merely in accuracy and research, but in the indications of large, calm, and solid thought. While we think that the author does more than any preceding historian towards giving a reasonable explanation of the events of the Revolution, and while we generally agree in the justice of M. de Lamartine's conclusions and sympathize with his feelings; we feel that he does not express those conclusions in the tone of a philosopher, who has deeply meditated and thoroughly mastered his subject. His narrative exhibits constant marks of exaggeration. The subject, undoubtedly, has a tendency to produce this fault. All the moral phenomena of the Revolution were on a great scale, the vicissitudes unusually rapid, the results vast and overwhelming, the character of men so tried by circumstances as to develop extraordinary manifestations of intellect, of virtue and of wickedness. But we cannot understand what heightening or transforming powers the Revolution could have possessed over female beauty; when we find, therefore, that hardly a woman appears on the scene, or is even mentioned as the wife or daughter of some distinguished man, but her beauty is represented as having been perfectly wonderful, we cannot but suspect that other pictures may be equally overcharged. The story of the daughters of M. Fernig, who served as soldiers in Dumouriez's army, bearing the fatigues, exposed to the perils, and sharing in the glories of the brilliant campaigns of Valmy and Jemappe, is romantic enough in its simplest outline: M. de Lamartine makes it absolutely ridiculous by investing the young ladies with the physical strength and prowess of Paladins. The same tendency to exaggeration is exhibited in every matter, in which numbers are in question. There is throughout too great a disposition to heighten the effect of the narrative by adopting the largest estimates hazarded by contemporary writers; and our belief in the melancholy realities of the Revolution is shaken rather than confirmed, by somewhat incredible torrents of blood and heaps of carcases.

We should be happy to think that what we have taken for indications of a want of sound and sober thought, may be only the consequence of the excessive rapidity with which the "History of the Girondins" has been written. It betokens, however, little wisdom in an author, who writes for fame and not for bread, to have composed a great work on a great subject without giving himself sufficient time for thought. Let us hope that M. de Lamartine will avoid this most deplorable fault in the "History of the Constituent Assembly," which he promises us. A gestation of nine years is more essential to a history than even to a poem. We know not whether M. de Lamartine has in him the capacity of being a great historian, but he has so many of the highest qualifications, that there will be few literary mistakes more deeply to be regretted than that he should be found to have sacrificed his chance of usefulness with posterity to the vanity of astonishing his contemporaries by the celerity of his execution and the brightness of his colors.

---

RECOLLECTIONS OF "OLD MORTALITY."—The Rev. Dr. Maclay, in describing the Philadelphia cemetery, observes:—Laurel Hill, the place selected as the principal cemetery of Philadelphia, is distant about three miles from the city. Passing a short distance along the main carriage-road, you reach the group of statues of Old Mortality and his Pony, of Sir Walter Scott, sculptured of freestone by a self-taught artist, Mr. Thom. This was the principal object of my visit. When a boy, I have often seen Old Mortality, who always made his home at my mother's house, when he visited our part of the country, and the deeply thrilling incidents which he told me of the martyrs, and the sufferings they endured for Christ's sake, left a permanent impression on my mind; and the appearance which this singular personage then made is still vivid, as he approached either riding or leading the companion of his journeys—a little pony—by a halter of hair or rope, with a straw cushion instead of a saddle. Thus accoutred, he travelled from one churchyard to another throughout Scotland, happy if he could find some Cameronian epitaph from which his chisel could remove the moss, or deepen the record which told of the virtues of his country's martyrs, who, in 1685, had been thrown into prison by the Privy Council, for the political and religious views which they entertained. To this pious duty he devoted his life, which was protracted to his 86th year. Having no wants but of the simplest kind, which were readily supplied by those who sympathized with his enthusiasm, applause did not encourage him, and obloquy had no other effect than to bring out into bolder relief the lineaments of a nature which distinguished his countrymen at that period, and whose character their great delineator has said, shows most to advantage in adversity. The time and scene, when and where this high-hearted enthusiast breathed his last are known, but the place where his bones repose has never been ascertained.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE KING OF BAVARIA, MUNICH, AND LOLA MONTEZ.

BAVARIA, it would seem, is regarded as the Bœotia of modern Europe. Both the country and the inhabitants have certainly acquired a bad reputation. They are either spoken of with a sneer, or are passed over altogether as utterly unworthy of consideration. "What do I care about Bavaria?" says the politician. "It is a country sunk in moral apathy; in diplomacy, it is a non-entity; the people are mere slaves of the caprices of a king, who, in his turn, is ruled by the whims or the passions of a woman, whose oddities have made her the subject of European scandal. What are Bavarian affairs to me?" Yet if this declaimer were asked what interest he took in the politics of Prussia, he would be instantly on the *qui vive*,—would talk about the marvellous precocity with which that juvenile kingdom has developed into a first-rate power,—would expatiate on the political value of the Rhine provinces, on the richness and growing activity of the manufactures of Old Prussia,—and, probably, he would wind up with a glowing account of the chivalrous efforts made by Frederic William to educate his people in freedom, and a highly-colored anticipation of the effects to be produced on the awakening mind of Germany by the example set in Prussia of an absolute monarch voluntarily abandoning his absolutism, and transmuting it into that bugbear of the autocrat—a constitution. He would, perhaps be startled if he were reminded, that this much-despised Bavaria possesses, in a more developed form, and in a more compact and governable shape, those elements of prosperity on which the future hopes of Prussia are built; that not merely in the Palatinate, and in those parts of the kingdom bordering on the Rhine, but also in other provinces of the kingdom, the Bavarian peasantry are, physically and morally, superior to any in Europe; that they are more independent, and, in that sense, richer than the peasantry of most other countries; and that, as well by the ancient laws of the kingdom as by more recent concessions from the crown, the Bavarian people, in general, are in the enjoyment of more substantial political rights than are possessed by the people of any European country, not excepting, improbable as it may seem, France, and even Eng-

land itself. Still, our supercilious politician has some reason on his side. Circumstances—of which more, perhaps, hereafter—have hitherto constrained Bavaria to play an insignificant part in the great drama of Europe; and as the causes which bid fair to place her in a position of counterpoise to Prussia are, at present, slow and hidden in their working, it is natural that the country should be supposed to be still in that political night which has enwrapped it almost since, some forty years ago, it was erected into a kingdom. It is not our intention, however, to enlarge on these topics here. Suffice it to say, that the majority of thinkers too hastily condemn the Bavarian people. But advocates may be found for them in artists and lovers of the arts. The painter, the sculptor, will point to the treasures of art which are stored up in the capital,—to the new developments of genius which have been stimulated by royal patronage; and will protest, with earnestness, against the general and sweeping condemnation. The English traveller, too, who, with a small library of hand-books, starts off to scour the world in search of "sights," and who, perhaps, in his chart of movements, has calculated to "do Munich in a week," pauses amidst the many monuments of princely taste and munificence by which he is surrounded, and wonders that while the *dilettanti* have raved so about other capitals, they should have thought and said so little about this newly created capital of the arts. But even such chance witnesses as these, assuming them to be bold enough to speak their minds, have not been able to produce any palpable effect upon the world's opinion, that a Bavarian is the incarnation of dulness, slowness, stupidity, and political and social abjectness.

The present King of Bavaria, strange to say, has shared with his country and his people this general misapprehension or oblivion. One is not, on reflection, so much surprised that an out-of-the-way kingdom like Bavaria, which is generally supposed to produce only broom-girls and beer, should be undervalued or forgotten. It had been so long under the shadow of the Austrian eagle, that diplomats and politicians had accustomed themselves to look upon it as a sort of political appanage of the *quasi* Ger-



man empire. But that the king should have been confounded with his people—should have been set down as only a vain poetaster—half-tyrant, half-*dilettante*—who divided, between writing bad verses and cobbling his subjects' manacles, the time he could spare from setting an example of persevering and ostentatious immorality to those who, in theory at least, were bound to look up to him as a father, is indeed surprising to any man who may have taken the trouble to investigate his public conduct since he came to the throne. The best excuse, perhaps, that can be made for those who thus undervalue a man who is really a unique and remarkable character, is, that in Munich itself, the scene of many of his most praiseworthy acts, are to be found the greatest number of his detractors. If any man can hope to be a "prophet in his own country," surely a king, unless he be the most arrant of tyrants, sots, or fools, ought to be that man. He is the fountain of grace, and the incarnate terror of the law. Whatever be his character, one would suppose that he must inspire either love or fear—that, at all events, towards a person so situated, the feelings of his subjects could never be those of apathy, still less a more decided sentiment in the same direction. Yet, a pretty extensive observation of the state of opinion in the Bavarian capital has convinced us—that is to say, of course, the writer of this article—that King Louis I., who has done more to secure the political and social well-being of his people than any ruler they ever had from the twelfth century downwards; who may almost be said to have called into existence Munich as a metropolis, and imparted to it characteristics which will secure it imperishable renown; is not only not understood (that, perhaps, would be too much to expect), but not even misunderstood, in his own capital, and by those of his subjects who are necessarily acquiring, daily, the most substantial advantages, to say nothing of their prospective expectations, from his enormous personal exertions, the unusual bent of his taste, and his unparalleled pecuniary sacrifices. This, we say, is some excuse for the foreigner, who, overloading with praise, perhaps, other European sovereigns, altogether passes by one whom, taking him as a whole, and admitting the extent and number of his faults, we may fairly declare to be the most remarkable and meritorious of them all. At the same time, let us in justice say, that all the inhabitants of

Munich are not obnoxious to this condemnation. There are enlightend men in all ranks of life, who will do justice to the character of their king, and regret that in Munich itself there should be so much indifference. From men in exalted rank we have often heard his praises; but we were much more struck one day with the remarks of one in a humble sphere, who said,—“Ah, sir, I am ashamed of my townsmen. The king is too good for them, and has done too much. They are ungrateful. If he had been a soldier, and had caused the destruction of a million of his people, they would admire him very much; but because he has made Munich a place that all the world will come to see, and has spent his revenues in promoting the greatness of his kingdom and the welfare of his people, they think nothing of him at all, or they think poorly of him because he has some odd ways which make them laugh.”

These “odd ways that make them laugh,” are at the bottom of the misapprehension to which we refer. The King of Bavaria has, from the first, committed an unpardonable offence against society. Had he been the most arrant tyrant *en règle*, that would have been accepted as a matter of course; but he has dared to be a rebel against that greatest tyrant of all, Custom; and much as kings may dare, they must be cautious how they revolt from that leaden despotism. The King of Bavaria has always acted on his own impulses, rejecting the aid of etiquette—the mute, machine-like body-guard of monarchs. He has been a Haroun Al-raschid and a Charles II.—or say, rather, a Henry IV.—combined. Oblivious, from time to time, that his royalty fixed all eyes upon even his most trifling and secret proceedings, he has acted as if he had been a simple private gentleman. Ostrich-like, if he could hide his crown, he thought, perhaps, to be concealed from the observation of the inquisitive. Not that he cared for their thoughts or their remarks; he is too single-minded a person for that; but that he positively never troubled himself with their constructions, and believed that he could at all times relapse into his kingly state and dignity without any taint of scandal on account of his escapades. Such a habit of mind as this may survive intact, while supported by the vigor and elasticity of youth; but, as age creeps on, it transmutes bold and varying violations of established forms into confirmed eccentricities, which appear ridiculous to weak-minded

persons, who have not the power of seeing the true character under this motley garment of oddities. The King of Bavaria, therefore, is not a hero, with a whole city for his *valet-de-chambre*. The besotted people, who owe to him everything that has tended to elevate them in the European scale, think not either upon the great impulses he has given, from time to time, to rational freedom among them, and well-timed reform, or upon the enormous sacrifices he has made to anticipate for Bavaria the gradual development of ages; but dwell, with a sinister tenacity on the one hand, upon acts of power which he has resorted to in troubled times to sustain his authority; on the other, upon the stories, sometimes silly, sometimes indescribably *piquant*, which have floated about in their coteries till they have become, as against a benevolent and large-minded ruler, a species of concrete scandal.

We could fill pages with stories of the kind we refer to, some which ought not to be told, others which would require the powers of a Dickens or a Thackeray to do justice to them. One we may relate, not because it is the best, but because it illustrates the familiar manner in which the king mixes with his people. Among the uneducated of Munich, a habit prevails of using the third person singular of the past tense of the verb *to be*, to answer for all persons,—first, second, and third; and for all tenses,—past, present, and future. We have no parallel in England for this habit; but there is some approach to it in those persons who, wishing to be super-correct, always say “I were.” Now it happened that there was a *Gastwirth*, or innkeeper, who was landlord of an establishment much frequented in the outskirts of Munich, an original, and who was notorious for his perseverance in this habit. One morning the king, in his usual daily ramble, found himself in this place, when, of course, Herr *Gastwirth* came out to salute him, with that mixture of familiar *bonhomie* and respect for his station which characterizes the Bavarian people.

“Well, Herr *Gastwirth*,” said the king, “and so you are the landlord of the — Garten?”

“Yes I *was*, your majesty!”

This, of course, was what the king wanted to hear.

“But are you not still the landlord?”

“Yes I *was*, your majesty,” answered again the unconscious *Gastwirth*.

“But when were you landlord?”

“I *was* a long time, your majesty.”

“And so, I suppose, you hope you will be?”

“Yes, thank your majesty’s goodness, I hope I was.”

The king could bear it no longer. He had been often baffled in his questions by this stupid habit of some of his subjects. With one of his peculiar and forcible gestures, which made the astonished landlord fear he was about to receive a royal *coup*, the king replied, in his laconic style, “Then, Herr *Gastwirth*, I can tell you, you *were* an ass, you *are* an ass, and you always *will be* an ass!”

And with that the irate grammarian hurried away, leaving the poor publican utterly ignorant in what he had offended his usually good-natured king.

Another anecdote is told of this king, which will sound rather oddly to English ears; but, as we are about to give the bright side of his character, it is only fair to add some of his foibles. Among these is conspicuous an excessive jealousy of his authority. It is true that he very seldom has occasion to manifest it. His subjects, whatever may be their indifference to his royal virtues, always shew him great personal respect. As has been said, he is very fond of rambling alone, on foot, about the city and neighborhood. Even late at night he never uses a carriage, which is only resorted to on state occasions. It is impossible not to be conscious of his approach, even at a considerable distance, as you see a long line of pedestrians suddenly arrested in their progress to or fro, and standing with their hats off, ready to greet him as he passes. This is not always the easiest thing to the by-stander, for the royal eccentricities extend even to the walk. A stranger, not knowing the rank of the remarkable-looking person who approaches, is considerably puzzled. He sees advancing, with short and irregular, but very firm steps, a tall, well-proportioned personage, who is evidently utterly indifferent to what is passing around; who walks, not in a straight line, but in a sort of zig-zag, like forked lightning, and yet with a confidence as though, were he to go against a wall, it would crumble at his approach; with a strongly marked, angular countenance, still bearing traces of manly beauty; and whose fixed but powerful eye bespeaks an utter abstraction and intellectual absorption. The strange effect is



somewhat enhanced by the costume worn by this erratic, phantom-like pedestrian. Generally, a hat of no accepted shape, an English cut-away coat, buttoned closely to a figure somewhat spare, and close-fitting trousers, with gaiters, give his majesty the air of one of the fine old breed of fox-hunting country gentlemen, who, being nervous, hale, and strong, show "signs of blood" in every line of their hardy, cast-iron frames. Absorbed in thought, he bows, mechanically, to all appearance, yet courteously, and even affectionately, to the hatless spectators who happen to stand in the way of the accidental tortuosities of his course. His march might be likened to that of a whirlwind, so many uncovered heads does it leave in its track.

Yet it is not always easy to anticipate which way the royal steps will bend, and the story that is told of him might, perhaps, have arisen out of this difficulty. One day—it was at a time of some political excitement—the king was in the Ludwigstrasse, followed and preceded, as usual, by a line of bowing subjects. But there was one among them who, whatever may have been his reason, stood erect and covered among the rest. Perhaps he might be a stranger, but it was not so; perhaps he was a malecontent, but if he were, political passions should not excuse breaches of politeness, or a neglect of that etiquette which prescribes an obeisance to crowned heads; perhaps he calculated that the king was too abstracted to notice him. If he did this, he reckoned without his host. The quick eye of the king detected his rudeness. Probably he knew both the man and his motive. At all events, it seems that, without stopping in his course, or more than glancing at his disrespectful subject, he simply raised his hand as he passed and knocked his hat off. The story is rather popular in Munich than otherwise. It is told with a sort of affectionate approval, much, as the Ironsides might have chuckled over some of the coarse buffooneries of Oliver, or the French or Prussian soldiers over the practical jokes of Old Fritz or the little Corporal. The affair could only have happened in a country governed on the German principle. Here, were a royal person to do such a thing, it would be regarded either as a piece of outrageous insolence or tyranny, or as a gratuitous absurdity; but in Bavaria there is not that broad line of social demarcation between king and people which we find

here, and it would be admitted that he had a perfect right to avenge what all would agree to have been a personal insult. The customs and manners of the people are much more primitive than among us.

The reader will see, from the foregoing anecdotes, that in announcing the intention of doing justice to the character of the King of Bavaria, we are not about to make a hero of him, or to present any highly colored ideal; but, in truth, this monarch deserves to hold a higher place in the good opinion of his contemporaries than we are inclined to believe he possesses at present.

Without him, Bavaria would have been, in every respect, a nonentity. He is usually thought of as a man of weak character, with a strong propensity for forming picture-galleries and writing verses. Finding such a discrepancy, even in Munich, between his deeds and his reputation, we were tempted to inquire what else the king might have done which might entitle him to the character of a wise, beneficent, and patriotic monarch; and, if the reader be not wearied with the subject, he may, perhaps, be inclined, on a perusal of the catalogue, to think with us that there have been many contemporary monarchs who, having received much more praise than King Louis, have done much less to deserve it. *Apropos* to the general subject, it may be mentioned, that to this monarch is owing the merit of having first conceived the idea of the Zollverein, which is usually attributed to the King of Prussia.

The King of Bavaria acts mainly on the impulses of his own thought and observation. He takes a very active, personal share in the government of his kingdom. One of his early acts may be recorded as an instance of the benefit to be derived from acting on the instincts of humanity and common sense, as opposed to the dry logic of political economy. To make the matter more clear, let us put a case. The land is held in Bavaria on the feudal principle. Every proprietor, however small may be his holding, holds directly, or at not more than one or two removes, from the crown. He cannot be deprived of his possession so long as he pays the very fair and moderate dues which are demanded from him, and which, in most cases, stand in the lieu of rent, while, at the same time, they give him a vote in the election of members to the Chambers. Thus, the Bavarian peasant, living under what is called a despotism, might compare his position advantageously

with that of the Irish peasant, living under what the English delude themselves into believing are free institutions, tortured by rack-rents, and deprived of the protection of a tenant right. In one respect, however, the two countries, at the time King Louis began to interfere in such affairs, were alike. In each, the cultivators of the soil had, from various causes, become destitute of the necessary means wherewith to carry on their labors.

It took the English government years and years of goading, before they hit on the expedient of advancing money from the State on the security of the land in Ireland, in order to enable the proprietors to put it in cultivation. And, even then, true to those instincts of unfair preference for classes, which are the disgrace of Englishmen, they advance this money to the *quasi* rich; that is to say, to the owners of the soil, without obtaining effectual guarantees that the poor tiller, to whom prescription and long labor ought to have given a right, even superior to that of the Bavarian peasant, should be protected in the enjoyment, on equitable terms, of his holding. Now let us see what the King of Bavaria did—did, too, of his own impulse, while still not more than five-and-thirty years of age. Finding certain districts of his kingdom impoverished, and all, more or less, shackled by the want of funds, he organized a system, the very opposite to that of our centralization, by which every part of the country, in divisions, is subject to the investigation of a provincial councillor of state, who is held responsible for certain duties, and who is to report from time to time to the government the condition and wants of the cultivators in those districts. Thereupon, his Majesty erects a most valuable institution; that is to say, a provincial state treasury, from which the cultivator of the soil, be he high or low, rich or poor, can, from time to time, obtain on fair and moderate terms money from the State. The time, mode, and amount of repayment, are regulated by the means of the borrower. The land is, of course, the security; and the right of tenure would become forfeited were the money not repaid. But we are informed that the system works extremely well; that forfeitures have rarely, if ever, occurred; and that, as a general rule, the prosperity of the country has been enhanced by this measure. The actual cultivator of the soil, thus protected in his independence, is not the trembling slave for sale in a rising or falling labor-market. He has a

living relation with the State, to which he looks as to his steady friend; and the more he advances his own interest, the more he is adding to the sum of that of the whole community. What disconnects this plan the more from the supposed jealousy of despotic power is, that the State, by advancing these moneys, is really supplying the peasant with the means of rendering himself absolutely independent. Although this annual rent or tax is paid to the crown, it is competent to the tenant to purchase the absolute fee-simple of his holding, by the payment of a certain number of years' impost in advance. We forget the exact number; but the amount is absurdly small compared with the annual rent. The consequence is, that a few years' labor and application will enable the tenant to effect the purchase. It seems, then, that the establishment of these *land-rathe*, and provincial treasuries, indicates a beneficial spirit on the part of the king. One of the early acts of his reign, too, was to procure the passing of a law, renewing the national guard of the kingdom—another proof that he was not afraid to trust his subjects. Nor should we omit to mention, although the measure had no material effect, that the king very early restored the old limits of the provinces of Bavaria, which, under French influence, had been divided differently, and differently named. The object of this restoration appears to have been to aid in reviving and consolidating Bavarian nationality.

The canal, which unites the Maine with the Danube, and thus creates an uninterrupted line of water communication from Rotterdam to the Black Sea, owes its origin and its execution to the King of Bavaria. It may be said to be the grand achievement of his reign, for its ultimate effects are likely to be of immense importance. The circumstances under which the king conceived the idea are singular. When a young man, history was an absorbing study with him, more particularly those historical works which furnish the materials for modern authors. Among the rest was Eginhard's *Life of Charlemagne*, in which it is stated that the emperor, for the purposes of a war which he was then carrying on, conceived the idea of cutting a communication between the two rivers, which, indeed, he commenced. The termination of the war, or some other cause, led Charlemagne to abandon the plan; and, in the course of centuries, it was utterly forgotten, until the



King of Bavaria saw its importance, and determined to give it new life. King Louis immediately set to work to realize his conception. Surveys were made, and it was found that the cost would be about eight millions of florins. Circumstances rendered it desirable at the time that the king should not be the sole enterpriser, and he, therefore, interested Rothschild, of Vienna, in the scheme, by whose aid, and under the patronage of the king, a joint-stock company was formed, and the capital provided. As the works proceeded, however, it was discovered, as usual, that the engineer's estimates fell far short of the real wants of the company, and that, instead of eight, twelve or thirteen millions of florins would be necessary. Upon this the king came forward and guaranteed, from his own means, the difference, amounting to between four and five millions of florins, and the shares of the company are still sold in order to repay the king his advance. His majesty, however, has had the satisfaction of seeing this great work completed, and it will ever remain a monument of his enterprise and munificence.

Although the king has, until lately, been classed with the politically bigoted monarchs of Europe, he was one of the first to throw himself, heart and soul, into the railroad system. He was the prime mover of the plan for the national railways of Bavaria, in which he invested a considerable amount of capital. In the same liberal spirit of enterprise, and with the same desire to facilitate communication, he took a most active share in originating and promoting the company for running steamboats from the highest navigable point of the Danube, above Donauwerth, down to Regensburg, thus rendering more efficient the service of the new canal. These steamboats have since been purchased, at the king's instance, by the State, and the service is now very well performed under the orders of the government. Among the many public works and institutions promoted by the King of Bavaria for the advancement of his people, may be mentioned the establishment of a State Loan and Exchange Bank, where persons can obtain advances upon approved securities, at all times; so that they are relieved from the fear of those commercial panics which are the disgrace, as well as the misfortune, of the English system; while, at the same time, they are protected, at times when money may be scarce, from the extortion of

the usurer. The king has also established a Polytechnic School, and an Agricultural School; he has reorganized the School of Architects, and the Academy of Sciences. He has founded an Orthopædic Institution, and has established a School for the Blind, which he has endowed at an expense of three hundred thousand florins, out of his own purse.

It is upon Munich, however, that the great force of his munificence has been lavished. When he came to the throne, his kingdom was scarcely more than a quarter of a century old. He seems to have been immediately conscious of its deficiencies, and to have determined, as we have already hinted, to anticipate, in a lifetime, the gradual development of centuries. His kingdom was without a capital. Nominally, Munich was the metropolis, but it had none of the characteristics of one. There were other cities in the kingdom far better entitled to that distinction. It was, in fact, little more than a large town, which had grown up, as it were, by accident, on a vast plain; which had neither the antique beauty of a city of the middle ages, nor the elegance of a modern capital; and which was almost wholly destitute of public buildings or monuments. To make such a place as this a hotbed for architecture and the arts, was a herculean undertaking. No one but a man of extraordinary character would have conceived the idea, or have persevered in executing it. The king is now a sexagenarian; his work is still far from being completed; yet he perseveres as if it were the first day of his enterprise, giving his personal superintendence to the most minute details, and opening his purse with as much liberality as if he had not already expended millions upon millions of florins out of his private revenue, for the gratification and the honor of a thankless people.

We are not about to enter into any detailed description of the different monuments with which the king has enriched Munich. A book might be written upon them. But an enumeration of them will give the reader some idea of the extraordinary activity and enterprise of King Louis, when we add, that down to the minutest details they have been personally superintended by himself, in the intervals of an habitual application to the public business of the country, for which there are few parallels, even among the most laborious of ministers. The modern part of the city,

which is built upon a distinct plan, has grown up entirely in consequence of the impulse given by the king. It occupies already more than twice as much space as the old town; and if, in a critical point of view, it may be objected to, on account of the uniformity of architecture in the houses, on the other hand it is admirable for the grandeur of the streets, and the regularity of the design. Among the churches built by the king are the St. Ludwig's Church, the Aller Heiligen Chapel (which cost the king two millions of florins), the Theatiner Church, which cost about three millions, the Basilica (which cost the king two millions of florins), and the Au Church. Among the public buildings are the new palace, the Glyptothek (the building of which alone cost the king one million and a half; and the statues it contains, upwards of three millions), the Pinacothek (the building of which cost nearly two millions; and the pictures it contains, upwards of twenty millions), the Odeon (a large building, devoted to music and dancing, and where you hear concerts by a band equal to the Philharmonic, for a florin, and which cost the king four hundred thousand florins), the Public Library, the idea of which was the king's, though the funds were furnished by the State; the University, also the king's idea, but paid for by the foundation; the Clerical School (the same), the School for the Female Children of the Nobility; the Stained Glass Manufactory (the whole expense of which was paid by the king); the Feldherrenhalle, a grand building at one end of the Ludwigstrasse, built and paid for by the king, and filled with statues, for which he has also paid; the Arch of Triumph, at the other end of the same street, also paid for by the king; the Ruhmeshalle, a building on the Theresien Wiese, in front of which the magnificent statue of *Bavaria* is to stand, and which cost the king upwards of two millions; the Bazaar, and the new Palace. These are the chief buildings erected by the king in Munich. There is also the Walhalla, a grand building near Ratisbon, for the reception of sculpture, and which, independently of its contents, has cost nearly six millions, defrayed by the king; and another grand building at Kellheim, more magnificent than any of the others, now building by Von Klenze, from designs by Gartner. It is monolithic; and the cost, independent of its contents, will be at least nine millions.

The reader will smile at this auctioneer's-catalogue mode of estimating the public spirit of the King of Bavaria. One might urge in excuse, that, at least, it is quite an English valuation. But we are not proposing to criticize the services rendered by his majesty to the arts: that has been done, and will be done still more hereafter, by others; and we would rather come to a part of our article which will probably be more interesting.

But before writing about Lola Montez, it would be well to premise, briefly, the position of the king and kingdom before the appearance of that lady in Munich created so complete a revolution in affairs.

The king came to the throne filled with the most liberal ideas. He was prepared, not merely to carry out the theory of a paternal government, but also to admit his people to a very large share of political freedom. For all this he was long looked upon with suspicion by other continental powers. The reader need not be reminded that a great movement in favor of Liberalism and Constitutional Government has for many years been going on throughout Germany. The culminating point of that movement in our own day has been the attempt of the King of Prussia to trust his subjects with a constitution. The King of Bavaria would have done that fifteen or twenty years ago, not in form merely, for in form it has long existed, but in substance. He is an ardent admirer of England and her theory of government, and, in the early part of his reign, was by no means indisposed to adopt it in full practical force for his own kingdom; but, unfortunately, with all his admirable qualities, the German is not an Englishman. Say, rather, he has not had the advantages Englishmen possess in going through a regular training in the exercise of political privileges. In relation with the old despotic forms of government in some parts of Germany, the German may be spoken of without disrespect as having been, politically speaking, a slave. Emancipate a slave suddenly, and you alone are to blame if you do not find him practising the steady virtues of a free man. Those who have studied the characteristics of German liberalism, will have noticed its tendency to unmanageable theory. All continental Liberals commit the error of grasping at our results without paying the penalty of our experience. With the best intentions in the world, they would adopt a system



which, without graduated and experimental development, would plunge them into national anarchy and weakness. In Germany, especially, the old system and the new cannot be quickly fused. You cannot safely put the new wine into the old bottles. Frederick William of Prussia, since he has gone a Quixotting with his constitution, has had one or two hard hints to this effect. Now the King of Bavaria, as has been said, had all the will, years ago, to go a Quixotting too. Not the wildest of his subjects could be enamored of theoretical constitutionalism than he. But, fortunately, perhaps, for him, and ultimately for his kingdom, to liberal sentiments he united the instincts of autocratism; and ere he had practically ratified the constitution enjoyed by his subjects, by giving them, in effect, the power which, in theory, they enjoyed, a sudden fright, which he shared with other German sovereigns at the revolutionary movements of 1830, made him suddenly rein in and refuse to budge a step further. Whether this was in consequence of counsels given by those who subsequently became a reactionary ministry on almost despotic principles, or whether he chose those councillors to carry out his own preconceived will, it matters not. One thing seems to be universally admitted—that, although in an economical sense the administration of public affairs was benign, and the people were rendered substantially happy, yet in all that related to political freedom, and, *pro tanto*, to personal liberty, the utmost jealousy was manifested. Bavaria exhibited an absurd parody of the Austrian system. A paternal government was seen for ever with a sugar-plum in one hand and a rod in the other; and the latter was laid on too often and too vigorously. During many years that followed the system of contraction, the government of Bavaria, although it had at its head a man whose abilities as a minister are cheerfully acknowledged even by his most inveterate political opponents, degenerated into a low, petty, grinding tyranny—a system of exclusion to all who did not bow down before the priesthood—a system devised and executed with a devilish ingenuity—until, at last, it became intolerable to all but the favored few. Were we to enumerate even a few of the obstructions offered, at every turn, to the natural development of enterprise or the expression of opinion, the reader would not credit us. Whether it be just or not to attribute the then exist-

ing state of things to the Jesuits, it is admitted by all but the parties interested in proving a negative, that the whole country, through its guiding minds, was under the influence of a priestly tyranny, which found its virtues in petty persecutions.

A Jesuit will naturally point to the scheme of his society, and the code of its laws, in order to prove the impossibility of such a system being organized by his order. But the popular instincts take a royal road to conviction, and as they found the effects in existence, while it was notorious that Jesuits had the chief ear of those in power, they jumped to the conclusion that they were the active causes of those effects. Meanwhile, the constitution existed, not merely on paper, but also in an organized mockery of its forms. There were two Chambers, and the Lower Chamber was elective. There was freedom of speech, and year after year addresses were voted to the crown claiming more substantial privileges. But the answer of the government was a continued refusal of ministerial responsibility, an augmentation of priestly power, and the retention of a rigid and insulting censorship of the press. The reputation and external influence of the kingdom were rapidly sinking under a system which was, after all, but the exact, but overstrained, development of mistaken good intentions. "Sir," exclaimed an intelligent native of Munich, who had travelled much, "wherever I went, it was with shame I acknowledged myself a Bavarian."

But a new agent appeared upon the stage—Lola Montez. It is impossible to say whether this lady came to Munich with a definite political object or not. There are two stories on the subject, which, as usual, contradict each other. The gossip, in some of the scandal-loving coteries of Munich, is that there were persons of great political power, not Bavarians, but having an interest in Bavarian affairs, who desired to see the influence of Austria overturned in that kingdom; that, knowing how much the King of Bavaria was accustomed to subject himself to female influence, they looked about for a fit instrument to displace at once, and for a permanency, the influence employed on the opposite side, and to carry out by a grand *coup* the revolution they meditated. The story built upon this is, that a nobleman, an intelligent agent of these intriguers, discovered in the present Countess of Landsfelt the exact person they wanted; that he himself brought her to

Munich, and was the medium of her introduction to the king.

The opposite story accounts for her presence in a very different and in a more natural manner. It is said, that this now so celebrated personage, having a singular independence of character, and not conceiving herself bound by the rules of conduct self-imposed, or imposed by society upon others, had long been in the habit of travelling from city to city, seeking, by the employment of talents which she supposed herself to possess, to augment the income she already enjoyed, and so enable herself to support those habits of luxury and expense to which she had been accustomed. It is further said, that after having been to several places—where sometimes she essayed her talents and failed, and sometimes she merely lived upon her means, as, for instance, at Baden-Baden, where for a long time she was an object of attraction to a gay society—she came to Munich, where she obtained the opportunity of dancing at the theatre; but, of course, failed to make an impression, except that which her beauty and distinguished manners invariably created for her. Here, it is added, she attracted the notice of the king, who, first struck by her personal attractions, soon became still more enamored of her originality of character, her mental powers, and, above all, of those bold and novel political views which she fearlessly and frankly laid before him. A total revolution soon after took place in the Bavarian system of government; the existing ministry received their *congé*, a new and more liberal ministry was appointed *pro tem.*, and the King of Bavaria, from that time forth, reverted to his former maxims and principles of government: what was called Austrian influence was flung off, and the foundation was laid for making Bavaria an independent member of the great German family of nations.

It is with no slight hesitation, and with a deep sense of difficulty, that we approach the subject with which we shall conclude this article. There are certain eternal and immutable moral laws which are the basis of the social system, its life and life-blood, and its spiritual organization. For no purpose whatsoever must those laws be disregarded, or set aside. Therefore, for the interests of society, it is right to record an abstract condemnation of what, in a moral point of view, can never be defended. The reader's own mind will supply all that we

would say, but which is better left unwritten, on this part of the subject. The ostensible position of the parties to whom we refer is one which has not been seen in England during the last two reigns.

We must, however, take the facts as we find them; and without seeking to palliate what admits of no justification, go on to describe, without partiality or favor, the results to which they appear to have led.

The popular notion of Lola Montez, judging from newspaper paragraphs, presents her as a beautiful specimen of an embodied fury. Her past public career is supposed to have consisted of several attempts to dance at different opera-houses, where, not being sufficiently admired, she vented her disappointment on the audience, by indulging in expressions and gestures only to be heard or seen at Billingsgate, or in the purlieus of Covent Garden. Passing over the asseverations, from personal observation, of mutually contradicting scandal-mongers, as to her birth, parentage, and education, she is generally regarded as a person who has led a very scandalous and dissipated life; who has been mixed up with English *roués* and French *littérateurs*; who has figured in public trials; and who has altogether denuded herself of the privileges of her sex, by having lived the life more of a man than of a woman. So much for her antecedents. As to her present position, the popular idea is that she has acquired a pernicious ascendancy over the King of Bavaria, whom she holds in subjection by a low influence. For her way and manner of life, it is supposed that she walks about Munich with a large and ferocious bulldog, whom she deliberately sets upon those persons whom she has not herself the physical power to beat. This dog, it seems, has a peculiar instinct for worrying Jesuit priests; and so sagacious is he that, even now that the Jesuits are ostensibly expelled, he can detect the abhorred principles under the most profound of clerical disguises. Further, it appears that the chief occupation of Lola Montez is to stir up the disaffected and demoralized population against the constituted authorities: that she seizes every occasion to outrage public decency,—as, for instance, by going to the Opera, or by walking for exercise, or riding for pleasure, through and about the city, and a variety of other offences against good order; which she occasionally relieves by spitting in the face of a bishop, thrashing a coal-heaver, smashing shop-windows, or breaking



her parasol over the head and shoulders of some nobleman adverse to her party. These, judging from newspaper paragraphs, are her public actions. In Munich itself, stories of her private conduct are freely circulated,—as, for instance, that she is constantly deceiving the king; that she beats her domestics and friends, or occasionally amuses herself by tearing with her nails the flesh from the face of some one or other of those cavaliers who number themselves in her train of admirers. All these are very shocking habits, and the belief in them is highly complimentary to the taste and good sense of the King of Bavaria, who has allowed, for more than a year, such an original termagant to hold the position of chief councillor in the affairs of his kingdom. For those by whom these stories are circulated do not fail to attribute to the personal influence of their fair enemy every step made by the king towards giving greater political freedom to his subjects.

With the first portion of this dainty catalogue it is not necessary to trouble the reader. Whatever may have been the antecedents of Lola Montez, they have nothing to do with her present proceedings. Say, rather, that the worse you can make her out to have been before occupying her present position, the more meritorious is her conduct now, if it be proved that she is turning that position to good account. But on the stories told of her proceedings at Munich, a few words may be said. There is an intangibility about all the charges that are made against her, of grossly violent and improper conduct, which renders it difficult to disprove them. An unfair course was pursued by her political enemies. She would herself have no hesitation in saying that Jesuits were the prime movers in all these cases; and certainly it is true that no gentleman—no man, accountable to society, would have resorted to such unmanly proceedings. Lola Montez has quite faults enough, without being saddled with such monstrous and ridiculous imputations. These stories have usually been sent from Munich to English and French newspapers, the editors of which have inserted them for the sake of their piquancy, to say the least,—unless, indeed, some underhand influence was used. The object of the authors of those stories was palpable enough. Knowing the character of the king, and how, from his mind being of a poetical cast, he not only sees through his imagination, but is also extremely sensitive to anything

coarse or ridiculous, they thought it best to make the character of his fair ally so odious, so disgusting, so unwomanly, in the eyes of the world, that, at last, public opinion would act upon him, and he would become ashamed of the connexion. For let the reader understand that the moral indignation, of which there was so much displayed in these various attacks, is, unfortunately a sham. Those who have probed Munich society will know what we mean, and those who have not are better kept in ignorance. It was not that the King of Bavaria had a mistress which offended these hypocritical calumniators, but that he happened to have an ally in Lola Montez, who had the courage and the influence to open his eyes to the monstrous iniquities perpetrated in his name, and of which he incurred the odium. A lady, who formerly had the reputation of holding the equivocal position which she now holds, was not only tolerated but patronized for many years, because she made her influence subservient to the then dominant party. The morality of these gentlemen was not then rampant, as now, but kept a steady pace in a golden harness. Of the stories of the proceedings of Lola Montez since she has been in Munich, some are utterly unfounded in fact, and others are ingenious but most gross exaggerations of simple and harmless occurrences. For a long time the authors succeeded in working on the hot temper of the fair Spaniard, till they provoked her into displays of which they made good use; but, from the moment she was warned how she was played upon, her natural good sense and force of character enabled her to control herself, and avoid giving fresh cause of scandal.

We repeat, that in the main, and in all respects that would ascribe to Lola Montez low and unwomanly conduct, these stories are untrue. The “bull-dog” is a quiet, affectionate, gentlemanly, English animal, with a magnanimous countenance, and not a bull-dog at all. On the other hand, we believe, that in many cases where she has been grossly insulted by, or by the orders of, men of position, in a manner which the lowest bully in England would consider unworthy of his sex, she has exhibited the natural resentment of a passionate, a very high-spirited woman, but in a manner that would be considered in this country perfectly becoming and justifiable. A love of justice is the Englishman’s passion: the popular feeling is embodied in the maxim that you

should give even the devil his due. As for the effect of these measures on the king, circumstances place us in a situation to state it in his majesty's own words.

We make no apology for giving our readers the poems which we shall interweave in this article. If he ask how we got them, we regret not to be able to gratify his curiosity. Perhaps they were picked up in the palace—perhaps they found their way to us through an anonymous correspondent—perhaps, anything, in short. This much we assure him—they are genuine. The first we shall quote puts the case in a clear shape. If the reader thinks the King infatuated, he will at least see that he is consistent in his infatuation.

Here is the poem: the translation is in literal prose:

*To the Absent Lolitta.*

The world hates and persecutes  
That heart which gave itself to me;  
But however much they strive to estrange us,  
My heart will cling the more fondly to thine.

The more they hate, the more thou art beloved;  
And more and more is given to thee  
That of which they yearn to deprive thee.  
I shall never be torn from thee.

Against others they have no hate;  
It is against thee alone they are enraged;  
In thee everything is a crime;  
Thy words alone as deeds they would punish.

But the heart's goodness shows itself—  
Thou hast a highly elevated mind;  
Yet the little who deem themselves great,  
Would cast thee off as a Pariah.

For evermore I belong to thee:  
For evermore thou belong'st to me:  
What delight! that like the wave,  
Renews itself out of its eternal spring.

By thee my life becomes ennobled,  
Which, without thee was solitary and empty;  
Thy love is the nutriment of my heart;  
If it had it not it would die.

And though thou might'st by all be forsaken,  
I will never abandon thee;  
For ever will I preserve for thee  
Constancy and true German faith.

The next poem describes the fair Spaniard in her political character, as struggling for truth:—

*To the Absent Lolitta.*

From thee, beloved one, time and distance separate me,  
But however distant thou might'st be,  
I should ever call thee my own,  
Thou eternally bright star of my life.

The wild steed, if you strive to daunt him,  
Prances only the bolder on and on:  
The ties of love will tie us so much closer  
If the world attempt to tear thee from me.

And every persecution you endure,  
Becomes a new link in the chain  
Which, because thou art struggling for truth,  
Thou art, for the rest of my life, cast around me.

Whether near or far off thou art mind,  
And the love, which, with its lustre glorifies,  
Is ever renewed, and will last for ever.  
For evermore our faith will prove itself true.

The third poem, of those bearing on politics, breathes the same sentiments, but in stronger terms. It is entitled,

*Sonnet to Lolitta and Ludwig.*

Men strive with restless real to separate us,  
Constantly and gloomily they plan thy destruction:  
In vain, however, are always their endeavors,  
Because they know themselves alone, not us.  
Our love will bloom but the brighter for it all—  
What gives us bliss cannot be divorced from us—  
Those endless flames, which burn with sparkling light,  
And pervade our existence with enrapturing fire.  
Two rocks are we, against which constantly are breaking  
The adversaries' craft, the enemies' open rage;  
But scorpion-like, themselves, they pierce with deadly sting—  
The sanctuary is guarded by trust and faith;  
Thy enemies' cruelty will be avenged on themselves—  
Love will compensate for all that we have suffered.

In the following sonnet the royal poet does not clearly intimate whether he has renounced the political or the personal rivals of the fair Lolitta:—

*Sonnet to Lolitta.*

If, for my sake, thou hast renounced all ties,  
I, too, for thee, have broken with them all;  
Life of my life, I am thine—I am thy thrall—  
I hold no compact with thine enemies.  
Their blandishments are powerless on me,  
No arts will serve to seduce me from thee;  
The power of love raises me above them.  
With thee my earthly pilgrimage will end.  
As is the union between the body and the soul,  
So, until death, with thine my being is blended.  
In thee I have found what I ne'er yet found in any  
The sight of thee gave new life to my being.  
All feeling for any other has died away,  
For my eyes read in thine—love!

We do not know the exact meaning of the expressions towards the close of the next poem; but it seems that the fiery and strong-minded Spaniard, from some cause or other—probably, if we are to believe the papers, because she had tried to throw a waiter out of window and failed—had temporarily lost her courage and



cheerfulness. The king attributes the change to the persecutions she suffers; but declares, in poetical style, the more they try to force him from her, the more he won't go :—

*The Evening of the 6th July.  
To Lokilla.*

A glance of the sun of former days,  
A ray of light in gloomy night!  
Hope sounded long-forgotten strings,  
And life once more as erst was bright.

Thus felt I on that night of gladness,  
When all was joy through thee alone;  
Thy spirit chased from mine its sadness,  
No joy was greater than mine own.

Then was I happy for feeling more deeply  
What I possessed and what I lost;  
It seemed that thy joy then went for ever,  
And that it could never more return.

Thou hast lost thy cheerfulness,  
Persecution has robbed thee of it;  
It has deprived thee of thy health,  
The happiness of thy life is already departed.

But the firmer only and more firmly  
Thou hast tied me to thee;  
They can never draw me from thee,—  
Thou sufferest because thou lovest me.

Now, in a few words, we will describe what Lola Montez is, how she lives, and what is her exact social and political position; begging the reader, that he may fairly appreciate, to put off his English moral spectacles, and don, for a few moments, continental ones.

The house of Lola Montez at Munich presents an elegant contrast to the large, cold, lumbering mansions, which are the greatest defect in the general architecture of the city. It is a *bijou*, built under her own eye, by her own architect, and is quite unique in its simplicity and lightness. It is of two stories, and, allowing for its plainness, is in the Italian style. Elegant bronze balconies from the upper windows, designed by herself, relieve the plainness of the exterior; and long muslin curtains, slightly tinted, and drawn close, so as to cover the windows, add a transparent, shell-like lightness to the effect. Any English gentleman (Lola has a great respect for England and the English) can, on presenting his card, see the interior; but it is not a "show-place." The interior surpasses everything, even in Munich, where decorative painting and internal fitting has been carried almost to perfection. We are not going to write an upholsterer's

catalogue, but, as everything was done by the immediate choice and under the direction of the fair Lola, the general characteristics of the place will serve to illustrate her character. Such a tigress, one would think, would scarcely choose so beautiful a den. The smallness of the house precludes much splendor. Its place is supplied by French elegance, Munich art, and English comfort. The walls of the chief room are exquisitely painted by the first artists, from the designs found in Herculaneum or Pompeii, but selected with great taste by Lola Montez. The furniture is not gaudily rich, but elegant enough to harmonize with the decorations. A smaller winter room, adjoining the larger one, is fitted up, quite in the English style, with papered walls, sofas, easy chairs, all of elegant shape. A chimney, with a first-rate grate of English manufacture, and rich thick carpets and rugs, complete the illusion: the walls are hung with pictures: among them a Raphael. There are also some of the best works of modern German painters; a good portrait of the king, and a very bad one of the mistress of the mansion. The rest of the establishment bespeaks equally the exquisite taste of the fair owner. The drawing-rooms and her boudoir are perfect gems. Books, not of a frivolous kind, borrowed from the royal library, lie about, and help to shew what are the habits of this modern Amazon. Add to these a piano and a guitar, on both of which she accompanies herself with considerable taste and some skill; and an embroidery-frame, at which she produces works that put to shame the best of those exhibited for sale in England; so that you see she is positively compelled at times to resort to some amusement becoming her sex, as a relief from those more masculine or unworthy occupations in which, according to her reverend enemies, she emulates alternately the example of Peter the Great or Catherine II. The rest of the appointments of the place are in keeping; the coach-house and stabling (her equipages are extremely modest, and her household no more numerous or ostentatious than those of a gentlewoman of means), the culinary offices, and an exquisite bath-room, into which the light comes tinted with rose-color. At the back of the house is a large flower-garden, in which, during the summer, most of the political consultations between the fair countess and her sovereign are held.

For her habits of life, they are simple. She eats little, and of plain food cooked in the English fashion; drinks little, keeps good hours, rises early, and labors much. The morning, before and after breakfast, is devoted to what we must call semi-public business. The innumerable letters she receives, and affairs she has to arrange, keep herself and her secretary constantly employed during some hours. At breakfast she holds a sort of *levée* of persons of all sorts,—ministers *in esse* or *in posse*, professors, artists, English strangers, and foreigners from all parts of the world. As is usual with women of an active mind, she is a great talker; but, although an egotist, and with her full share of the vanity of her sex, she understands the art of conversation sufficiently never to be wearisome. Indeed, although capable of violent, but evanescent passions,—of deep, but not revengeful animosities, and occasionally of trivialities and weaknesses, very often found in persons suddenly raised to great power,—she can be, and almost always is, a very charming person, and a delightful companion. Her manners are distinguished, she is a graceful and hospitable hostess, and she understands the art of dressing to perfection.

The fair despot is passionately fond of homage. She is merciless in her man-killing propensities, and those gentlemen attending her *levées* or her *soirées*, who are, perhaps, too much absorbed in politics or art to be enamored of her personal charms, willingly pay respect to her mental attractions and conversational powers.

On the other hand, Lola Montez has many of the faults which history has recorded of others in like situations. She loves power for its own sake; she is too hasty, and too steadfast in her dislikes; she has not sufficiently learnt to curb the passion which seems natural to her Spanish blood; she is capricious, and quite capable, when her temper is inflamed, of rudeness, which, however, she is the first to regret and to apologize for. One absorbing idea she has which poisons her peace. She has devoted her life to the extirpation of the Jesuits, root and branch, from Bavaria. She is too ready to believe in their active influence, and too easily overlooks their passive influence. Every one whom she does not like, her prejudice transforms into a Jesuit. Jesuits stare at her in the streets, and peep out from the corners of her rooms. All the world, adverse to her-

self, are puppets, moved to mock and annoy her by these dark and invisible agents. At the same time, she has, doubtless, had good cause for her animosity; but these restless suspicions are a weakness quite incompatible with the strength of mind, the force of character, and determination of purpose, she exhibits in other respects.

As a political character, she holds an important position in Bavaria, besides having agents and correspondents in various courts of Europe. The king generally visits her in the morning, from eleven to twelve, or one o'clock; sometimes she is summoned to the palace to consult with him, or with the ministers, on state affairs. It is probable, that during her habits of intimacy with some of the principal political writers in Paris, she acquired that knowledge of politics and insight into the manœuvres of diplomatists and statesmen which she now turns to advantage in her new sphere of action. On foreign politics she seems to have very clear ideas; and her novel and powerful mode of expressing them has a great charm for the king, who has himself a comprehensive mind. On the internal politics of Bavaria she has the good sense not to rely upon her own judgment, but to consult those whose studies and occupations qualify them to afford information. For the rest, she is treated by the political men of the country as a substantive power; and, however much they may secretly rebel against her influence, they at least find it good policy to acknowledge it. The last change of ministry, which placed Prince Wallenstein as foreign minister at the head of affairs, and Mr. Berx as minister of the interior, was her act. Whatever indiscretions she may, in other respects, commit, she always keeps state secrets; and can, therefore, be consulted, with perfect safety, in cases where her original habits of thought render her of invaluable service. Acting under advice, which entirely accords with the king's own general principles, his majesty has pledged himself to a course of steady but gradual improvement, which is calculated to increase both the political freedom and the material prosperity of his kingdom, without risking that unity of power which, in the present state of European affairs, is essential to its protection and advancement. One thing in her praise is, that although she really wields so much power, she never uses it either for the promotion of unworthy persons, or, as other favorites have done,



for corrupt purposes. During her early career, long before her influence or her position became consolidated, the most enormous and tempting offers were made to her to quit the country and leave the field open to the displaced party. These were rejected with disdain; and there is good reason to believe that political feeling influences her, not sordid considerations. Her creation as Countess of Landsfelt, which has alienated from her some of her most honest liberal supporters, who wished her still to continue in rank, as well as in purposes, one of the people; while it has exasperated against her the powerless, because impoverished nobility; was the unsolicited act of the king, legally effected with the consent of the crown-prince. Without entrenching too far upon a delicate subject, it may be added, that she is not regarded with contempt or detestation by either the male or the female members of the royal family. She is regarded by them rather as a political personage, than as the king's favorite. Her title of Countess is accompanied by an estate of the same name, with certain feudal privileges and rights over some two thousand souls, who find no reason to complain of the change. Her income, including a recent addition from the king of twenty thousand florins per annum, is seventy thousand florins, or little more than 5000*l*. In addition to this, she has private property of her own, in the English or French funds, a great portion of which consists of shares in, we believe, the Palais Royal at Paris, left her by Dujarrier in his will, made on the day he went out to fight that duel in which he lost his life, and for unfair proceedings in which his antagonists have recently been punished by the French criminal courts. While upon this subject of her position, it may be added, that it is reported, on good authority, that the Queen of Bavaria (to whom, by the way, the king has always paid the most scrupulous attentions due to her as his wife) very recently made a voluntary communication to her husband, apparently with the knowledge of the princes and other members of the royal family, that should the king desire, at any future time, that the new countess should, as a matter of right, be presented at court, she (the queen) would offer no obstacle.

In dismissing this part of the subject, we must beg to remind the reader that we do not attempt in any way to palliate or justify the kind of connexion subsisting between the King of Bavaria and his favorite. All

we have proposed to do is to explain the actual relations of the parties, and to counteract those false statements by which, we repeat, the cause of morality can never be truly served. A few words more, and we dismiss the subject. The relation subsisting between the King of Bavaria and the Countess of Landsfelt is not of a coarse or vulgar character. The king has a highly poetical mind, and he sees his favorite through his imagination. Knowing perfectly well what her antecedents have been, he takes her as she is, and, finding in her an intellectual and an agreeable companion, and an honest, plain-spoken councillor, he fuses the reality with his own ideal in one deep sentiment of affectionate respect.

GERMAN LITERARY PIRACY.—We find the following in a late number of the London Athenæum. It is from a correspondent:—

"I beg leave to trespass upon your attention for a few moments while I state a fact which concerns all those who are, like myself, not only readers but purchasers of German books. I wanted, a few days since, some tales for children in the above language; and having received from a German friend a strong recommendation of those by Gustav Nieritz, with a list, containing the titles of his works, I chose those which appeared most attractive, and ordered them from London. Among these was one entitled 'Der reiche arme Mann;' after reading a few pages of which I discovered it to be a translation of Miss Sedgwick's story, 'The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man.' On turning to the two title pages, I found the words 'Abgedruckt von Gustav Nieritz;' but this was all. There was not the slightest hint given that this was a translation; and moreover, on examining it carefully, I found that the scene was laid in the 'Elbthal,' instead of in New England—that New York was changed to Hamburg—the hero's name from 'Harry Aikin' to 'Heinrich Schmidt'—and one of the female characters is represented as going from 'Germany to England or America;' whereas in the original her transit is from New England to the Southern states. In short, the book is made as nearly as possible a German story. I do not know what the German laws are as regards translation, but surely this translation, with its various changes, ought to have been acknowledged by the editor. Otherwise it seems to me little short of literary piracy, misleading all those who, living at a distance from London, cannot see foreign books before ordering them. It ought also to be a lesson to the metropolitan booksellers to ascertain the real authorship of tales before they print the titles in their catalogues, for I must add that, upon referring to the catalogues of the principal foreign booksellers, I found this 'Reiche arme Mann' designated as a tale by Nieritz.

DRUIDICAL TEMPLES IN SCOTLAND.—Several of the Druids' places of worship are still to be seen in the Highlands. Above Dochmaluag, there is a pretty large one, the stones of which, it is maintained by many of the peasants in the district, are said to have been at one time human beings, which were overtaken with judgment for dancing on the Sabbath day. Hence the name Clachan Gorach, or foolish stones.—*Rosshire Advertiser*.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## SWITZERLAND AND ITS CONDITION.

*Die Schweiz und ihre Zustände. Reise-erinnerungen.* (Switzerland and its Condition. Recollections of Travel.) By Theodore Mugge. Hanover: 1847.

IN the volume before us, the picture of the social, moral, and physical condition of the cantons during the year preceding the war, throws much light on the events that have subsequently occurred, and on what may prove to have been the last hour of the existence of the Swiss Confederacy.

The author is one long well-known in Germany, though, we believe, not yet to English readers, to whom, however, the interest of the subject he has chosen will now, perhaps, afford a favorable opportunity of introducing him.

Few countries in Europe have claims to attention so many and various as those of Switzerland, yet it has been its singular fate, while it has been more visited than almost any other, to be less generally understood. Its rocks and glaciers, and roaring torrents, and blue lakes, the magnificence of its mountains, and the charms of its pastoral valleys, have been gazed at and described until the returning tourist has become a terror to his friends. The name of their William Tell is a household word over all Europe, and been repeated till—in sheer weariness, we must imagine—our critical German friends have taken to declaring, “they don’t believe there ever was any such person.” But few have concerned themselves much with the subsequent fate of a people with whose early struggles they have felt so warm a sympathy, and the only class of the Swiss people with which strangers have formed much acquaintance has been that of the landlords and postillions. It is not very uncommon to hear the cantons spoken of as if they were provinces, and the Diet regarded in the light of a House of Parliament; instead of which it is a Congress of Ambassadors, who do but obey exactly the instructions given on every question, and have no further authority than is afforded by the Federal Pact or Treaty of Alliance.

Even the physical character of Switzerland is often mistaken, from the circumstance of tourists running so nearly in the same tract. It is by no means entirely a land of high mountains. The cantons of Aargau, Thurgau, Schaffhausen, Basel,

Zurich, and even part of Berne and St. Gallen, present little more than the gentle hills of the neighboring Wurtemberg and Baden, which, indeed, in the Black Forest, can show far more rugged and mountainous districts. They are merely Steppe countries, whose highest summits do not exceed two thousand feet. The range extending from the south of the canton of Freyburg to the lake of Constance, including the Rigi, and reaching to a height of 5,500 feet, may be considered to form the first mountain girdle of Switzerland. Southward of this, from the Lake of Geneva, stretches another and loftier range, forming Mount Pilate and the Schwyz mountains, and terminating with the Santis peaks on the Rhine. The third mountain wall lies still further south, running from Savoy through the Bernese Oberland, which it separates from the Valais. In this range rise the enormous masses of the Schneehorn, the Finster Aarhorn, the Jungfrau, &c., whose peaks are covered with everlasting snow and ice, and which link themselves with the mightiest chain of primitive granite and gneiss, which fill the Tyrol, and separate Switzerland from Italy. Towards the plains of Lombardy the descent is rapid and abrupt, forming a striking contrast with the gradual rise on the northern side.

Berne, Aargau, Zurich, Basel, and all the most important towns, lie in the milder and less elevated region, and it is not till we have passed this that we find ourselves in the true pastoral highlands.

The populations occupying western Switzerland and the shores of the Lake of Geneva speak French. The German language prevails over all the north and east; at the foot of the St. Gotthard, the Splügen, and the Simplon, it meets the Italian; and in the Grisons a dialect of the Latin, the Romansch, is chiefly used.

To this difference of language and physical character is added a still greater diversity in mode of life and occupation, in social institutions and religious faith, and, we may even add, in forms of government, for at all events, until lately, the cantons of Switzerland, though all bearing the same



common name of Republic, comprehended almost every variety, from the most complete democracy, through various forms of oligarchy, up even to the limits of absolute monarchy in Prussian Neuchâtel.

Instead, therefore, of wondering that a confederacy composed of so many heterogeneous materials should not always remain perfectly united, we shall be rather inclined to ask what is the powerful bond which has hitherto cemented together elements so discordant. We believe that bond to be a deep and well-grounded conviction in the minds of the Swiss, that whatever may be the defects of their political institutions, they are, beyond comparison, preferable to those of the countries by which they are surrounded; and although the organs of arbitrary governments, in the German press in particular, lose no opportunity of expressing themselves shocked at the commotions of Switzerland, and of thanking heaven that they are "not as these men," yet the Swiss themselves are often greatly amused at the pity bestowed upon them, and could be tempted, by no possible inducement, to exchange a system which affords them so many solid advantages for tranquillity beneath a paternal gripe like that of Austria.

The unhappy dissensions to which the country is at present a prey need not make us forget the whole previous course of its history; and if we compare the amount of suffering experienced by Switzerland from war and civil discord in the five hundred years during which the Confederacy has subsisted, with that endured by any monarchy in the same period, the result of the comparison will certainly not be in favor of the latter.

One of the first symptoms by which the author perceived that he had entered the Swiss territory, although the soil and its productions, the people and their language, were exactly similar, was the negative blessing of the absence on the frontier of *gens-d'armes*, or custom-house officers, and the pleasant consciousness that neither he nor his luggage would have to be subjected to scrutiny in search of passports or contraband goods. He learned also that in the republic of Schaffhausen, which he had now entered, the taxes paid by the inhabitants did not amount to more than about eighteen pence a head per annum, while their neighbors across the frontier, who rejoice in a Grand-Duke, pay eight times that amount.

But how short-lived is human happiness!

M. Mugge soon found that though the imposts of the government were light, those of the innkeepers were enormously heavy.

In the little town of Schaffhausen, one of the branches of industry carried on with the greatest vigor is the "*exploitation*" of strangers who come to gaze at the beauties of the falls of the Rhine; and the approach of the migratory flocks of travellers is watched for as anxiously in its season as in some other countries that of the birds or fish, which make an important part of the people's subsistence. "A fine summer brings thousands of the welcome gold-scattering guests—a bad one keeps them back; and since every Swiss brings with him into the world as an original instinct, the propensity to money-making, it is an occasion of national mourning when the state of the weather seems to threaten a bad harvest of tourists." It is hardly necessary to say, that the concourse of idle visitors tends in Switzerland, as everywhere else, greatly to the demoralization of the people, and is unquestionably one of the obstacles in the way of their happiness and true progress.

The extortions of innkeepers had it seems at one time risen to such a height, as to threaten to work its own cure by depriving them of their accustomed prey; and they found it expedient to enter into a coalition, and agree to carry on their predatory occupation for the future with more moderation, since when, travellers enjoy the advantage of regular though severe laws, in place of being subjected to uncertain piracy. The allied innkeepers, whose names are to be found in most guide books, have established a price current, according to which every guest is to be fleeced; and whether his dinner be good or bad, abundant or scanty, he has the satisfaction of always knowing what he is to pay for it.

At the moment of M. Mugge's arrival, the city of Schaffhausen was preparing for the celebration of a festival of one of those many associations for rifle-shooting, music, or other purposes, ostensibly of amusement, which have arisen in Switzerland since 1815, and which have had, he thinks, no small share in bringing about the subsequent movements, "by contributing to keep alive the consciousness of freedom, and a feeling of brotherhood among the citizens of different cantons."

The ruling powers have not been blind, however, to the dangerous opportunities these meetings might afford—indeed have afforded—for the expression of discontent,

and for the formation of societies for very different purposes; but they could not attempt to suppress them; and the radicals, who have gained so entirely the upper hand in the largest cantons, have mostly been distinguished members of these associations. Counsellors, deputies, presidents and burgomasters have been taken from their ranks, and the societies have served as props to their power, and rallying points in times of danger; "but the old aristocrats have always kept aloof from them, and the great majority of their members has always consisted of young men of the middle classes."

"The present meeting at Schaffhausen was on the occasion of a musical festival, to be celebrated on the 14th and 15th of June, 1846, and guests were streaming in from far and near, not merely from various parts of Switzerland, but also from Germany.

"The quiet old town was dressed out in all the holiday finery that could be mustered; the old stone houses were hung all over with garlands of leaves and flowers, which were also sometimes suspended across the street; and the gates were decorated till they looked like triumphal arches; and mottoes and sentences—some of welcome to the visitors, some to the honor and glory of Switzerland, and sometimes exhortations to unity, or to faithfulness, and devotion to the cause of liberty, were introduced in a hundred places through which the throng was pouring in—in carriage, on foot, or in steam-boat.

"On the great market-place of the town, called the *Herrenacker*, or Lords' Field—where, in former days, knights and nobles held tournaments—was erected, at the expense of the city, the grand banqueting booth, where eight or nine hundred of the singers and their friends were entertained till a late hour in the night, and where were made the political speeches, never wanting at any Swiss meeting. There were, of course, a good many oratorical flourishes, introduced to tickle the vanity of the auditory; but there was also many a true, earnest, and kindling word uttered, that would not be readily forgotten.

"The president of the association, M. Schenkel, made a very animated speech, in which he extolled his native country as having been for ages an island of freedom and refuge for many who might have perished in the political storms of surrounding nations. He declared that Switzerland was resolved never to shrink from any struggle which should lie in the way to a true victory, and feared only torpor, indifference, and a peace which was the peace of the grave.

"Several speakers rose after him who spoke forcibly on the subject of the present dissensions; and a M. Bentz, from Zurich, pronounced a philippic against the Jesuits and their allies,

who would fain keep the people in ignorance and slavery, and establish their own power on the ruins of Switzerland. A school director, from Aargau, 'followed on the same side,' warning the people against narrow-mindedness, spiritual darkness, lies, Jesuits and Jesuitism, and declaring he saw symptoms of a renewal of social harmony, in the love of music that had that day brought them together. The Landamman of Aargau condemned the caprice and insincerity of party, and exhorted his hearers to remain true to their personal convictions. The best of the really popular speakers were two clergymen, from the banks of the lake of Zurich, who made very humorous speeches, full of allusions, that were taken up with enthusiasm by the assembly."

To M. Mugge, as a German, there was something striking and attractive in the bold, free tone of the speakers on this occasion—their calling things at once by their names, instead of seeking to envelope their meaning in a thousand ambiguous coverings—and in the circumstance of their addressing themselves to the assembled people, without any one fearing any of the awful consequences which, in Germany, are supposed to result from their participation in political knowledge. "In Switzerland it is by no means necessary to be a Radical to admit that the people have a full right to hear whatever their fellow citizens may have to say to them."

The early history of the country, and the memory of the men who laid the foundation of its freedom, are sure to find a place among the *stock* topics of orators on these occasions. The valor, the fidelity, the purity of morals, the unquenchable love of liberty, which belong, or are supposed to belong, to the character of the Confederates, form appropriate subjects for compliment; and William Tell, Winkelried, or some other hero of the olden time, never fails to make his appearance in due season, and to produce his due effect. "William Tell is the weak side of the Swiss; they believe in him as in the Gospel, and will not yield to criticism one iota of his story; although it is in fact a matter of very little consequence to them whether such a person as the marksman of Uri ever lived or no."

Against this opinion of Herr Mugge we must take leave to protest; and the acknowledged powers of German criticism could, in our opinion scarcely be worse employed than in endeavoring to extinguish the glory of a name that has kept alive the fire of patriotism in the hearts of successive generations for five hundred years. In the



present divided and distracted state of Switzerland, there are but too few of such rallying points for the affections.

The enthusiasm with which the Swiss, sober as they are, look back to this period of their history, was exemplified on this occasion by the applause they bestowed on certain broad-shouldered men of Schaffhausen, who, attired in the costume of the thirteenth or fourteenth century,—with long beards and enormous halberts, and looking appropriately grim, were planted at the gates which the choruses of singers had to pass through, and greeted, as the play-bills have it, with “immense applause.”

We pass the remainder of the festival, and the natural but delusive anticipations of the restoration of peace and goodwill in the hearts of those who could thus unite, for purposes of social and refined enjoyment, to accompany the traveller to Zurich, “the intellectual centre of German Switzerland.”

Few if any of the Cantons are more favored by nature, for fertility of soil and mildness of climate. To its abundant productiveness in corn and wine and fruit, and the active industry which secures its material prosperity, it unites the advantage of a greater unity among the inhabitants, who are nearly all Protestants of German race, and followers of their native reformer, Zwinglius.

“Few great towns in Switzerland can boast of environs of such surpassing beauty; the country round is like one great garden full of orchards and vineyards, corn-fields and rich plantations of every kind. Not a spot of waste land is to be seen, and every foot of ground has yielded its tribute to the industrious hand of man; while scattered all round lie the clean, neat, comfortable dwellings of the owners of these industrious hands. Along the two shores of the lake of Zurich, runs a continued chain of country houses, manufactories, farms, villages, peasants’ cottages, and the dwellings of industrious weavers and artizans. The city seems to throw out two arms around the bright water—polypus arms of prosperity and industry, which reach even into the lap of the mountains.

“Fine roads also run along both shores of the lake, which form the frontiers of several Cantons, and meet in Zurich, which in the course of the last fifteen years, has begun a new era of political life. The ancient walls and bastions have been broken down; the remains of the dark prison tower on the lake, which has so often echoed to the sighs of the victims of the old aristocracy, have sunk in its waves, and a new and brighter day of freedom has dawned upon the people.

“There are indeed still among the old citizens those who sigh for the good old times, and shake their heads mournfully as they contemplate the

place where their fortified gates once stood. Many have for years not been able to resolve to set foot on any of these desecrated spots, though it is very hard to know what in fact they are grieving about. The old town of Zurich, with its dull narrow streets, and tall, gloomy, old houses, whose narrow windows admit scarcely any light, is assuredly no agreeable place of abode.

“But on the site of the ancient fortifications, magnificent mansions are to be found, built quite in the modern style, with gardens and all improvements. Far-stretching streets and roads, that reach up to the declivity of the mountain, stately public buildings—as, for instance, the Cantonal School, and the new Hospital, bearing witness to the impulse which its young freedom has given to their city—might, one would think, console these worshippers of the past for their lost privileges, and if they could be induced to reflect on the transitory nature of all earthly advantages, teach them not to think of these as of a property of which they have been robbed.

“The Commune of Hottingen, with its beautiful buildings, raising its head as if in triumph above the old town, is wholly the work of the last fifteen years. This is the place to live in for any one who wishes to make any stay in Zurich, and to become well acquainted with the country. A stranger will find himself more pleasantly situated here than in any other part of Switzerland. Zurich is not only most distinguished for intellectual activity, and the residence of many men of eminent attainments, it is also the gayest and most pleasure-taking place in the country, is surrounded with coffee gardens and taverns, whose name is legion, and which, by their beautiful situation, offer the greatest attraction to the visitor.”

Zurich has been particularly favored in the beauty of its position. It lies on the point of transition, just where the gentle hills begin to assume a mountainous character. The hill on the eastern shore of the lake, on whose slope lies the village of Hottingen, is not more than six hundred feet high; but on the south-west the waters bathe the foot of the Albis chain, whose summits reach a height of nearly three thousand feet above the sea. From these we obtain the first glimpse into the mountain world of the chalk formation—the Rigi and Mount Pilate, the peaks and horns of Schwyz, and the mountains of Glarus and St. Gallen—seldom visible, however, from Zurich, unless at sunset or before rain, when the atmosphere has a peculiar transparency.

One of the circumstances most striking to a stranger in Zurich, is the evidence of republican equality afforded by the mixture of ranks in the beer and coffee-houses. Reigning burgomasters, deputies, judges, presidents, counsellors—all the first men of the radical party—are to be met with smok-

ing their modest cigars and drinking their unpretending beer.

"By this abolition of all attempts at exclusiveness Zurich gains much in freedom of movement, and amalgamation of different classes, which must lead to good results, and is perfectly in harmony with a republic."

Whether it may be judicious in the chiefs of a republic thus to cast aside all the dignity of office, is a point that may, nevertheless, admit of discussion. The "divinity that doth hedge" a burgomaster can, we apprehend, hardly bear such familiarity, and they might, perhaps, be wiser to keep their state and eschew the beer-shops.

The following passage gives a pleasing picture of the condition of the people:—

"On a fine bright Sunday Zurich is full of life and movement. Troops of well-dressed people are seen pouring out over the hills and meadows, or the beautiful shores of the lake, while other pleasure-seekers float about in gaily decked boats and gondolas on its blue surface, or crowd the numerous and picturesque places of public resort, and the prosperity of the city is evidenced by the dress of the ladies and gentlemen, the style of the carriages and horses, and the mass of the people who are abroad in search of enjoyment."

The coffee-houses serve, it seems, as what artizans denominate "houses of call" for the various political opinions. Every one knows where his friends and partizans are to be found, and many of the citizens of Zurich find it, according to our author, indispensable to their happiness to visit some one of these places every evening to drink coffee, read the papers, and play at the interesting and intellectual game of dominoes.

As these are, however, pleasures, which, however delightful in enjoyment, are apt to be somewhat tiresome in description—we pass at once to the very different scenes presented by the still life of pastoral Switzerland.

"I went down the lake of the Four Cantons in a steamer to Brunnen, the landing place for Schwyz, and if any of the Swiss lakes resemble the fiords of Norway, it is this, with its high, rocky, wildly romantic shores, its deep bays and groups of firs crowning the most precipitous crags, and its air of profound loneliness. The old method of traversing these waters, by sail or oar, is both more expensive and more uncertain, for the art of navigation in either way is in its infancy here. The craft is of the clumsiest description, keel boats are unknown—oars are used crossed—the man standing and pushing them from him with

arms and breast—a method of rowing that must be excessively fatiguing. The heaviest of the vessels employed sometimes carry a square sail, but on these mountain lakes these require the greatest caution—as sudden squalls often break through the rocky clefts and ravines, which throw the waters into such violent commotion as to compel all vessels to run immediately for shelter.

"The lake of the Four Cantons, though lying about thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, is nine hundred feet deep in some parts; in breadth very unequal. It is hemmed in by rocks from six to eight thousand feet high—of wild and magnificent form. On the banks of this beautiful lake the formations of sandstone separate from the chalk, which lies heaped upon its southern shores in vast piles.

"This lake is both geographically and historically the centre of Switzerland, and around its basin lie the four states which formed the first confederacy. Lucerne occupies the west; looking down the deep bays to the right we see the towers of Stanz, the principal town, or rather village, of Unterwalden; following the winding of the lake to its southern point Uri lies before us; and on the left rise the summits of Küssnacht and Rigi, beneath which, on the declivities of its mountains, reposes the beautiful canton of Schwyz. No other lake equals it in grandeur of scenery, or in variety of light and shade; in snowy peaks and glaciers, lovely meadows, valleys whose deep rich green contrasts alternately with the dark forest and dark grey naked rock, or the fertile sunny spots along its margin.

"This rapid change of scenery is, however, one of the peculiar characteristics of Switzerland, where fat cattle graze up to the very edge of the glaciers, and fruit trees blossom almost overhung by ice and snow. \* \* \*

"It is scarcely possible at a distance to conceive how these minikin pastoral states could ever have been able to offer the resistance they did to the Dukes of Austria. But at the sight of the steep rocky paths, the narrow passes, the deep valleys, with their smooth inaccessible walls, we cease to wonder at this, or at their similar success in the obstinate struggle with the French in 1798. A few hundred men could in many places easily maintain their ground against as many thousands. Behind projecting points of rock they might take aim and load and re-load deliberately, long before a foe less acquainted with the country could find the way to ascend the heights. In the attack on Stanz, for instance, at the above-mentioned period, an old man with his two sons-in-law, supported by their wives and children, who loaded their guns for them, shot hundreds of the French before they could find the path, by which they at last reached and surrounded the heroic family, but then bayonet and sabres did their work on every member of it. Against 20,000 of these men, properly armed, on their native mountains, the best army in Europe could do nothing. Their artillery and cavalry would be totally useless."

The canton of Unterwalden, small as it is, is divided into two half cantons—Nied-



wald and Obwald—each of which has its general assembly, its great and small councils, and other independent authorities. Nature has determined that it shall be, like Uri and Schwyz, wholly a land of herdsmen; cheese and butter are made in abundance, and cattle and wood also bring in money. The rushing mountain torrents set in motion more than forty saw-mills, and there has been a cotton-mill erected, besides paper-mills, rope-manufactories, &c., though these establishments are only in their infancy, and they have been chiefly set on foot by the monks of Engelberg and of other convents.

"The inhabitants live in small villages and scattered farms; there is no such thing as a town in all Obwald; whose inhabitants, cut off from the world, and following their cattle along their elevated valleys and Alpine pastures, are usually content to leave to the monks the care of all other temporal affairs, as well as the welfare of their souls. The monks have money and lands, and take very good care that no one meddles with their revenues; and they have it also in their power to prevent the establishment of any rivals to their commercial undertakings. With a few influential families they are on the best possible terms: and the mass of the people is so dependent, so humble, and so pious, that the abbot or the priest may say what he pleases, and be always sure that his words will be listened to as the commands of God."

The separation of Unterwalden took place as early as the year 1366, and its condition is very little altered from what it was at that remote period. Whatever changes were effected during the brief dominion of the Helvetic republic, were immediately reversed on its overthrow, and the state of things restored which had subsisted for ages past.

"It seems as if for these cantons time had been annihilated; the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries still hang over these mountains, and bring forth the men as unchanged as the herbs and grass beneath their feet. The men of Unterwalden and Uri live as their forefathers did; they have little book learning, and desire no more; they have faith in their Great Council and their Little Council, their Weekly Council and their Council Extraordinary, and willingly abandon to a few families all claim to offices of government, especially as these are either miserably ill paid, or not paid at all.

"In this circumstance lies one of the chief causes why the *caste* of reigning families has established itself so firmly in Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and all the small cantons. None but people of some property can undertake the offices of government; and many of these are given *for life*, and some-

times even pass as if by inheritance from father to son, or at all events remain in the circle of certain families, which, becoming allied by blood and marriage, form an indissoluble league firmly united in the resolution to allow of no innovations."

Our readers perhaps may be inclined to ask how it has happened that a form of government, which on a superficial glance appears the extreme of democracy, should, while the letter remains the same, in spirit have become so much the reverse? We believe it arose in this way.\* On first gaining their independence the cantons registered the names of all the inhabitants, and assigned to each a portion of land; but they were registered by their names according to families, and not to the districts they inhabited, and, therefore, though it was settled at that time that the whole body of citizens beyond the age of sixteen should be members of the General Assembly, in which the sovereign power resided, as the number of original families declined this body necessarily became smaller and smaller. Since 1681 no one in Unterwalden has been allowed to obtain citizenship by purchase. The jealousy with which this right is guarded is at least intelligible, when we consider that all who are recognised as citizens have a right to share in the wood, hay, and pastures of the Alps of the commune, and the old corporation is, of course, unwilling to admit new claimants. Those who, in addition to these rights of the commune, possess Alps and forests of their own, are the capitalists of the country, in whose hands, or in those of their families, the government has lain from time immemorial.

It is, of course, not very easy for property to be dissipated among a people whose customs and mode of life are so simple, and of the communal lands nothing can be alienated.

Women as well as men enjoy the economical, if not the political rights of commonality, but either must be of the age of twenty-five years, and have "light and fire" of their own, as not heads but fire-hearths are counted, as among the Tartar tribes who count the population by *kettles*. It is common, for this reason, for young men and women to keep house for themselves, and even those who go out to work for others have always a little abode of their own, that they may not lose the ad-

\* It was thus at least in Appenzell, and probably in other cantons also.

vantages of their birth-right. They generally come home on the Saturday night, and make fire and light in their habitations for this purpose.

Families who have settled in these mountains later than the middle of the seventeenth century, cannot enjoy any share in these advantages; but if they date before 1756, they have a voice in the General Assembly, and can be chosen for any office. Below these stand the "Strangers," or Swiss from other cantons, who can produce the certificates of their citizenship and place of birth; then come "Foreigners," who are "tolerated;" and lastly, the "Homeless," who either from carelessness in the loss of papers, or from some other cause, cannot establish their claim to any canton. These three latter classes are entirely without political rights; they or their children may be driven from the country at any moment, at the pleasure of the government, and no length of residence can give them any further claims. The whole constitution of society appears to be as nearly as possible what it was among the ancient Germanic peasant communities of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The whole administrative and judicial power of Unterwalden lies with the small councils, consisting of fifty-eight members in Nidwald, and sixty-five in Obwald. These, as well as the deputies sent to the Diet, the Landammans, and all other government officers, are chosen by the General Assembly, which meets once a year, and the elections go off in general very quietly, though the appointments are often for life. To the outcast classes above described, even the right of petitioning is not freely granted, since it is forbidden (as it is in Prussia) to collect signatures, and a petition can only be presented by an individual.

The revenues of these little states are supplied by taxes on trade and commerce, property and land, the post, stamps, &c., and according to law, the accounts of the canton ought to be laid on a table in the chancery every year, for fourteen days, for public inspection; but this law appears to be usually evaded, and, according to Mr. Mugge, there have been instances of the treasurer roundly declaring he would give no account.

"This is what is called freedom in these democratic cantons. The old families are the sovereigns of the canton—the people are nothing. Change is impossible, for the chiefs and the priests take care to prevent even the thought of such a

thing; and the poor herdsmen cutting their wild hay high up among the Alps, have no means of comparing their condition with any other, and live for the most part a contented, peaceable life, and are not troubled with any wicked longings after shares in the privileges of the communes.

"Stanz, the chief town of the half canton of Nidwald, lies half buried in a forest of fruit trees in a beautiful valley, and thence the way leads still through fruit trees to Sarnen, the capital of Obwald. The most sublime mountain scenery fills these little cantons, and whoever has time to become acquainted with the communities that lie hidden in its recesses, will discover, indeed, much ignorance and superstition, but a simple and uncorrupted race of men. On the great roads, on the contrary, throughout these Catholic pastoral states, mendicancy has erected its throne. One is surrounded by cripples, by cretins, by ragged children, who regard the traveller as their regular prey, and never cease their importunate song till they are silenced with a piece of money. Many of these urchins have parents by no means in a destitute condition, but they consider it as absolutely meritorious to levy this toll upon a stranger; and the parents often rejoice at seeing these talents for business thus early manifested by their offspring. Many, however, appear to be really in want, notwithstanding the assistance of the convents and the numerous charitable institutions; and there can be no doubt that the frequent holidays of the Catholic Church contribute much to the increase of poverty. One is enchanted with the poetical descriptions of this country, its Alpine shepherds and verdant vales, and icy mountains and glaciers, and thundering waterfalls; its grazing cattle, and the music of the *Ranz des Vaches* among the hills; but how mournfully is one undeceived at the aspect of these hordes of ragged beggars, the dirt of the Senne huts, and the greedy, covetous ways of their inhabitants, who will not offer a stranger so much as a glass of milk or a piece of bread without expecting an enormous payment."

This is somewhat at variance with the above remark on the "simple and uncorrupted race of men to be found in the remote valleys." The Senne or herdsmen's huts, we presume, are not situated on the high roads. Many of these beggars, it appears, come from the south of Germany as pilgrims, attracted by the reputation of the sacred shrine of Einsiedeln, and other places, and are induced to remain in this part of Switzerland by the advantages it affords, from the number of travellers, for their peculiar branch of industry. They are also, of course, encouraged by the assistance they receive at the convents.

On the mischief of this recognition of mendicancy there can be little difference of opinion; but the problem is not solved by having poverty merely hunted down and trodden out of sight, as it often is in great



cities. Our sight is not offended by a throng of destitute suppliants at our church doors; but is it because there is less destitution, or because it has less hope of relief?

In the canton of Unterwalden there are, it appears, no less than five convents, though the communities are mostly small. The most considerable is that of Engelberg.

"High up in the lap of the mountains, encircled by wild rocks, lies the rich and ancient Benedictine monastery of Engelberg, surrounded by the village of the same name. These Benedictines educate the children of the principal families of Unterwalden. They also carry on a considerable trade, and the abbot has found means to maintain the lands of the Church in tolerable independence of the state, to which he pays only a fixed yearly sum. In former days the abbots were called sovereign lords of Engelberg, and had the power of princes; but these fine old times are gone by. The abbey has often had within its walls princes, and even emperors, and has seen its days of feasting and rejoicing; but now the monks are more modest in their deportment, and seek a more artful method of securing their influence and position. The parish priests of the communes have very small salaries—scarcely ever more than 400 guilders (about £33); but they manage matters so that the pious gifts of their penitents always keep their larders and cellars well supplied; and the Capuchins plunder the country all round in their begging expeditions. The richer and more cultivated Benedictines know how to employ their capital;—they farm Alps, give instruction, and trade in cloth and various kinds of wares, by means of their agents and commissioners.

"From Engelberg you obtain the most magnificent views of the mountains, and whoever has a mind to ascend the Titlis, may here find skilful and trusty guides. Beyond this ridge lies the Bernese Oberland, which may be reached by a wild pass: another still wilder between hills of everlasting snow, and lofty peaks of nine or ten thousand feet high, leads to Altorf, in the canton of Uri; and a descent of nine long Swiss miles brings you to the land of Tell, whose memory still meets the traveller at every turn.

"The whole story of the renowned shot of the apple is painted on the walls of an old tower; a figure of Tell with his cross-bow, is placed at the spring, which tradition says is the precise spot where it was taken; the place is shown where his house stood; in short, the people could be induced to part with the story on no consideration whatever, and wo betide the traveller who should be ill-advised enough to hint a doubt of its truth."

The little canton of Uri appears to be in almost every respect the twin-brother of Unterwalden. There is the same wild splendor of scenery,

"Mountains piled on mountains to the skies."

the same lovely sheltered valleys, with their quiet and picturesque cottages hanging on every declivity, sometimes alone, sometimes clustering in little hamlets,—the same constitution of society,—the same manners arising out of it;—only here and there a breath of Italian summer seems to have found its way into Uri, and ripened peaches and melons in favored spots. On some of the slopes of the St. Gotthard, the Italian language, too, is heard, and sparkling black eyes, and sharply cut features, proclaim the approach of a different race. The shepherds of these mountains are still remarkable for strength and agility as they are described to have been in early times; and these are qualities which their mode of life of course tends much to encourage. In the management of their dairies they are accustomed to carry the heaviest weights down steep declivities, and to seek their way through mist and rain and storm, along the edge of dizzy precipices, loaded with piles of their great cheeses, or with huge bundles of hay.

Through the canton of Uri passes the great road crossing the St. Gotthard, and leading through Ticino to Italy; by this road as many as twenty thousand travellers, it is said, yearly traverse the valley of the Reuss.

"It is one of the finest roads in all Switzerland, and the most glorious views accompany the traveller along every step of the way. Naked peaks and horns crowned with everlasting snows of dazzling white—the magnificent Uri Rothstock, the Blakenstock, the Galenstock, the Schneehorn, the enormous white pyramid of the Bristenstock,—these stand like lines of giants on either side,—while between them lies the valley of the foaming Reuss, at first green and pleasant, and thickly sown with human dwellings, but growing ever narrower and wilder and more desolate as it proceeds southward. The road winds right and left, crossing the mountain stream: here and there, hewn out of the solid rock, are places of refuge from falling avalanches,—and then up again it goes, zigzag, through steep, narrow ravines, which in winter are often suddenly filled by masses of falling snow, and at length across the Devil's Bridge and through the rocky gallery of the Urnerloch into the smiling valley that lies like an oasis in the desert.

"The Devil's Bridge is a bold work of human skill and industry, through whose mighty arch rushes the foaming Reuss, and then dashes down in a beautiful fall. The old Devil's Bridge lies far below, with the remains of the old road, and may well have appeared the work of more than mortal hands to the pilgrim as he stood on its now blackened arch, and felt the thunder of the cataract below him."

Herr Mugge mentions that the people of Uri take a very high toll from travellers on this road; but he does not mention that the snow often lies twenty feet deep on it, and that it is their business to clear it away.

It was on this road, and along the shores of the lake of the Four Cantons, in the valleys of Schwyz, that several severe struggles took place between the French, Austrians, and Russians, in 1798 and 1799. Towards the end of September in the latter year, Suwarrow crossed the St. Gotthard from Italy, with 30,000 Russians, driving the French before him. The latter had blown up the Devil's Bridge; Suwarrow cut down the wood and made a new bridge. The inhabitants of the valley where it had grown complained indeed, for the trees had protected them from destruction, by affording shelter from the falling avalanches: but their complaints did not disturb Suwarrow. "Things like this you know must be in time of war." His whole army crossed over, beat the French, and at length effected a junction with that of the Prince Korsakoff; and considering the nature of the way, it is not surprising that much of the baggage was lost, and that five hundred Russians disappeared over the precipice; but this was a trivial accident in the estimation of Suwarrow.

The canton of Schwyz, the third of the original confederacy, containing about forty thousand inhabitants, as many as Uri and Unterwalden put together, has always been regarded at the same time as the bulwark of pure democracy, as it is there understood, and the most zealous supporter of the power of the Catholic church.

The government, though in general resembling that of the other pastoral cantons, has been subjected to some modifications, calculated to lead the way to further progress,—such as the separation of the administrative from the judicial authorities, and the limitation of the hitherto life-long duration of offices. The communal system, with respect to economical rights, is, however, the same as in the other original cantons.

Alps and woods,—meadow and moorland,—belong to the old races who were the inhabitants of the country centuries ago; later comers obtained only political privileges. There is little of trade or manufacturing industry in Schwyz, the occupation of the people being almost wholly pastoral. There is little even of agriculture.

"On landing at Brunnen (on the lake of the Four Cantons), the whole land of Schwyz lies spread out in a beautiful amphitheatre before you. Fruitful and well cultivated, it extends from here to the Rigi and the Rossberg, and enclosing the grand rocky pyramids of the Mythe and the Haken, to the Lake of Zurich. It is full of mountains and valleys, and flowery meads. To the right opens the wild romantic gorge, twenty miles long, of the Muetta Valley, full of rich peasants and *full-blooded* people of the old stock. The village of Schwyz hangs on the slope of a mountain, surrounded by gardens and orchards. It is green and sunny on these hills, and the view of the lake, with its mountains and wild rocks, and lovely villages and meadows, richly varied."

In the hamlet of Schwyz itself there is little to be seen; it contains, of course, the buildings necessary to its small political life, and the Council House has its portraits of successive Landammans, all chosen for centuries from the families of Reding and Abyberg: but these are not worth looking at merely as works of art. The descendants of these and a dozen other families which have furnished Colonels, Majors, and Deputies to the Diet, live in comparatively stately-looking houses, surrounded with gardens dignified by box hedges and iron gates.

"The Jesuits have an Educational Institute here, established in 1837, with the assistance of the Abbot of Einsiedeln and some of the principal families, which had some hundreds of scholars, but appears now to be somewhat on the decline. The Schwyzers, however pious, have no great partiality to the order. Indeed they refused for a long time to have anything to do with them; perhaps not so much on account of their principles, as because the rich monks in many of the convents hate the Jesuits, and fear, not without reason, a diminution of their revenues from the influence of these learned and crafty warriors of the Church of Rome. In 1758 the Landsgemeinde rejected the proposal even of a Reding to admit them, although he offered to the canton a sum of 80,000 guilders and a large estate as an inducement; but the Jesuits have found their way here at last without any one giving a penny, though they still do not appear very popular. I talked with one of the men of Schwyz on the subject, and he spoke out very freely. 'They don't do us much harm at present,' said he, 'and don't seem to meddle with what does not concern them; if they did we would soon drive them out again. They are clever fellows and manage to bring many into their net, but they have not many real friends among the people. They lend money, however, help us here and there, buy many things at a good price. They use a great many wares for their schools, give employment to tradespeople and mechanics, and many strangers



come to visit them, whom they send to the inns, the landlords of which are on good terms with them; and you see,' Sir, he added, laughing, for he was himself an innkeeper, 'that's the reason why I don't like myself to say much against the Fathers.'

The great Protestant Canton of Berne is distinguished, above all others, for its advancement in agricultural science, and it is not less remarkable for the extreme order and neatness which everywhere meet the eye; there are no open pits or heaps of manure, such as may be seen at every door in the country of Zurich, offending two senses at once. The large houses, with their galleries and rows of bright windows, handsome domestic offices and green lawns, look most invitingly, and give a pleasing testimony to the prosperity of the inhabitants. The Berne people are the best farmers in all Switzerland, and as they enjoy many natural advantages, which they have turned to the best account, they have found little necessity for giving their attention to manufactures, and are willing to leave these to their neighbors in Zurich and Aargau. This may be partly explained from the history of Berne. The patrician families of the capital were nobles, who for many centuries possessed considerable landed estates, and were, therefore, naturally induced to turn their attention to agriculture. Those of Zurich were merchants and manufacturers.

"This exclusive occupation with agriculture seems to have communicated a certain heaviness and immobility to the character of the inhabitants of Berne, and, even when the dominion of the nobles was at an end, they felt little inclination to enter the lists with their more lively and active neighbors.

"The city of Berne itself, with its vast houses, built of massive free-stone from the foundation to the gables—their stone staircases, and long, vaulted passages telling of their Burgundian origin, is a type of their weighty and immovable character. These solid, gloomy mansions, grey with age, and untouched by modern coloring or decoration, look like rows of castles, rooted deep as they are into the rocky ground. In one quarter, houses in a newer style are to be found; but in general, if one of these grand old habitations becomes unsafe, another is built up as nearly as possible in the same style. And thus it is in many other departments. The burghers of Berne cannot forget the time when they held dominion over all the surrounding country; and they cannot yet reconcile themselves to the modern system of equality, and the presumption of peasants seeking to share in their privileges . . .

"There are in Berne eleven guilds or compa-

nies, and to one of these every citizen must belong. They cannot at all understand how a man can be settled in a town, without taking his place in a corporation; as if, according to the old Germanic notion, the protection of the individual could not be trusted to the state and the law, but must be the especial care of some association whose business it should be to protect its members. Every company has its hall, its bank, its fund, apart from all others; there are even associations of families, held together by private contract, which have estates and property in common. The families of noble descent, the merchants, the butchers, the tailors—all cling together; but it is not necessary that the members of the same company should all carry on the same occupation. A man may have himself proposed in any company, and if he is accepted, buy his freedom, which in the richer companies costs a considerable sum. The company of nobles alone refuses to admit any one who is not of noble birth. These rich old families generally live in great retirement on their estates in the country, taking no part in public business, and passing their time mostly in grumbling at the course affairs are taking. It is remarkable, too, that proud and worldly as these patricians formerly were, they have lately become immoderately pious. Some of the most distinguished among them—the Hallwyls, the Wattenwyls, and others—have fallen from the faith for which their ancestors so valiantly contended, and returned to the Catholic church . . .

"Berne is beyond comparison a less cheerful place than Zurich. There are few coffee-houses or places of public amusement; and in the beauty of its environs it is also greatly inferior to the above-mentioned city. The terrace near the cathedral, indeed, whence you look down on the river Aar, and part of the city, and beyond it, to meadows, fields, and mountains—and especially when the evening sun clothes the majestic ranges of the Oberland in robes of radiance; this deserves all that can be said of it; but there is no other equal to this . . . In Zurich, long rows of wagons, heavily laden with goods, to and from many distant countries, are daily passing in and out. In Berne there are scarcely any; and though many travellers arrive, they are mostly on their way to the Oberland, or the Lake of Geneva, and remain a very short time.

"In Zurich, as I have said, the officers of government, including the Burgomasters, are to be met with, associating freely with the rest of the citizens in the coffee-houses and places of public amusement. They do not seek to envelope themselves in a cloud of mystic grandeur, which may be suitable enough to patricians and aristocrats, but not to the magistrates of a democracy. In Berne, the descendants of the ancient nobles have inherited all their exclusiveness. They never mingle among the people, far less make their appearance at coffee and beer-houses. The stiff, heavy, formal mode of life of Berne, in which every one confines himself to his own house, or to a limited circle of acquaintance, leaving the coffee-houses to students and young radicals, was strictly followed by the men who formed the go-

vernment of Berne in 1846. Neither Neuhaus, nor the most distinguished of his colleagues, Fetcherin and Weber, ever showed themselves in public, but preserved the importance of their position."

Neuhaus seems to have given great offence by placing at his door a bell, with a brass plate, on which was inscribed "*Ici on sonne et on attend.*" To keep people waiting at his door while some one came to open it, was thought a most unwarrantable assumption. It might have done very well for a Schultheiss in the old times, but it was not now "*the time of day*" for such airs of superiority. His whole government had, however, been left far behind in the rapid progress of the now victorious party, and their adherents in the clubs; and when, injudiciously, in our author's opinion, it undertook the prosecution of the Free-corps men, after having looked quietly on during their preparations, "instead of proving its strength, it hollowed the ground under its own feet."

The new constitution of 1846 has, of course, the advantage of standing upon the shoulders of its predecessor, by which it has been enabled to remedy many of its deficiencies. The system of indirect elections has been wholly put aside—the age at which all civic rights may be exercised, reduced from 23 to 20, and the competency to all offices of the republic, from the age of 29 to 25. Every ten years a census is to be taken; and since in the short duration of offices lies, it is thought, the best security for popular freedom in a republic—the Great Council is to be elected every four years, instead of every six, as before. According to the old constitution, the members of the chief tribunal, chosen by the Great Council, received their appointments for fifteen years; now they are to have them only for eight.

In another particular also an immense increase of power has been thrown into the popular scale. The Great Council itself must be dissolved and re-elected, if the majority of the people in the political assemblies demand it. On the requisition of 6,000 citizens, the matter must be put to the vote.

"Not less important is the regulation that all new laws and ordinances whatever—before they are brought under discussion, must be made known to the people time enough for them to express their opinion concerning them. In Berne the direct veto is not indeed conferred on the people as it is in

St. Gall—but they have the most effectual means of protesting and petitioning and enlisting the press against any laws to which they may object."

Such rights, indeed, if merely existing on parchment, and not animated by the spirit of a people, avail little; and, in Berne, the old principles of action have still such power and force—the character of the people in general is so opposed to innovation—every district, every community, clings so much to its old customs, that it will be long before this new constitution and its objects will be really absorbed and assimilated, so as to become a part of the national life.

"A reform of the poor-laws and of the system of finance, was, however, what above all things young Berne had at heart—and which this new constitution was intended to effect; but this it has only been able to do in part—and even that not without lively opposition; and yet, on this depends the whole success of an experiment, by which it has been attempted to raise Berne from the entangled historical deformities of the old German commonalty, to the freer position of a state constructed according to modern ideas. It is precisely this which gives so great an interest to its present position, and to the attempts of the young reform party.

"Before all things it is necessary, in German Switzerland, to sweep away the rude irregular foundation on which Swiss life has hitherto rested—and to strike a mortal blow at the manifold hindrances and separations by which its progress has been obstructed."

One of the most important paragraphs of the new constitution (paragraph 86) is that which treats of an equalization of public burdens in the various districts. At first it was desired that the whole poor-funds should be made over to the Government, which should take the duty of providing for the poor wholly on itself—but this could not be carried. There are certain cities and communes in Berne that possess poor-lands of immense value, the city of Mure, for instance; others have little or nothing, and are compelled to levy heavy rates for the purpose. All the communes who would have been losers by the proposed new arrangement, raised a tremendous opposition to it, and succeeded in obtaining a majority against it in the Constitutional Council—"but the blow struck at the independence of the commonalties," says our author, "was felt throughout Switzerland. People in Zurich, where I was at the time, were quite frightened, and prophesied that it would not come to good; so firm is still the attachment to old systems. Indeed, throughout Switzerland,



Berne by no means excepted, the attachment to the freedom of communal life is far stronger than to that of the state."

"The utmost that could be effected was that security should be given for the poor-funds, and that they should be placed under some control by the State with a view to their better administration; and where it appeared that the funds were not sufficient for the support of the poor, the State should supply at least one-half, but not more than two-thirds of the deficiency. By this, of course, a considerable burden is laid upon it, which must be supported by the citizens at large.

"Not less important, perhaps, is the second clause in the same paragraph, which sweeps away titles and feudal burdens of various kinds, ordering that they shall be purchased from the proprietors for the *half* of the price stated in the law of the 20th of December. On the other hand the government undertakes not only to indemnify the proprietors, but to return to those who had purchased them at that higher rate one-half of the purchase-money.

"It was quite natural that this measure should have the warmest support of the small land-owners, but the State will of course have several millions to pay; it must be recollected, however, that Berne has not only no national debt, but a fund in her treasury of twenty millions of francs—collected in old times, and which is now destined to serve the worthy purpose of clearing off the last remains of the feudal burdens."

The victory which Colonel Ochsenbein and his colleagues have achieved over their rivals has, it appears, been so complete, that the greater number of the members of the former government have not even been elected again as members of the Great Council.

Neuhaus, so long the first man in the republic, who struggled so manfully for the support of liberal principles, and who is as thorough a radical as his successor, and as much opposed to the Jesuits and the Sonderbund, has returned to his place in the counting-house, and seldom, according to Mr. Mugge, is any voice raised to give utterance to aught but blame of the man whom at one time no one could praise enough. Yet he possesses many qualifications most valuable in the chief of a party: courage, self-control, foresight, and an immovable strength of will. His manner is earnest and thoughtful, but eminently calculated to inspire confidence. Of his integrity a tolerable proof is offered in his present narrow circumstances.

The clergy of Berne are, with very few exceptions, opposed to the government of Colonel Ochsenbein; and the well-known "Parson Vizius," of Luzelflue, who writes

under the name of "Jeremias Gotthelf,"\* was a zealous adherent of that of M. Neuhaus.

The schoolmasters—a body of far more consideration in Switzerland than with us—are more favorably disposed towards it. The state of popular education in Switzerland is, it appears, by no means so satisfactory as has sometimes been supposed. Out of 70,000 children in Berne capable of receiving instruction, scarcely 20,000, according to the testimony of the above-mentioned Jeremias Gotthelf, really received it; and of their proficiency we may form some idea when we hear that the pupils of an elder class, at a school examination, confounded the three original Swiss Confederates with the three kings of Cologne, and asserted that Goliath lost his life at the battle of Sempach!

In this, and in many other departments, the party at present dominant in Switzerland is pledged to effect great improvements. How far it is likely to fulfil the expectations it has held out to various classes of the community, and the hopes most difficult to realize, which were greatly instrumental in raising it to its present position, must now soon appear. We cannot be so far dazzled by the success which has crowned the efforts of the victors, as not to perceive that they have obtained the prize by an act of unprincipled aggression, wholly unworthy of the principles they profess, and of the party to which they claim to belong. History, however, presents us with many examples of a usurped authority having been made the instrument of producing ultimate good, not to the aggressors but to the aggrieved; and whatever sympathy we may feel for the sufferers in the present instance, we do not overlook the fact that the state of society in the old cantons, now overthrown, was one of utter stagnation, wholly incompatible with the best interests and the noblest tendencies of the human race.

\* In our last number, our readers may possibly remember, we took occasion to introduce some of his clever and popular productions to their notice.

HENRY FIELDING. — A correspondent of *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper* says—"It may not be generally known to the public, that, in a humble lodging in the western suburbs of London, obscure and unknown, resides the grandson and legitimate offspring of the author of 'Tom Jones.' His present descendant is about 50 years of age, and albeit with the prestige of so great a name, and not without talent, is I believe, wholly unknown to the literary world. He is happily provided with a small independence."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## MEMOIR OF MARSHAL TURENNE.

## CHAP. I.—THE GHOST.

"WILL you leave off your old ghost stories, Berthier? they are good for nothing but to frighten old women; just look at Marceline, how she opens her old eyes, and stares about on every side, and looks at those old armors as if she expected they would carry her off in their iron arms to the witches' nightly meeting. Come and give me a lesson in drilling; that will be better."

He who thus spoke was a child, of such a fair and delicate complexion that he would not at first sight have been taken for more than seven years of age. Berthier, whom he addressed, was an old soldier of the league, under Henri IV., and had lost a leg in 1594 at the taking of Laon. Retired into the principality of Sedan, his native country, he passed his time in polishing, arranging, and keeping in order those arms and warlike weapons which to his grief he was no longer able to use. Brave soldier as he was, and accustomed to make the enemies of France tremble, he often indemnified himself for this privation by telling the most absurd stories, in order to frighten the servants of the castle; but the most amusing part of this was, that the simple and good-natured old man, while relating those stories to others, used to become so frightened himself, that, almost invariably, both narrator and auditors remained in breathless suspense, the one being no longer able to proceed, or the others to listen.

He was at this time seated beside his sister, old Marceline, near a window of the armory, polishing an old halberd, and finishing a story he had commenced the previous evening, while his sister, unmindful of her spinning-wheel, sat with her eyes and mouth wide open, as if the better to take in her brother's story.

On hearing the child's interruption, Marceline cried out, "Softly, my lord, softly, you interrupt Berthier."

"I have given you a lesson this morning, my lord," said Berthier, "a second would fatigue you."

"Fatigue me! my good Berthier, for what do you take me, pray?"

"For the son of my lord and master."

"And one who will some day be your lord and master; do you hear, Berthier?"

"May God grant it, my lord."

"Then why will you not obey me?"

"I would willingly do so, my lord, but two lessons of drilling in one day at your age——"

"At my age! do you know that I shall soon be a man?" interrupted the child quickly.

"Do I know?" replied the old soldier, smiling, "were you not born in the second year of the reign of our ally the King of France, Louis XIII.?"

"The 11th September, 1611," said the child, haughtily.

"And is not this the 10th January, 1622, which makes you, let me see—one, two——"

And while Berthier was slowly counting on his fingers, the child quickly replied,—

"Ten years and four months to-morrow; am I not, Marceline?"

"You are right, my lord," answered the old woman, whose spinning-wheel had again resumed its motion.

"The age of your nephew, Gérard, whom you make *shoulder arms* all day long."

"You are right again," said Berthier, "but your lordship will have the goodness to recollect that Gérard is twice as big and as strong as you are."

"And what does that signify?" resumed the child, "am I not made of flesh and bones like him, and are the largest men anything better?"

"Certainly not, my lord, but you are still weak, and much fatigue might make you ill."

"Upon my word you are all queer people; I am weak,—I am weak, I must not be fatigued! I hear nothing else all day long—first my father, then my mother,—but that is not so surprising, mammas are always frightened about their children. In fact, every one about me seems to be greatly concerned for my health. This is bad, Berthier, for I am determined to be a soldier."

"And why, my lord?"

"That I may one day become a great captain."

"It would be fitter for me to talk of be-



coming a great captain," said another boy, who just then entered the armory, "for whatever you may do, you must be always illustrious."

"Illustrious! even if I should, like the old Duke de Valapide, pass my days in hunting and my nights in drinking."

"Gérard is right, my lord," replied the old soldier; "are you not the second son of my Lord Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duke de Bouillon, and Sovereign Prince of Sedan?"

"Yes, what then?"

"And of Madame Elizabeth de Nassau, daughter of William I. of Nassau, Prince of Orange?"

"Well, what has that to do with it?"

"It has to do with it, my Lord Viscount de Turenne, that when one descends from the ancient and illustrious house of La Tour d'Auvergne, whose blood is intermingled with that of kings, and who has given princesses to all the courts of Europe——"

"I know my own history——"

"You have absolutely nothing to do but to fold your arms, or lie and rest yourself all day long, if that is your good pleasure; but as to becoming a soldier, believe me, my Lord Viscount, you are not strong enough for that."

"That is to say, that you know nothing at all about it," cried the young Turenne, angrily; "you are an old dotard, and it is you, who have labored all your life, that ought to fold your arms, and lie and rest yourself all day long, if such is your good pleasure; but as to me, I must fight in the wars; my brother will inherit the sovereignty of Sedan, and I must preserve and defend it for him, if required. Therefore, no more words; leave your old pikes, and come and drill Gérard and me; we are your army, you are our captain, command the movement."

"You would do much better, my lord," observed Marceline, "if you would sit down here, and let Berthier finish his story; it is so beautiful, my lord, so fearful!"

"Another ghost-story, I wager," said Turenne, shrugging his shoulders; "what nonsense!"

"Nonsense!" cried Marceline, making the sign of the cross, "a condemned soul that appears every night at twelve o'clock."

"In the castle?" inquired the child.

"No, my lord; upon the ramparts of Sedan," replied Berthier.

"Oh! it is the story of the phantom

with the fiery lance," said Gérard, seating himself on the floor of the apartment, and crossing his legs; "pray, my lord, ask my uncle to tell you that; it is wonderful, and, besides, it is true, is it not, uncle—you saw the phantom?"

"You saw it?" repeated the viscount, drawing near the group.

"Not exactly, my lord; but it was Peter——"

"Peter who saw it?" again interrupted the viscount.

"Peter did not see it himself, my lord; but his grandfather, who did not see it either, was assured that his great-uncle had seen it, and, what is more, had spoken to it."

"And from that time the phantom has disappeared, as no person has ever seen it since," said Turenne, seating himself on one of the velvet cushions that surrounded the armory.

"Pardon me, my lord, it is seen every night," replied, in the same breath, Berthier, Marceline, and Gérard.

"But how do you know, as none of you have ever seen it?"

"None of us have seen it, but we could see it if we wished," said Berthier, seriously.

"That is to say, if we dared," added Marceline.

"Speak for yourself, sister," replied the ex-leaguer, angrily; "for, if I have not gone to see it, it was not fear that prevented me. A man who has fought in the wars of the league, who has seen Henri IV. face to face, as I have the honor to see you, my lord, cannot be called a coward, I flatter myself."

"But, uncle," said Gérard, "I think one might look Henri IV., King Louis XIII., or even my lord, the Prince of Sedan, in the face, and even speak to them, yet, for all that, not like to go and broil one's-self in company with the phantom of the fiery lance."

"But what is this phantom of the fiery lance?" demanded the young viscount, stamping his foot impatiently.

"You have undoubtedly heard, my lord, of Tiger-heart, the miller?" said Berthier, leaning upon his halberd.

"No more than of the phantom," he replied.

"Well, my lord, this miller Tiger-heart, who lived a hundred, two hundred,—perhaps, as no one now alive knew him, three hundred years ago, was a miller.

"That is probable enough," said young Turenne, laughing.

"I must beg leave to observe, my lord," said Berthier, with a little uneasiness on his countenance, "that if you interrupt me, I can never recover the thread of my story."

"Go on, go on," said Henry laughing.

"It is very serious, my lord," said Berthier, with an air of mortification, "and you should not laugh while I am relating this story, or it may bring some harm upon ourselves."

"Now," continued Berthier, "it is a long time, a very long time, since, under the reign of Louis IX., in 1260, the insurgents caused so much tumult, and the town-bailiffs were so few in number, that the Parisians, and at their instance the other cities, requested leave to defend themselves. The Trades' or Citizens' watch was then instituted,—when one very cold evening, just like this, with two feet of snow on the roof of the castle, in the streets, and on the ramparts,—exactly such a day as this,—the door of the mill opened, and a pale and sickly young man entered. 'Brother,' said he to the miller, 'it is my turn to go to the ramparts to-night; I feel very ill, I have got the ague, do me the kindness to go in my place, and I will do the same for you another time.'

"'I thank you for the preference, brother,' said Tiger-heart; 'but though I am well, I can feel the cold as well as you.'

"'But, brother, it will kill me.'

"'Well! I shall have the better inheritance for that.'

"'Brother, I ask you once, twice, will you do me this favor?'

"'Thrice no!' answered Tiger-heart.

"At that moment the castle clock struck twelve. His brother exclaimed, 'May you be thrice cursed, and may you through all eternity mount that guard on every snowy night;' he then retired, and Tiger-heart went to bed. The next day his brother was found frozen to death upon the ramparts, and, behold, that night it was the miller's turn to mount guard.

"'Will you go?' asked his wife.

"'Yes, certainly, I will go,' he answered.

"'And if you should be frozen?'

"'Well, you would be a widow.'

"'You ought to confess, Tiger-heart, for recollect your brother's threat; you might die in a state of mortal sin.'

"Tiger-heart, who was an infidel, only laughed at these words of his wife; he took

his halberd, which glittered like gold, and went to the ramparts. He has never been seen since, my lord," added Berthier, in a low and trembling voice, "except on snowy nights, but then no person speaks to him."

At that moment the door of the armory creaked on its hinges, and a scream issued from every mouth.

"What is the matter?" demanded a young nobleman, advancing into the room, followed by a numerous retinue.

"My lord—my lord—" stammered out Berthier, bowing respectfully.

"It was Berthier who was telling us the story of the phantom with the fiery lance," answered the viscount, running towards the Prince of Sedan, and kissing the hand held out to him.

"And you took me for the phantom," said the prince, laughing. "That is good, very good. Come, my lords," added he, turning to his suite, "to horse; we shall have fine hunting to-day, let us not lose time."

"My lord and father," said a little beseeching voice, behind the Duke de Bouillon, who felt himself pulled by the end of his cloak, "will you permit me to follow you to the hunt?"

"You!" exclaimed the duke, taking his son by one ear, and presenting him to the company, "see the audacity of this child, my lords." The boy held down his head and blushed.

"Then at least order Berthier to fence with me," he muttered.

"What martial humor has taken hold of you to-day, Henry?" replied the duke, bursting out laughing, "you would hunt, you would fence; but, my dear child," added he tenderly, "you are too delicate to be exposed to the frosty air, and too weak for fencing. What have you to oppose to those objections?"

"But, my lord," said Henry, almost in tears, "if I am never allowed to mount a horse, and if I am always to be afraid of the heat and the cold, how can I ever become a great captain like you?"

"Oh! you want to become a great captain?" repeated one of the lords of the court. "Bravo, nephew, I will take care of that."

"I thank you for your kind intentions, Lord Maurice de Nassau," replied the Duke, "but the delicacy of this poor child's constitution will prevent his ever being able to take advantage of them;



choose some other profession, for, believe me, Henry, a military life would not suit you; how could you, weak and delicate as you are, bear to have sometimes nothing but the ground for your bed, and a stone or a gun-carriage for a pillow? Nature never intended you for a warrior, my son, and you must be satisfied; go, and find your mother, Henry; go and ask her to hear you read in her missal. A fine captain, truly, you would make!" added the Duke, laughing, and affectionately patting the pale cheeks of his little son—"a captain that is afraid of ghosts!"

Henry remained struck by this reproach. "Afraid of ghosts!" said he, after his father had departed, "I will soon show them whether I am or not."

"Tell me, Lord Henry," said Gérard, with rather a sarcastic expression, "why you did not answer your father when he said your constitution was too delicate for the military profession,—yesterday you had so many fine arguments."

"I have something better than arguments to-day," said Henry, "I will give an unanswerable proof."

#### CHAPTER II.

The curfew had long since sounded, the lords of the court were still in the banqueting hall, occupied with the pleasures of the table, and in relating anecdotes of the day's hunt, as well as of their own prowess; the duchess had retired to her drawing-room, where, surrounded by her ladies, she was employing herself in those works of tapestry which formed the amusement of all noble ladies in those days.

"Ivonette," said the duchess, suddenly breaking the silence which had continued for some time, "pray bring me that little box which is on the table."

A young lady rose at these words, and having brought the article requested, the duchess opened it, and took out a very large gold watch, curiously wrought, and which she hung round her neck by a chain of the same material.

"Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed all the ladies, clasping their hands.

"It is the fashion at the French court," said the duchess; "a new invention, it is called a watch clock, and I am assured that it tells the hour as well as the great castle clock, only it must be wound up every night. It is very heavy," she added, poising it in her hand, "but it appears they can-

not be made lighter; however, it is pleasing to be able at all times to tell the hour: what do you think of it, young ladies? It is a present from the duke."

The admiration which this new trinket excited kept every tongue enchained.

In the meantime, one of the ladies, who had left the apartment to transmit some order from her mistress, returned with a pale and embarrassed countenance. "What is the matter, Mademoiselle de Gouterot?" said the duchess, fixing her eyes on that young lady; "has anything happened to you, or to any person in the castle? Speak, mademoiselle, you terrify me!"

"Madame—madame," stammered Mademoiselle de Gouterot, "on leaving this room, I met Madame de Vienville, the Viscount de Turenne's governess."

"Well, go on," said the princess, seeing the hesitation of the lady.

"The young prince cannot be found."

"Impossible!" cried the princess, rushing towards the door of the apartment, "impossible! Henry is playing in some corner of the castle; it is some trick he wishes to play his governess: but for pity's sake, ladies, send out all my people, and let every place be searched."

And as the princess followed her ladies, to see that her orders were properly executed, she encountered Madame de Vienville, Berthier, Marceline, Gérard, and several other attendants.

"Oh! madame, pardon, pardon," said the governess, throwing herself at the feet of her mistress, "I assure you it was not my fault."

"I am willing to believe it," said the princess, whose uneasiness restrained her anger, "but what are you all doing here instead of searching for him? How long is it since you have seen my son, madame? Speak! You, Berthier, whom he loved so much, have you seen him lately?"

"Alas! madame," replied the old soldier, wiping his eyes, "not since morning."

"No," added Marceline, crying bitterly, "not since the story of the phantom; he laughed, the poor child, he laughed."

"And that has brought some misfortune upon him," added poor Berthier. "Alas! I warned him of it."

The steps of the duke being heard hastily advancing, put an end to this conversation; the duchess fell into his arms. "My son!" she faintly uttered.

"Compose yourself, my love," said the duke, tenderly; "I have given all neces-

sary orders; Henry cannot be far off; the gate-keeper of the castle saw him this evening cross the drawbridge."

"Alone?" asked the duchess, scarcely able to support herself.

"Alone," said the prince. "He was running; the gate-keeper wished to speak to him, but the child made a sign to him to be silent, and went on his way."

"But why did not this man inform us immediately?" said the princess. "To go out at night, and in such weather, is enough to kill him; but where can he have gone?"

"That is what I am going to try and discover, my dear Elizabeth; but I wished first to set your mind at rest. My friends, followed by my people, are scouring the town; they will inquire at every house. I am going to join them,—do you, my love, return, and rely upon me for bringing back your son."

As the duke was crossing the drawbridge to rejoin his friends, whose torches were visible in every part of the town, he met Berthier and Gérard. "Well! what tidings?" he exclaimed.

"None," said they, sorrowfully. "We met the citizens' watch, and they had not seen him."

Without waiting to answer them, the prince proceeded towards the ramparts.

The snow which covered the ground, besides giving additional brilliancy to the light of the moon, which had just risen over the town, and rendered useless the torches of the attendants, brought into strong relief a range of cannon which defended the ramparts of Sedan, at each end of which sentinels were posted. "Who goes there?" demanded the first sentinel, on perceiving the approach of the prince.

"It is I, your prince," replied the Duke de Bouillon. "Have you seen my son, the Viscount Turenne?"

"There, my lord," replied the sentinel, extending his arm, and pointing to a cannon, on the frame of which, in spite of cold, in spite of snow, a child was extended!

"Henry!" said the prince, moving towards him, then, stopping, and making a sign to impose silence, he added, "he sleeps!" But Henry had heard his father's voice; he opened his eyes and raised his head. "My lord," said he, without stirring from his place.

"What are you doing there, sir?" said the duke, rather sharply. "You have put the castle in an uproar; your mother is in

a state of the greatest uneasiness, and I myself——" The emotion of the prince prevented his continuing.

Henry rose, and bent his knee before the prince.

"Forgive me, my father, if I have caused you uneasiness; but I wished to convince you that your second son was not a little girl who dreaded the cold, nor yet a coward afraid of a ghost. You see I am not dead from either cold or fright."

"And you have thus, my dear nephew, proved the mistake of those who say you are not fit for the army. As for me, I repeat, that, with the permission of his lordship, my brother-in-law, and of Madame Elizabeth, my sister, I am ready to receive you into my company."

"As a soldier, uncle?" said young Turenne, with enthusiasm.

"As a soldier, nephew," answered the Prince de Nassau. "To know how to command, we must first learn to obey."

"Let us now go," said Henry, "to relieve my mother's anxiety."

The ardor of the young Viscount Turenne was not much longer repressed. He was scarcely fourteen years old when he followed his uncle to the army in Holland; and having successively passed through all the grades of a soldier, he got the command of a company of infantry under Frederic, the successor of Maurice de Nassau. On the death of Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, his father, the young Viscount de Turenne was sent to the court of Louis XIII., as hostage for the parole which the Duchess de Bouillon had given to the King of France, never to separate her interests from his. Cardinal Richelieu, who undoubtedly foresaw the greatness of the Prince de Turenne, sent him, in 1631, to Lorraine, at the head of a company under the orders of the Marshal of the Forces: he there decided the success of the siege of La Mothe, and was appointed Adjutant-General.

Three years afterwards, he distinguished himself in the taking of the Château de Soire, in Hénault; in 1638, he took Brisac; he then went on in his brilliant career, adding conquest to conquest;—Cassel, Montcarlier, where, notwithstanding a severe wound, he forced the besieged city to capitulate.

At Roussillon (which he had powerfully assisted in conquering), he was made Marshal of France, in 1644, by the Queen Regent, Louis XIII. being dead.



The life of Turenne was one continued course of victories and of noble actions; having reached the height of glory, the young King Louis XIV. raised him to the rank of field-marshal of the king's army, joining to this new title the government of Upper and Lower Limousin, the commission of councillor of state, and the place of colonel-commandant of light cavalry.

After the peace which was concluded in 1668, Turenne rested from his labors, but this repose was not of long continuance; the invasion of Holland being declared in 1672, he again appeared at the head of his army. It was near the village of Salbach in 1675, a decisive affair was to have taken place; the cabinet of Vienna had opposed to Turenne the celebrated Montecuculli. Europe awaited in suspense the issue of this struggle; an unforeseen event decided it.

On Saturday the 27th July, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Viscount Turenne, then sixty-four years of age, prepared to inspect a site chosen for the erection of a battery, as he expected to give battle the next day. Previous to mounting his horse he ordered his chaplain to be informed that he would receive the communion before the action; he then rode off, followed by a numerous staff. When arrived within about thirty yards of the battery ground, which was on a height, his nephew, young D'Elbeuf, annoyed him by letting his horse wheel about quite close to him. "You do nothing but turn your horse about me, nephew," said he, "stay where you are; you will point me out to the enemy;" and ordering several of his attendants to wait for him, he advanced alone towards the camp. "They are firing from the side to which you are going, Sir," said Hamilton, following him, "come this way."

"You are right," said Turenne, laughing, "I should not at all like to be killed to-day."

But Heaven had decided otherwise; scarcely had he turned his horse when Mons. de Saint Hilaire advanced towards him, hat in hand. "Sir," said he, "will you look at that battery which I have just placed there?" Scarcely had Saint Hilaire pronounced these words when a cannon-ball struck off the arm which held his hat. The pain did not prevent this officer from looking towards his general;—he saw him no more, but he perceived a horse at full speed, dragging after him a bleeding and shapeless corpse.

The great Turenne was dead. Never

was a death more felt in France: all ranks of society wept and mourned for him. Honors were paid him that had never before been awarded to any one except to the Constable Duguesclin: his remains were laid in the king's vault of Saint Denis.

NEWSPAPERS IN PARIS.—During the past ten years a great reduction has been made in the price of newspapers in France, in many instances to half the original charge. The "Journal des Débats," however, still maintains its high rate of subscription—eighty francs a-year. The effect of the reduction on the aggregate sale is seen in the stamp-office returns. In 1828, the number of stamped sheets issued was 28,000,000; in 1836, it was 42,000,000; in 1843, 61,000,000; and in 1845, more than 65,000,000. Paris alone supports 26 daily papers, besides 400 other periodicals on all sorts of subjects—science, art, literature, industry, &c. The provinces maintain about 300 political papers, of which 125 are ministerial, 70 opposition, 35 opposition dynastique, 25 legitimist, the remainder of no party. The 26 Parisian papers muster about 180,000 subscribers, distributed in the following proportions:—Four papers count from 500 to 2000 subscribers; eight from 2000 to 3000; nine, among which are the "Charivari," "La Quotidienne," "Le National," 3000 to 5000; two, "Les Débats" and "L'Epoque" (since defunct), 10,000 to 15,000; two, "La Presse" and "Le Constitutionnel," 20,000 to 25,000; and one, "Le Siècle," more than 30,000. The "Moniteur" is distributed gratuitously to all the government functionaries, and has but very few paying subscribers.

The development of the feuilleton has kept pace with the increase in the number of newspapers and French editors at the present day depend more perhaps on literary than on political readers. The feuilleton consists of about a fourth of each page, reserved for the publication of novels, romances, &c., by the first writers of the day. It is no longer "a few timid lines stealing modestly along under the formidable political columns of which they are the futile accompaniment, the elegant embroidery;" on the contrary, it is the feuilleton which now bears the politics on its powerful shoulders.

ANECDOTE OF O'CONNELL.—He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety, at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to his client's case to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half foolish with roguery." "Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?" "Yes, your honor, Counsellor O'Connell." "How do you know my name?" "Ah! sure every one knows our own *patriot*." "Well, you are a good-humored, honest fellow; now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?" "Why, your honor, I took *my share* of a pint of spirits." "Your share of it; now, by virtue of your oath, was not your share of it *all but the pewter*?" "Why, then, dear knows, that's true for you, Sir." The Court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon, step by step, came out, that the man was drunk, and was not, therefore, a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won his case for his client.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

### REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

[A sketch of a writer so familiar to the readers of this Magazine, as Mr. Gilfillan, though imperfect, will not be without interest. Mr. G. has acquired the reputation of one of the best periodical writers of the age.—ED.]

If a literary bias be not impressed on the mind in the early stages of a man's studies, he seldom receives it in the subsequent course of his professional labors. If he be entirely devoted to theology before he become a clergyman, there is little chance that afterwards, amidst the constant and severe pressure of the duties of his sacred calling, he will be attracted to literature. The church is his world, and all nature to him is burdened with a sermon. The glorious and musical sky is but the sounding-board above his individual pulpit. And even though he should at college have been a follower of the muses, and have sought to be penetrated and pervaded by the idea of the beautiful, instead of being crammed by the hard prelections of ethical and theological professors, yet, when he is ordained to the work of the ministry, it is difficult for him to cultivate his first aspirations, and as the requisite leisure is wanting, so the taste may gradually decline and at length be extinct; the *reverend* will grow and the literary man die. The once contemplated epic poem is metamorphosed into a discourse at the opening of synod; the revolution to be effected in the whole world of letters by some ideal and splendid novelty turns out to be an ecclesiastical project for the augmentation of stipends; and the Parnassian laurels which overshadowed the glowing dreams of ambitious youth have been changed into the plain yet satisfying honors of D. D.

Mr. Gilfillan's mental tendencies, however, were so definite and confirmed, and his temperament so enthusiastic, that when he was settled as a pastor in Dundee, he prosecuted with unabated vigor his early studies, and was resolved on reaching his first aims. We have heard that Shakspeare regularly for years lay open on his breakfast-table and made the coffee nectar. A copy of Shelley was the indispensable of his pocket in his extempore strollings, and of his portmanteau in his travels. Perhaps the several years in which he brooded over or secretly worked at his ambitious

projects have been of essential service to him.

Mr. Gilfillan had been introduced to Thomas Aird—a man of fervid genius, author of several works, in which the holiness of his character and the strength of his mind are alike displayed, a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," and editor of a newspaper in Dumfries. Mr. Aird was not slow to perceive the promise of rare ability in his friend, and wished him to write sketches of the leading men of our age, which accordingly, at intervals appeared in the "Dumfries Herald," and excited great notice and interest. These were not such trifles as Mr. Grant, author of the "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," was at nearly the same time giving to the world in expensive volumes. They had all the raciness and piquancy, without the malice, of the portraits in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and were characterized by a piercing insight into his subjects and a splendor of poetic illustration to which Lockhart can make no pretensions. They were obviously suggested by Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age," and whilst they exhibit as much subtlety, unperturbed however to paradox, they are also allied with a more daring imagination, a more copious fancy, and, of course, a far more candid and kindly heart. A newspaper was but too ephemeral a canvas for such original and striking sketches, and Raphael might as well have executed his immortal paintings on a handkerchief. They were liable to be neglected and forgotten, along with the column of advertisements and reports in which they appeared, and a more appropriate and permanent vehicle was necessary. A year or two ago, Mr. Gilfillan collected these sketches, and added a few new ones, in the volume entitled "Gallery of Literary Portraits," which introduced him forthwith to fame. We have read no book which contains such a varied and yet homogeneous mass of eloquence, poetry, and genuine criticism.

By the press it was most cordially and almost universally hailed, and seldom has a production, even in these days of gleanings, furnished so many quotations for the newspapers. In "Tait's Magazine," it was commented upon at great



length, and with much geniality, by De Quincey. We believe, however, that the "Gallery" has not been duly appreciated. Its brilliant and glowing style has greatly concealed its searching and subtle thoughts, and its popular manner has withdrawn proper attention from its philosophical matter. Its dashing rhetoric has kept the public view too exclusively fixed upon the surface. Its precision, flexibility, and rich texture of language, frequently rivalling the masterpieces of Walter Savage Landor, have disguised the boldness, grandeur, and value of the ideas which yet they expressed with such marvellous fitness and force. The lights were so beautiful that the objects which they defined were unnoticed. The analogies were so unexpected and vivid, that the principles of concord, the laws of harmony, along which the similes flashed, were not apprehended. It were idle in us to particularize some of the sketches in this well known "Gallery." Who can have forgotten that of Shelley, the "eternal child," though the introduction is singularly incongruous, since it represents the poet as allied to the prophets of Israel, who were stern men, whose cradle (if they ever knew one) had been rocked by the tempests of the wilderness and curtained by the flames of heaven? Who will fail to remember that of Thomas Carlyle? the most glorious frontispiece imaginable to Carlyle's "French Revolution—a History." We have seen the letter (and it was professedly a *grateful* one) written by this remarkable man when some fragments of the sketch first appeared in print, and we question whether any other reviewer ever obtained such words of cordial thanksgiving for the discharge of his functions. And small need be the wonder, for Carlyle felt that *he* must be a brother, though a younger one, who could appreciate him so entirely and describe him in a manner which drew out so forcibly all the characteristics of his grand nature. Who will not think of the magnificent sketch of Edward Irving, and of his pulpit-hour which gave a shock, as of an earthquake, to all the classes of London life? The genial notice of Charles Lamb might have been Lamb's own account of himself, and is worth a dozen of such biographies as even the accomplished and enthusiast Talfourd has written. The fierce face of Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn-Law Rhymer, stared with accurate outline and genuine expression out of an article which was solid, ornamental, and radiant as the shield

of Vulcan, Ebenezer's own master. And even those sketches which were comparative failures contain many paragraphs of transcendent beauty and power. Believing that the estimate which Mr. Gilfillan has given of Godwin is extravagant, there are yet many master-strokes of description in it, and especially the picture of the alchemist is of the highest merit. The one-half of the critique upon Keats is utterly and indeed professedly irrelevant, but the remainder amply redeems the whole. Though Wordsworth was entitled to a full-length portrait, yet the miniature likeness which Mr. Gilfillan has executed is a perfect gem. The pieces on Macaulay and Lockhart, though they are rather meagre outlines, have some very memorable points. Since the publication of the "Gallery," Mr. Gilfillan has finished several other sketches, some of which are decidedly his best productions, and will enrich a second series of collections. His supplement upon Foster and his estimate of Byron are the most remarkable. We cannot help noticing that latterly he has been somewhat capricious and unjust towards John Foster as well as Robert Hall. Mr. Gilfillan can see Hazlitt in a splenetic and raging mood against man—Ebenezer Elliot cursing landlords bitterly—Byron intensely sulky—but he will give no quarter to Foster's melancholy, nor will allow in the least that Foster did well to be sad. He can weep in concert with the misery of sinners, but he chastises an eminent saint for mourning over the world's character and destiny. At the bottom of his heart, we suspect that Mr. Gilfillan admires and sympathizes with Foster, and we are convinced that in punishing Foster for gloominess of view and feeling he is taking vengeance upon his own kindred moods. Why does he, in his articles, introduce Foster so repeatedly, if he is not under the fascination which one man of genius exercises over another? It will not be improper for us to give a brief extract from a letter which we received from Mr. Gilfillan after he had read Foster's "Life and Correspondence:"—"Some books are dumb, and deaf, and dead—this one speaks to me as few books have spoken for a long period. I have been startled by coincidences of thought and sentiment between this giant and my humble self. What a rich mind these miscellaneous reflections evince! What a self-flagellant soul he had! How profound and perpetual his gloom! How ardent his desire to be away from out "this belly of

hell" into a clearer and better atmosphere ! What a lingering minuteness in his observations on nature, as on a world he was to leave for ever, and on man as a species from whom he was and wished to be severed ! How gentle, withal, is his gloom—gentle because habitual—a suit of sables from very childhood ! I consider Foster *now*, in sublimity of conception, only second in this age to Coleridge, and perhaps for absolute originality his superior." We are also here reminded of what Foster himself once wrote to a friend who had been abusing him:—"Genius hails its few brothers with a most fraternal warmth. I have too much talent not to be attracted by yours and to attract it ; you could not shake me off if you would. We are both elevated so much as to confront each other conspicuously through the clear space above the heads of the crowd, and cannot help a pointed recognition of each other's mental visage."

We believe that if Foster had been alive, Gilfillan's pilgrim steps, during his late visit to England, would have been directed to Frome, and that, after Carlyle, the Baptist would have been visited by him with emotions of deepest reverence. We can fancy the old preacher and the experienced man of letters cordially exchanging, in his low and gurgling accents, thoughts with the young one. But death often prevents kindred spirits from meeting.

It is but proper that we indicate the faults which may in our opinion, be chargeable upon the mass of Mr. Gilfillan's productions, and they are faults of which he could easily be cured.

It is but a guess, though we think it a warrantable and likely one, that whilst he is most careful and elaborate in summing up his judgments upon authors, he has neglected an immediately previous analysis and consideration of their claims. He labors in reproducing vividly and in recasting poetically his old verdicts, which, being youthful, are liable to be substantially in some particulars erroneous, or at least imperfect ; whereas, it would have been better if he had entirely begun a fresh study of the authors to be reviewed. A new reading, though it had not modified former opinions, would have rendered them much more distinct and exact. But he works upon the materials of his old impressions, without strictly canvassing the justice of these, so that whilst he is applying, and that with unequalled skill, the most searching tests of criticism, it is to merits which are very vague in his

mind. He does not appear always to take the trouble of reading anew the books of the men upon whom he decides. Instead of revising the opinions which he had formed long ago, and which in many cases must have been influenced by contemporary criticism, he satisfies himself with an artistic exhibition of these. Thus he often *seems*, and is censured for *being*, deficient in the art of analysis, when the truth is that he has contented himself with dealing with vague impressions, recollections, and ideas. His criticism wants, therefore, the basis of scientific qualities, which no man is more competent than Mr. Gilfillan to have furnished. Or if he finds that his old opinions have been contradicted by eminent literary men with whom he has met in private, he adjusts and accommodates them accordingly without any re-examination, and generally he fails, for his mind is divided between two sets of opposite opinions which it would be vain to harmonize. It is sometimes amusing to witness this discrepancy. He forms a glowing image, a beautiful idol, and this evidently from his old and native impressions: but having met with some able sceptic, he himself too begins to sneer, and in a few pithy sentences, concluding an inspired rhapsody of admiration, he renounces altogether the character of a worshipper. Ought he not to have regarded his own memory or the insight of others as alike fallacious or fallible, and again have addressed himself to a close and thorough study ? His eyes are opening wider and wider, and seeing more clearly every day, and his *present* not his *past* judgment should be given. In his sketch of Bulwer, it is quite plain that his own impressions, received years ago, were those of fervent admiration, but he had come into contact with some literary man who had received other and very different impressions, and he labors at developing both, and attempts at the same time a due blending of both, but signally fails. Had he studied Bulwer again, his criticism would have been more particular, vivid, consistent, and genuine. And with justice we could make the same remark in reference to his essay upon Robert Hall ; an essay which, without the explanation we have volunteered, would look exceedingly capricious. Mr. Gilfillan is more than competent to judge entirely for himself, and, instead of falsifying or modifying his own impressions to suit those of others, he should once again subject them to the keen scrutiny of his own mental vision.



The same habit has occasioned another serious defect—the absence of a solid *substratum* of intellectual materials on which his imagination may work. The habit necessitates an undue exercise of imagination upon a very slight basis. We may also hint that, occasionally, mere gossip about literary chiefs, and that too, perhaps, of an unauthenticated kind, is too eagerly laid hold of, and too largely retailed by Mr. Gilfillan. Anecdotes are the lowest and the narrowest forms of truth known in the world, and they can give no full idea of character unless all the circumstances and the entire scene be introduced along with the actions or the words singled out by report.

The unpublished opinions which Mr. Gilfillan has heard from incompetent acquaintances are too freely mentioned, and although he himself would not agree with these, yet they receive no note of disapprobation. Of this we give a striking instance from the paper on Robert Hall: “A distinguished Scottish divine who visited him expressed to us disappointment with his preaching, which was chiefly remarkable, he said, for the flow and facility with which fine and finished sentences issued from his lips; but added that his conversational powers were unrivalled, and that altogether he was by far the most extraordinary specimen of human nature he had ever witnessed. *He gave him the impression of a being detained among us by very slight and trembling tendrils.*” The last sentence (which we have put in italics) is a piece of most exquisite nonsense, and Mr. Gilfillan should not have given it any currency in conversation or writing, or even have kept it on his memory. Robert Hall, whose body and soul were so manly, resolute, and even fierce in their uniform expression, to suggest the idea of a tender and sensitive plant, shrinking from the breezes and the light of earth! Why, the great man was sturdy and defiant as a Scottish thistle, and would have proved himself such in debate with the distinguished “Scottish divine.” The “tendrils” which excited so much sympathy were somewhat more like *prickles* which would have occasioned pain. The “big-browed, keen-eyed,” man whom Mr. Gilfillan described, had no very sickly or ethereal aspect; and what spectator, save a very stupid one whom Mr. Gilfillan should have discarded, would have perceived in the heavy and gross mouth and chin, and in the rotund waist of Mr. Hall, any very heavenly tendencies—any indication that he was

fast “wearin’ awa’ to the land o’ the leal?” Some delicate and fragile creature, like Felicia Hemans or poor John Keats, and not Robert Hall, might have been sitting by the side of the Scottish divine. We cannot conjecture who this divine was, for clergymen in large troops crossed the border to hold an interview with the celebrated preacher, and, alas! (contrary to all the English proverbs anent Scotch emigrants) they *did* come back to rehearse daily the conversation, and to report their impressions.

In spite, however, of these and other faults, which could easily be amended, Mr. Gilfillan’s “Gallery” and the subsequent sketches are not only novelties, but, in the most important respects, they are models in the range of English criticism. To his hands, sooner than to those of any other professional judge, would we commit the grandest works of our literature.

Mr. Gilfillan, our readers will be glad to learn, is a young man, not very much in advance of thirty, and therefore a brilliant and influential career is before him. May it be long, peaceful, and profitable! At present he is contemplating a work upon the “Hebrew Bards and Prophets,” and if he do justice to himself, there is little fear but that he will do such justice to these bards and prophets of the Lord as they have never yet received. He is well qualified to take down the harp which hung upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon.

As a lecturer on literary subjects, he has frequently appeared, and with a success, it must be confessed, considerably less than his friends and admirers could have anticipated. His emphatic and earnest oratory, his brilliant style of composition, and the glowing character of his ideas, might have justified all in expecting a complete triumph. His audiences, indeed, could not have been the most select, for even in a large city few are the persons who would seek the philosophy rather than the easy science of a subject; and we believe, also, that Mr. Gilfillan did not do himself justice in the way of careful preparation. His themes were those on which he had already written largely, and his hearers got lengthy paragraphs awkwardly introduced, which they had previously conned over as his readers. Besides, lecturing (such as it must be at present, if hearers are to be obtained) will fail to represent literature to advantage. An exposition of principles and rules would be thrown away, and the illustrations alone would be effective.

To all his friends, Mr. Gilfillan ever appears as the enthusiastic and accomplished literary man. His conversation and his letters are brief and easy, though original articles upon books and their authors. Often, when in solitude and gloom, have we been cheered by his epistles, until the postman was hailed as a Mercury from the sky; and on different occasions, when excitement was much needed, we have met him face to face. He himself has his dark hours and desponding moods, and his letters then are what he would call the "soul-spray" of fierce tumult within. But he is beginning to study sorrowful hearts, and even his own, with an artist's curiosity and aim. The *man* must suffer personally, or by such a sympathy as shall wholly identify him with the lot of the miserable, ere the *artist* can work successfully upon the materials of genuine human life.

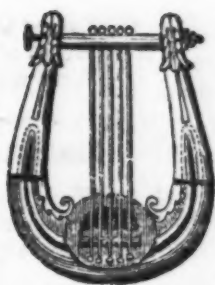
We have seen Mr. Gilfillan in all his moods. Our first flying visit found him discussing and eulogizing a *sheep's head*; and as his knife kept clattering among the teeth, he expressed a warm preference of that simple table-delicaey. He walked out into the garden, and made his desert off the gooseberry-bushes. All the afternoon and evening, his conversation was in a gentle though elevated strain. In and out of doors, we noticed that the same poetic hues dyed all his discourse; and we question much whether his vivid imagination needs the presence and inspiration of beautiful scenery: for whether he looked to the summer *grate* (prosaic enough, of course, with its black and cold ribs) or to the summer *sky*, his remarks were equally fine in essence and form.

Our next meeting was in the beginning of the present year, on the occasion of commemorating the birth-day of James Watt. Before the hour of festival, a young couple, a mere boy and girl, came to be married by him. They had evidently just got their faces washed for the ceremony, and no ablutions, no cosmetics even, could have made them look interesting. Yet Mr. Gilfillan's imagination was excited: he spoke of love longer than life and stronger than death; he prayed for heaven and earth to be propitious on the match; and performed the marriage-service in the finest style we have ever heard, just as if he had been uniting the lady-moon and the dreaming Endymion in the cave of the silvery grove. It was only at the close, when he shook hands with them and wished them all happiness, that he seemed to become

sensible of the ludicrous elements in the scene. We repaired to the *soirée*. It was a crowded gathering, presided over by a nobleman whose eloquence was of the intermitting and hesitating kind, and who took as long to give out a second sentence as the stewards had taken to fill up a second cup of tea. We were then favoured with an *article* on personal cleanliness and on other kindred duties which the people owed to themselves. We often wished that the newly-wedded pair had been present to get the benefit of the lecture, especially as they would not have been shocked by the multitude of grammatical mistakes which the orator committed. Mr. Gilfillan then rose, and made a brilliant speech on the character and advantages of manly education. It was sadly out of tune with all the preceding and subsequent twaddle spoken by gentlemen—upon their legs. He urged the duty, not of keeping clean hands, but of gaining highly accomplished intellects, and would have sent his audience to the library rather than to the bath. He stood up like a prophet among school-boys, and concluded by a thundering denunciation of those who seek to separate or to alienate literature from religion. This was followed by a wretchedly weak attempt at a retort upon Gilfillan, by one who wisely said that he would not be ambitious in his eloquence! It was modesty most wise. With a servility becoming a page to his master, he very properly followed up what had been said about clean hands by recommending the use of gloves! And these are your improvement folks! Hands clean and gloved! Very good; but pray, what of SOULS? During the whole night there was not a sentence worth reporting, save what fell from Gilfillan.

Much boisterous fun had we in the house, over our joint recollections of the *soirée*. We sought to conjecture the place where James Watt was, for one speaker had represented him as *looking down* upon the meeting, another had sketched him as *peeping up* towards the same august assembly, and a third hinted that he was seated beside the president, as the public guest, and smiling very complacently upon the ladies. We had seen no face at the skylight, no eye winking in the seams of the floor, and certainly the seat beside the chairman was occupied by a person whom no imagination could conceive of as James Watt. In private we made much better entertainment than we had received in public.





From Sharpe's Magazine.

### VISIONS OF THE PAST.

ALONE in the dreary night—  
In the dark cold night alone—  
I pine for the dawning light,  
And the bird's first whispering tone.  
Visions surround my bed,  
A dim unearthly train,  
And I close my eyes with dread,—  
But I close my eyes in vain,  
Alone in the dreary night!

O mournful, ghostly band!  
Why do ye come so near?  
O Guardian Spirit! wherefore stand  
Far off, as if in fear?  
Spread, spread thy sheltering wings;  
Thou—only thou—canst save;  
Protect me from these fearful things,  
The tenants of the grave,  
Alone in the dreary night!

Why does that little child  
Come near and nearer now?  
Her eyes are very pure and mild,  
And heaven bright her brow.  
But she fills my heart with woe,  
And I shrink with a dreadful fear,  
For thy baby features well I know—  
O sister, fond and dear!  
Leave me, thou little child!

In infancy she died;  
Why did I live, O God?  
In life we slumbered side by side,  
Why not beneath the sod?  
We played together then,  
An undivided pair;  
I live—the most accursed of men;  
She died—an angel fair!  
Leave, leave me, little child!

O mother! didst thou mourn  
Beside that little bed?  
And didst thou pine for her return,  
And weep that she was dead?  
That garb of misery—  
Those tears—that bitter sigh—  
Mother, they should have been for me,  
Because I *did not die*!  
Mistaken human love!

O Spirit, haunt me not?  
Mother—away! away!  
My heart is sick—my brain is hot—  
I cannot—dare not pray.  
Thy face is calm and sweet;  
In thine unclouded eyes  
A holy love I dare not meet,  
A tender radiance lies.  
O mother, haunt me not!

Or, if thou must appear,  
Come in that latter time,  
Come with that glance of woe and fear  
Which marked my course of crime,  
When thine eyes had lost their light,  
When thy heart was sad within,  
When thy clustering locks were white  
With grieving for my sin:  
Come, with thy broken heart!

All happy things and pure  
Mine agony increase:  
My sin-tost spirit can endure  
All—save to dream of peace.  
O childhood innocent!  
O youth too bright to last!  
Has *hell* a bitterer punishment  
Than *Visions of the Past*?  
Pure spirits, haunt me not!

From the Metropolitan.

### THE RETURN HOME.

What varied emotions, how freely they rise,  
After long years of absence, of trouble and  
pain;  
How the tear will, unbidden, oft start to the eyes,  
When the home of our boyhood we welcome  
again.  
The ivy clad walls many old thoughts awaken,  
Of pleasures that long since have fled away;  
Though each chamber—desolate, drear, and forsaken,  
My heart holds thee dearest, even in thy decay.

The happiest moments, the blithest of hours,  
I have known in thy halls, when in childhood I  
sung;  
The choicest of garlands, the sweetest of flowers,  
I have carelessly gather'd thy bowers among:  
Even now thy sad fate, and thy crumbling glory,  
For ever departed, and humbled so low,  
Awakes in my heart, as I dwell on thy story,  
Sad feelings that only my bosom can know.

Where are those happy youngsters, my playmates  
in youth,  
Whose spirits were free and unfettered as air?  
Alas! how I fain would deny the stern truth—  
They are gone, and I am a lone wanderer here.  
The cold smile of strangers and sorrow has shaded  
The hope that so bright in my bosom did burn;  
Farewell, the fond dreams of my youth now are  
faded,  
Love greets not, friends cheer not, the exile's  
return.

## A VOICE FROM NATURE.

BY E. H. BARRINGTON.

Is it a tone from angels' lips  
My earnest spirit hears?  
O, listen, and the emerald earth  
Will be less sad with tears.  
This voice of truth is never mute,  
Nor hoarse its stirring tone;  
It sings around the peasant's cot,  
And round the monarch's throne.

I hear it 'midst the piercing shrieks  
Which come from screws and racks;  
Above the tyrant's rod, which makes  
A drum of human backs.  
And echoed is this music voice  
O'er every sea and sod,  
"He who doth love humanity  
Shall be beloved of God."

A father led two hungry boys  
Adown a princely street,  
And each one shivered with the cold,  
And all had bleeding feet.  
"They are impostors," muttered some—  
"Mere idlers," answered others;  
And few believed who looked on them,  
They looked upon their brothers.

Then passed upon a high-fed steed  
A lady proud and fair,  
And hurried by the beggar's side  
As if a snake were there;  
And then the beggar turned his eyes  
Upon his sons and wept:—  
A father never held that faith  
On which the stoics slept.

A laughing light sprung down the skies  
Like God's approving smile;  
And as the poor man's tears arose  
It silvered them the while.  
The lady's wealth, that beggar's rags,  
O, they were things apart!  
But who would give *his* weeping eye  
For *her* disdainful heart?

From Howitt's Journal.

## MOTHERWELL'S GRAVE.

"When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,  
Sad music make;  
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gulley gushing,  
Like full hearts break,  
Will there then one whose heart despair is crushing  
Mourn for my sake?—MOTHERWELL.

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;  
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;  
Piously hallow the Poet's retreat!  
Ever approvingly,  
Ever most lovingly,  
Turned he to Nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;  
Odorous honors its blossoms will shed,  
Grateful to him—early summoned—who sped  
Hence, not unwillingly—  
For he felt thrillingly—  
To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep Minster bell,  
Winds of sad cadence at midnight will swell,  
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,  
Who—for the early day—  
Plaining this roundelay,  
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones, treading this terrace of graves,  
Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,  
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves;  
Tears—which devotedly,  
Though all unnotedly,  
Flow from their spring, in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,  
Graced with the beauty which glows in his line;  
Strew with pale flowerets, when pensive moons  
shine,  
His grassy covering.  
Where spirits hovering,  
Chaunt for his requiem, music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!—  
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—  
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown—  
With the frame perishing—  
That we are cherishing  
Feelings akin to our lost Poet's own.

From Howitt's Journal.

## ROOM FOR THE RIGHT.

BY J. B. MANSON.

The world is wide, the world is fair,  
And large as Mercy's heart can be,—  
'Twas, sure, a voice of fell despair  
That said, "There is no room for me."  
No room! O man, the fields are white,  
The harvest lags, the hands are few;  
And few are earnest, strong, and right—  
The human harvest lags for you,  
O man! and such as you.

In chariot rolls the millionaire  
Among the golden acres vast,  
With purple robes and sumptuous fare  
For every day—except the last.  
The poor man sighs, "For all the fields  
On which yon Harvest-moon doth shine,  
And all the stalks each furrow yields,  
Not one is, or will e'er be mine!  
No stalk will e'er be mine!"

The poor, the rich,—shall these the poles  
Of this fair world for ever be?  
Shall mankind never count by souls,  
Or aught, save purse and pedigree?  
If so, earth ripens for its blaze,  
So withered, and of love so bare,  
And there is room—much room—to raise  
A desert-prophet's cry, "Prepare!"  
Relent, repent, prepare!

Room! Valor carves the room—he lacks,  
And Wrong—wherever dispossessed—  
Leaves vantage-ground for new attacks,  
And room for—anything but rest.  
Up, Worker! seek not room, but make it,  
And do whate'er you find to do;  
Ask not a brother's leave, but take it;  
Bide not your time—time bides not you;  
Let nothing wait for you.



## THE PIONEER OF PROGRESS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A battle must be fought  
In the clear and open plain,  
Ere their long debated right  
Freedom's soldiers can obtain.  
But the road is dark and cumbered where they  
go;  
The feeble halt and doubt,—  
The rash are put to rout :—  
There are Pioneers of Progress wanted now.

Let the cowardly despair;  
Time shall aid the working hand;  
What shall baffle those who dare  
Be first to lead the band?  
Not prejudice, with darkly scowling frown;  
Though her sentinels have long  
Like scarecrows awed the throng  
Where her moss-grown wall was built—pull it  
down.

Where the crumbling ruin falls,  
And scatters blank and wide;  
Pile the remnants of the walls  
Far apart on either side:  
If the stones are in the way—leap across!  
Cut the brambles round your feet,  
Though the wounding thorns may meet;  
Buy the glory of great gain with a loss.

Then "Onward" be the word,  
For many a levelled mile;  
Let the marching troops advance  
Over mountain—through defile:  
Marshal all, to the weakest and the last;  
Till unwearied arms begin  
The battle they shall win,  
And their struggle be a memory of the past.

But forget not in that hour,  
When the strife is all gone by,  
The earnest hearts, whose power  
First led you on to try  
What the might of gathered multitudes might  
do;  
Turn back, and let your cheer  
Sound gladly in their ear—  
"We never should have conquered but for you!"

## THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
By the dusty roadside,  
On the sunny hill-side,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;  
All round the open door,  
Where sit the aged poor,  
Here where the children play  
In the bright and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
In the noisy city street,  
My pleasant face you'll meet,  
Cheering the sick at heart,  
Toiling his busy part,  
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low sweet humming;  
For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
More welcome than the flowers,  
In summer's pleasant hours;  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird not sad  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
When you're numbered with the dead,  
In your still and narrow bed,  
In the happy spring I'll come,  
And deck your silent home,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;  
My humble song of praise  
Most gratefully I raise  
To Him at whose command  
I beautify the land,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

## REMEMBRANCE.

BY EMMA BLOODWORTH

We remember! all the sunshine  
Of hours long passed away.  
We remember, till we half forget  
The shadows of 'to-day.'

How often when the brow is grave,  
And all is dark around,  
The heart from some sweet memory  
An inward joy hath found.

And better far it loves to dwell  
'Midst those visions of the past,  
Than to watch the changing splendor  
Upon the present cast.

We remember! all the sorrow  
That met us on our way,  
When our path seemed 'midst the flowers  
Of the long, long summer day.

And often when the eye is bright,  
And on the lip a smile,  
We feel the heart-pulse sinking  
With some hidden woe the while.

So we nurse perchance the brightest thought  
Amid a thousand fears—  
And we have not always done with grief  
When we have done with tears.



**THE NATIONAL CLOCK.**—The publication of certain parliamentary papers furnishes us with several particulars respecting the great clock which it is proposed to construct in the tower of the new Houses of Parliament. It will be, when completed, the most powerful clock of the kind in the kingdom. According to the specification, it is to 'strike the hours on a bell of from eight to ten tons, and, if practicable, chime the quarters upon eight bells, and show the time upon four dials about thirty feet in diameter.' With the exception of a skeleton dial at Malines, the above dimensions surpass those of any other clock face in Europe. The dial of St. Paul's is as yet the largest in this country with a minute hand: it is eighteen feet in diameter. Most of the clocks in Belgium which strike on large bells have to be wound up every day; but the new one is to be an eight-day clock: and, as we are informed, every resource of modern art and science will be made use of to render it a perfect standard.

No better guarantee for accuracy can be had than the fact, that the whole of the work, from first to last, will be under the direction and approval of Mr. Airy, the astronomer-royal, who has been consulted throughout by the government. Among the conditions for the construction of the clock drawn up by this gentleman, we find—the frame to be of cast-iron, wheels of hard bell metal, with steel spindles, working in bell-metal bearings, and to be so arranged, that any one may be taken out to be cleaned without disturbing the others. Accuracy of movement to be insured by a dead-beat escapement, compensating pendulum, and going fusee. The first blow of the hammer when striking the hour to be within a second of the true time. We are glad to see that it is in contemplation to take advantage of one of the most interesting inventions of the day for a galvanic communication between the clock and the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. In Mr. Airy's words, 'The striking detent is to have such parts, that whenever need shall arise, one of the two following plans may be adopted (as, after consultation with Mr. Wheatstone or other competent authorities, shall be judged best), either that the warning movement may make contact, and the striking movement break contact, for a battery, or that the striking movement may produce a magneto-electric current. Apparatus shall be provided which will enable the attendant to shift the connection, by means of the

clock action, successively to different wires of different hours, in case it shall hereafter be thought desirable to convey the indications of the clock to several different places.' Should this plan be carried out, a signal may be conveyed to Greenwich with every stroke of the hammer, and thus insure an accuracy never before attempted.

The Royal Exchange clock is said to be at present the best in the kingdom, and so true, that a person standing in the street may take correct time from the face; the first stroke of each hour is accurate to a second. The papers before us contain the names of three candidates for the honor of making the national clock—Mr. Vulliamy, who states his grandfather to have been clockmaker to George II.; Mr. Dent, the maker of the Exchange clock; and Mr. Whitehurst of Derby. Two estimates have been sent in, one for L.1600, the other, L.3373; but owing to some differences of opinion, and the withdrawal of one or two of the names, the maker does not yet appear to have been decided on.

The explanations of the plans drawn up by the competitors contain remarks, among other matters, as to the relative merits of cable-laid, catgut, or wire rope, for lines to the new clock. Wire rope is used for the Exchange clock; and, according to the manufacturer, a wire rope half an inch in diameter will bear eighteen hundredweight without breaking. The four sets of hands, with the motion wheels, it has been calculated, will weigh twelve hundredweight; the head of the hammer, two hundred pounds; the weights, from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds; and the pendulum bob, three hundredweight. One of the candidates proposes to jewel the escapement pallet with sapphires, as preferable to the stones generally made use of. The hands are to keep going while the clock is being wound up; but the motion of the minute hand is not to be constant; it will move once every twenty seconds, when it will go over a space of nearly four inches.

In many of the public clocks on the continent the whole of the works are highly polished—a 'luxury,' which, it has been suggested, had better be dispensed with in the present instance, as it creates trouble from the rusting of the wheels, without adding in the least to the value or accuracy of the mechanism. Whatever be the final decision of the Board of Works, we trust that the astronomer-royal's recom-



mendation, with regard to facilities for the admission of visitors, will be adopted to the letter. "As it is intended," he says, "that this clock should be one of which the nation may be proud, and in which the maker ought to feel that his credit is deeply concerned, I would propose that the access to it should be made good, and even slightly ornamented, and that facility should be given to the inspection of the clock by mechanics and by foreigners."—*Chambers's Journal*.

PERIODICALS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The Revolution, which gave liberty and license to thought, speech, and action, no matter of what character, was not without its effect upon the press. The whole kingdom was inundated with newspapers representing every passion that agitated the popular mind. No sooner had the States-General assembled in 1789, than Mirabeau commenced the publication of his famous "Letters to his Constituents;" and a host of others started up to record or discuss the acts of the legislators. Whole volumes would be required to give a faithful sketch of the revolutionary press: we give some of the more prominent titles. "The Peep of Day, or Collection of what Passed the Night before in the National Assembly," by Barrère: "The Evangelists of the Day;" "The Revolutions of Paris," by the triumvirate Prudhomme, Loustalot, and Tournon, with its famous epigraph—"The great only appear great to us because we are on our knees: let us rise." "The Journal des Débats et Décrets;" "The Parisian Publicist, Free and Impartial Journal," by Marat, *the friend of the people*: "The Acts of the Apostles," a medley in verse and prose: "The National Gazette, or Moniteur Universel," date of the first number, November 24, 1789: in short, during the first year of liberty, more than 150 journals started into existence. The following year, 1790, the number was 140; among the latter we may quote—"The Iron Mouth," by the Abbé Fauchet: "The Friend of the King;" "The Friend of the Citizens;" "The Village Sheet." A gradual diminution appears to have taken place: in 1791, the number of new journals was 95; then 60, 50, 40, 35, 35, until 1797, when it went up again to 95; in 1798, it fell to 17; 26 in 1799; and in 1800, 7 only: making a total in the twelve years of 750 publications. The number was probably greater, as it is scarcely possible to determine it with accuracy. Every party had its organ—royalist, republican, or Jacobin. Robespierre brought out, "The Defender of the Constitution;" "The Old Cordelier" was edited by Camille-Desmoulins: "The Journal of the Mountain" had numerous conductors. There were more than 100 with the prefix of "Journal;" and as in an uproar such as the Revolution created it is difficult to gain a hearing, every one tried to cry louder than his neighbor; or, when this means failed, to sell cheaper, or to assume a more extraordinary title. There were "The Journal of the Men of the 14th July, and of the Faubourg St. Antoine;" "The Journal of the Sans-Culottes," inscribed—"The souls of emperors and those of cobblers are cast in the same mould;" "The Journal of Louis XVI., and of his People;" "Poor Richard's Journal;" "The Devil's Journal;" "The Journal of the Good and Bad;" "The Journal of Idlers," which "told everything in few words;" "The Journal of Incurables;" and "The Journal of Laughters." The title of fifteen others commenced with Bulletin; seven were Gazettes; half-a-dozen each of Annals, Sheets, and Chronicles; eight Couriers, and as many Postilions; twenty Correspondence; from

forty to fifty Friends and Defenders; besides an endless catalogue of Mirrors, Lanterns, and Enemies.

Among the more grotesque or pointed titles were—"The National Whip;" "For and Against;" "The Listener at the Door," motto—"Walls have ears;" "The Tocsin of Fearless Richard;" "The French Democritus," motto—"At everything to laugh is folly; he laughs best who laughs the last;" "The Evangelists of the Day;" "The Breakfast;" "Mustard after Dinner;" "To-morrow;" "All the World's Cousin!" "Hang Me, but Listen to Me;" "Stop Thief—Stop Thief!" "I Don't Care a Rap; Liberté, Libertas, the Deuce." Many others might be enumerated. This short list will, however, suffice to convey an idea of the press in France during the Revolution; years of liberty, as Malouet observes, speedily degenerated into libertinage. With the exception of the "Moniteur," the form of which was from the first such as it retains at present, and of two or three other double-columned quarto journals, all the newspapers of the Revolution were published in octavo, sometimes duodecimo. Each number contained from eight to twelve pages; the price from nine to twelve francs a quartet.

LITERARY SUPERANNUATION.—We understand that a petition is about to be presented on behalf of numerous characters—classical, historical and allegorical—to be permitted to retire from the service of literature, and to be placed on the Superannuation Fund, on the ground of their being completely worn out. The Lernaean Hydra, Cincinnatus, Hercules, with his labors, and Garrick, whose position between tragedy and comedy, is becoming quite a bore, will, it is expected, be put upon the list, and allowed to retire into private life on the score of extreme age. Any writer found dragging them forward into public notice by attempting to make them do duty any longer, will be severely punished. The Augean Stable is also to be shut up until further notice, and literary trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the critical law. A handsome reward will be paid for any new historical or classical illustrations, to replace the veteran body, whose retirement has been considered advisable in consequence of its strength having become utterly exhausted by being too much employed.—*Punch*.

SHELLEY AND BYRON.—"The eternal child!" This beautiful expression so true in its application to Shelley, I borrow from Mr. Gilfillan, and I am tempted to add the rest of his eloquent parallel between Shelley and Lord Byron, so far as it relates to their external appearance. In the forehead and head of Byron, there was a more massive power and breadth. Shelley's had a smooth, arched, spiritual expression; wrinkles there seemed none on his brow; it was as if perpetual youth had there dropped its freshness. Byron's eye seemed the focus of pride and lust. Shelley's was mild, pensive, fixed on you, but seeing through the mist of its own idealism. Defiance curled Byron's nostril, and sensuality steeped his full, large lips; the lower portions of Shelley's face were frail, feminine, and flexible. Byron's head was turned upwards, as if, having proudly risen above his contemporaries, he were daring to claim kindred, or to demand a contest with a superior order of beings. Shelley's was half bent in reverence and humility before some vast vision seen by his eye alone. In the portrait of Byron, taken at the age of nineteen, you see the unnatural age of premature passion. His hair is grey, his dress is youthful, but his face is old. In Shelley you see the eternal child,

none the less because the hair is grey, and that "sorrow seems half his immortality."—*Capt. Medwin.*

**THE BURMESE THRONE.**—The celebrated Burmese Throne, or Rath, belonging to Mr. Batty, of Astley's Theatre, left that establishment, drawn by the team of enormous camels *en route* for Liverpool. The novelty of such an equipage attracted a vast crowd, which increased as it progressed. The animals becoming alarmed at the shouts of the people when in Parliament-street, started off at full gallop, the camel-drivers having much difficulty in keeping up with them. Opposite the Horse Guards the foremost animals fell down, and the entire team rolled over them, the Burmese throne narrowly escaping destruction. After a time the unwieldy creatures were extricated, and reached the railway at Euston-square without further mishap.

**LONGEVITY.**—A Trieste journal records the death of Luca Brissiac, an old soldier, at the age of 116 years, having enjoyed good health to the last. Of his life our authority says:—"He was born at Trieste, and baptized at San Guisto in 1731, according to the baptismal certificate, which we ourselves have examined, and which the old fellow was wont to show to the incredulous. He served in the Seven Years' War, and had seen Maria Theresa in Vienna, whom he could only describe as "a fat lady, attired in black." This was all he could tell us of the once famous Empress of Germany. He served as a soldier for ninety-six years; and for about forty years he "played the apostle," as he said, having been chosen from amongst the most aged for the office—more scriptural than savoury—of washing the feet of the rest. Such was his siuaple career."

**AMERICANS INHERITING PROPERTY IN ENGLAND.**—An important case was lately decided in the Court of Chancery in England, which may have its interest to our readers, respecting the right of Americans to inherit property in England. The Judgment was given by Sir J. Wigram. In this case a reference had been directed to the Master to inquire who was the heir at-law of Ann Taylor, the testatrix in the cause, living at the time of her death. The Master found that the testatrix was the daughter of one William Willock, who died in 1773. In 1839 the testatrix died without issue. The testatrix had a sister Elizabeth, who married one Butler, and had issue Thomas D. Butler, one of the claimants; and a sister Alice, who married one Sause, and died in 1772, leaving a daughter, Fanny Eglington. The testatrix had also a brother, Thomas Willock, who died in 1833, leaving a son, William Willock, who was born in 1778, was married in 1823, and died in 1835, leaving a son, William Willock. Thomas Willock left also a second son, J. T. Willock, and a daughter Catherine, who was one of the plaintiffs in the cause. The Master found that W. Willock, the grandson of Thomas, was the heir at law of the testatrix at the time of her death. By the report, it appeared that in 1784, Thomas Willock, a British born subject, had gone to reside in the United States, and in the same year had taken the oath of allegiance to that Government, by the terms of which he renounced and abjured his allegiance to any other State or Government whatsoever. The parties excepting to the Master's report were the descendants of testatrix's sisters and J. T. Willock, the second son of Thomas Willock. The case having been argued for several previous days,

His Honor now delivered judgment. According to the pedigree, which is not disputed, there is no

question but that the Master's finding is right. But a question arises, whether, under the circumstances of the case, the status of Thomas, and William, his son, is not such as to incapacitate William, the grandson, from taking lands by descent from the testatrix. The argument in that view was founded upon the two treaties of this country with the United States, of September, 1783, and November, 1794. I am clear that there is nothing in either of these treaties to affect the rights of William the grandson. The treaty of 1783 empowered British-born subjects, then residing in America, to become American citizens; it did not empower British subjects who afterwards should go to reside there, to become such citizens. "*Doe v. Mulcaster*" (8 Barn and Cr.) is a case in point. Thomas Willock never was in America until 1784, and therefore he was not a subject of that treaty of 1783. The treaty of 1794 was in the nature of a local act, and Thomas Willock did not reside in the locality. The correctness, then, of the Master's conclusion must depend upon the statutes of the 7th Anne, chap. 5, 4th George II., chap. 21, 13th George III., chap. 21, and 3d James I., chap. 4. Thomas Willock went to America in 1784, and his son and grandson were born there: the son, therefore, not being born within the King's allegiance, his capacity must depend upon the 7th Anne and 4th George II. By the third section of the former statute it is declared "that the children of all natural born subjects, born out of the allegiance of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, shall be deemed, adjudged, and taken to be natural born subjects to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever." The statute of the 4th George II., chap. 21, explaining that of Anne, requires "That the fathers of such children shall be natural born subjects at the time of the birth of such children respectively." The only question up to this point of the case would be, whether in 1788, at the time of the birth of William, the son, Thomas, had ceased to be a natural born subject of Great Britain. As to William, the grandson, the 13th George III., chap. 21, provides, "That all persons born out of the allegiance, &c., whose fathers were, or should by virtue of the statutes 7th Anne and 4th George II., be entitled to the rights and privileges of natural born subjects, should be deemed natural born subjects." From the words of the last act, it is clear that the capacity of William, the grandson, to inherit depends upon the question whether William, the son, at the time of his birth, was entitled to the rights and privileges of a natural born subject by virtue of the statutes of 7th Anne and 4th George II. The inquiry as to the capacity of William, the grandson, must be answered by transferring the inquiry to the capacity of William, the son, under those statutes.

The first question arises as to the disqualifications expressed in the second section of the 4th George II., chap. 21. Those qualifications are three: they extend, first, to children whose fathers, at the time of their birth, were or should be attainted of high treason by judgment, outlawry, or otherwise: secondly, to children whose fathers, at the time of their birth, were, or should be liable to the penalties of high treason or felony, in case of their returning to this kingdom without the license of the Crown; and thirdly, children whose fathers, at the time of their birth, were or should be in the actual service of any foreign prince or state at enmity with the Crown. The first and third disqualifications gave rise to no question, for no such attainted or foreign service has been shown in this case. With respect to the second disqualification, I think it was well argued, on



the part of the grandson, that the words of the second section as to returning into the kingdom without license clearly point to a well known class of offences; and the fact that such a distinct class of offences did exist and subject the offenders to the penalties of treason or felony, is a sufficient reason in my opinion to induce any court of justice to restrain the words of the statute within those limits. No construction of a statute could be more improbable than one which requires a court of justice to determine incidentally, that a person was actually guilty of treason or felony in the absence of that party. An argument, however, of another kind was resorted to; it was said that Thomas, in the circumstances found by the Master, had abjured his allegiance, and before the birth of William, his son, had become by his own acts an American citizen, and had ceased altogether to be a British subject. After giving this argument the fullest consideration, I think that it is fallacious. The privileges conferred by the statutes in question upon the children of subjects born out of the King's allegiance, are the privileges of the children and not of the fathers, and are conferred upon the children for the benefit of the state itself; though I do not say that if the parents are disqualified by their own acts the children may not lose the privileges conferred upon them by these statutes. But the parent may do acts short of this, subjecting himself to penalties or forfeiture, but if the question is, whether, by the act of the father, the child shall lose his privileges, it is not enough to show that the father has done an act which may possibly have a given effect; it must be shown that the acts of the father actually had that effect which the argument ascribes to them, and without that the rights of the children will be unaffected by the acts of the father. Nothing is more certain than that natural born subjects cannot get rid of their allegiance by any such acts as the Master has found to have been done by Thomas. I do not deny that Thomas may have subjected himself to pains and penalties, but the question is upon the rights and privileges of the children; and whilst the obligation of allegiance remains upon the father, the rights and privileges of the children will not be affected by the acts relied upon. I am not now called upon to say how far the acts of the Legislature of this country can make a man, born out of the allegiance, a subject against his will; all I am called upon to decide is, that a man, entitled under the statutes in question to such rights, cannot be deprived of them by such acts of his father as have been relied upon. The statute of 3d James I., chap. 4, sections 22 and 23, no doubt creates an offence; but in the absence of attainder, judgment, or outlawry the case falls under the foregoing observations. This appears to me to dispose of the question as between the descendants of the testatrix's sisters and William, the grandson. But it was contended on the part of J. T. Willock, that he was to be preferred to the grandson on the ground that the latter had not qualified himself by receiving the sacrament, taking the oaths, and subscribing the declarations within the five years, as prescribed by the statute. These acts were not done within the five years; but it does appear to me impossible to read that act and not to see that some reasonable time must be allowed before the party is required to do these acts. It certainly is not meant that the party should do them before the title has accrued by the death of the ancestor. It is within the meaning of Lord Coke that where a party is entitled to certain rights he has time allowed him to do the requisite acts to perfect his title. Being of opinion that the Master was right in his conclusion, the exceptions must be overruled, with costs.

WHAT ARE NEBULÆ?—As respects the idea conveyed by the word nebula, it seems not easy to draw any distinct and serviceable line of demarcation between objects optically and physically (*i. e.*, apparently and really) nebulous. We have no knowledge of any natural limit, in either direction, to the real size and lustre of those self-luminous bodies we call stars. Masses of luminous matter, as large as mountains or planets, if congregated by millions, at the vast distance of a nebula, would affect our sight, armed with any conceivable amount of telescopic power we can hope to attain, individually, no more than the undistinguishable particles of a cloud of dust on a sunny day, or than the constituent aqueous spherules of an actual cloud or fog, from which the term in question derives its origin. It is between discrete and concrete forms of matter only that any true physical line can be drawn between a multitude of distinctly separated bodies, whether greater or less, constituting a *system*, and continuous, solid, liquid, or gaseous matter, constituting a *whole*, or individual. No one has yet considered, or is likely, Sir John Herschel presumes, to consider, a nebula as a solid or liquid body (in our sense of the words), variously luminous in its different parts. The gaseous, or (to speak more properly) the *cloudy* form of matter, has rather suggested itself to the imagination of those who have speculated on this subject; for we must bear in mind that a cloud is not a gas, but a mixture of gasiform with solid or fluid matter, or both, in a state of extreme subdivision. It is certainly conceivable that a continuous transparent liquid or gaseous medium may be luminous throughout its whole substance; but it will be found, Sir John Herschel apprehends, on a careful examination of every case apparently in point, that nature furnishes no example of such a thing within the limits of direct experience. Ignited liquids (as glass, for example, or melted nitre, &c.) are demonstrably, only superficially luminous. Were it otherwise, their apparent intensity of illumination would be proportioned to the depth of melted matter, which is not the case. Air, however intensely heated (if perfectly free from dust), gives out no light. Even flames are more than surmised to owe their light to solid or fluid materials existing in them *as such*, and in a state of ignition. The flame of mixed oxygen and hydrogen can hardly be doubted to owe what little light it possesses to intermixed impurities; and in the flames of carbonaceous matters, and others, where metals or phosphorus are burned, and fixed oxides are generated, the intensity of the light bears an evident proportion to the *fixity* of the ignited molecules—on whose surfaces, it may be presumed to originate by some unknown electric or other process.—*Sir John Herschel.*

NATURE OF SPOTS ON THE SUN.—On the solar envelope, of whose fluid nature there can be no doubt, we clearly perceive, by our telescopes, an intermixture (without blending or mutual dilution) of two distinct substances or states of matter; the one luminous, the other not so; and the phenomena of the spots and pores tend directly to the conclusion that the non-luminous portions are gaseous, however they may leave the nature of the luminous doubtful: they suggest the idea of radiant matter floating in a non-radiant medium, showing a tendency to separate itself by subsidence, after the manner of snow in air, or precipitates in a liquid of slightly inferior density.—*Sir John Herschel.*

**AN ACCOMPLISHED SOMNAMBULIST.**—A curious circumstance has been related by a highly-beneficed member of the Roman Catholic Church. In the college where he was educated was a young seminarist who habitually walked in his sleep; and while in a state of somnambulism, used to sit down to his desk and compose the most eloquent sermons; scrupulously erasing, effacing, or interlining, whenever an incorrect expression had fallen from his pen. Though his eyes were apparently fixed upon the paper when he wrote, it was clear that they exercised no optical functions; for he wrote just as well when an opaque substance was interposed between them and the sheet of the paper. Sometimes an attempt was made to remove the paper, in the idea that he would write upon the desk beneath. But it was observed that he instantly discerned the change, and sought another sheet of paper, as nearly as possible resembling the former one. At other times a blank sheet of paper was substituted by the bystanders for the one on which he had been writing; in which case, on reading over, as it were, his composition, he was sure to place the corrections, suggested by the perusal, at precisely the same intervals they would have occupied in the original sheet of manuscript. This young priest, moreover, was an able musician; and was seen to compose several pieces of music while in a state of somnambulism, drawing the lines of the music paper for the purpose with a ruler and pen and ink, and filling the spaces with his notes with the utmost precision, besides a careful adaptation of the words, in vocal pieces. On one occasion the somnambulist dreamed that he sprang into a river to save a drowning child; and, on his bed, he was seen to imitate the movement of swimming. Seizing the pillow, he appeared to snatch it from the waves and lay it on the shore. The night was intensely cold; and so severely did he appear affected by the imaginary chill of the river, as to tremble in every limb; and his state of cold and exhaustion, when roused, was so alarming, that it was judged necessary to administer wine and other restoratives.—*Poyntz's World of Wonders.*

**A VISIT TO MADAME CATALANI.**—We called upon Madame Catalani, who leaves her palazzo, on the side of the mountains, in the winter months, to reside with her son Malabreque, in Florence. She presently made her appearance with that vivacity and captivating manner which so much delighted us in England. After a short conversation with Madame O——, I spoke to her in English, coupling my name with that of Mrs. Lorraine Smith, of Leicestershire, at whose house I spent a week with her 36 years ago. The incident directly flashed across her mind, and with obvious pleasure, she began to recount the honors paid her on that occasion, especially a banquet at Mr. Pochin's, of Barkby. She retains her English, and was pleased to talk to me in my own language. I observed that it was forty years since I first heard her at the Opera in London. She instantly replied,—“Thirty-nine. I was in Portugal in 1807, and though the war was raging, I ventured to make my way to England through France. When at Paris I was denied a passport. However, I got introduced to Talleyrand, and by the aid of a handful of gold, I was put into a government boat, and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot; and, wonderful to relate, I got over in safety, with my little boy seven months old.” Great suspicion was attached to foreigners, who arrived from the Conti-

nent at that time. Viotti, I remember, was absurdly ordered out of the country, and Kelly, who was a manager in the Opera House, officially announced from the stage, that Madame Catalani and her husband Valabreque, were not objects of suspicion to the government. I was surprised at the vigor of Madame Catalani, and how little she was altered since I saw her at Derby, in 1828. I paid her a compliment upon her good looks. “Ah,” said she, “I’m grown old and ugly.” I would not allow it. “Why, man,” she said, “I’m sixty-six.” She has lost none of that commanding expression which gave her such dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable; it was this that endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice and dramatic air are still charming and not in the least impaired.—*Gardiner's Sights in Italy.*

**THE GENEVA PROFESSORS.**—Dr. Malan is near seventy and looks considerably older—his snow white hair falling on his shoulders, but the glance of his eye and his general manners are those of a man of sixty. He speaks English fluently, and has a very clear, melodious voice, and rare skill in singing—as I can personally testify. His missionary tours among Roman Catholics, as described by himself, are most interesting. As a popular preacher and speaker in his own way, it is not probable that many excel him.

Prof. Gausson is about fifty-seven, but youthful for that age; his face very intelligent and of a most pleasant expression, with nothing French in his features. If the impressions, which I received, are those which are usually made by him on strangers; few men are so winning; rarely have I so regretted the obstacles to a free, fraternal conversation, which are interposed by comparative ignorance of each other's language. Of his work on Theopneusty, so peculiar for its originality and acuteness, I need not here speak.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigne must be six feet two, and of large frame. His countenance is massive in its features, his complexion dark, and the engraving—prefixed to the American reprint of his *History of the Reformation* would be generally deemed a flattery. As a resemblance, it is of little value. I understood him to say in answer to a friend accompanying me, that he had as yet made but little progress in the 5th volume, in consequence of other engagements.

**STEAM PLOW.**—A French paper, “*La Semaine*,” announces the invention of a steam plow, or rather a mode of digging by means of steam, from which great results are anticipated. The inventor is a young medical man, named Baraff. The paper states that one of two horse power was in operation at the residence of the maker, who was constructing another of double that power. The machine proceeds along the field, and digs the ground with the greatest precision. Two beams, furnished with five mattocks each, act successively upon the soil, loosening it to the depth of 12 or 15 inches, and pounding it as small as compost. By using only one of the beams, a tillage of the usual depth can be effected.

**THE RAILWAY KING.**—According to the “*Carlistic Journal*,” my lord, the railway king, “has received the degree of doctor of philosophy from one of the German universities.” Doctor of philosophy! But it may not be so very inappropriate; *Manfred* calls philosophy—“of all our vanities the motliest.”—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*